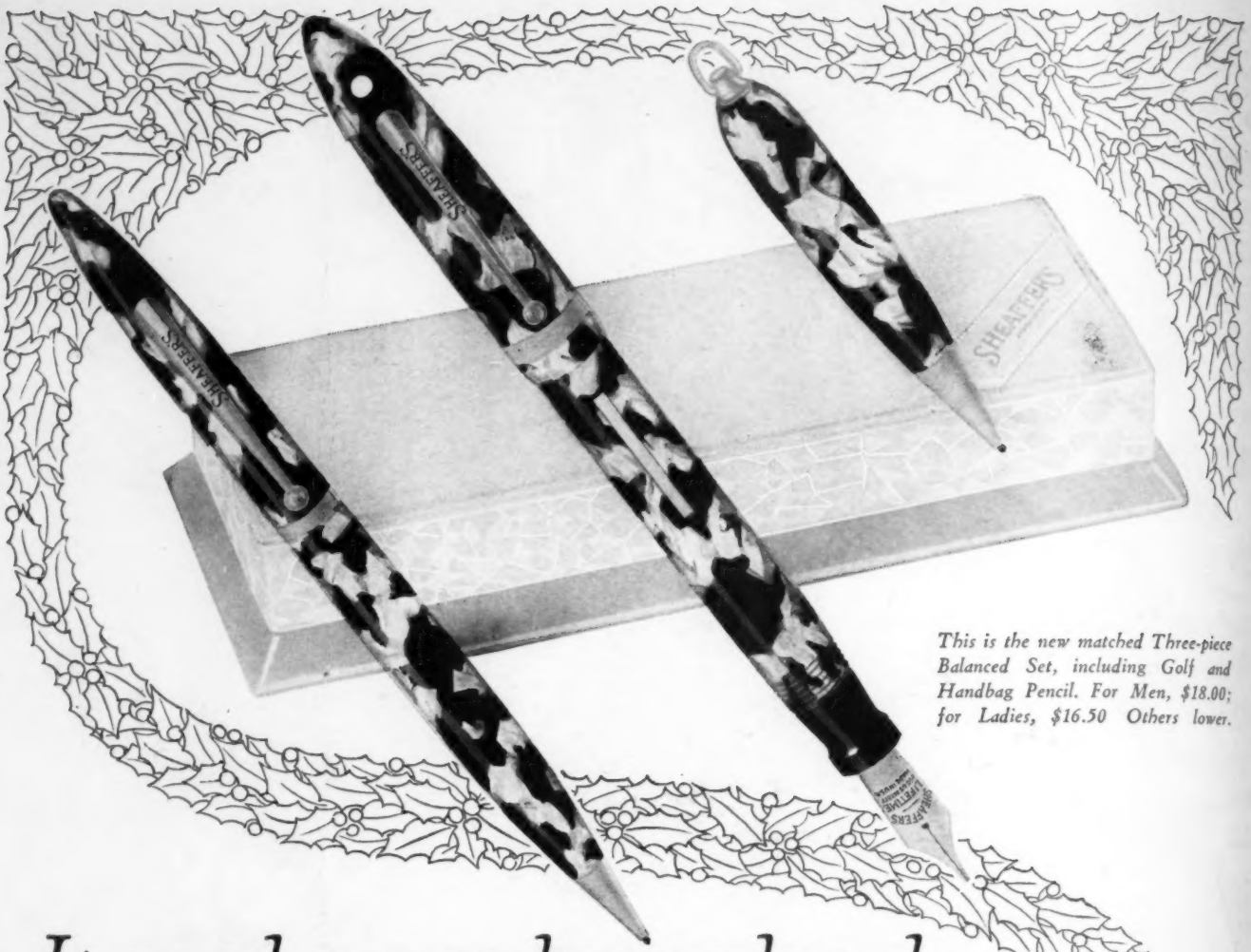
* Nov. 2. 1929

THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents



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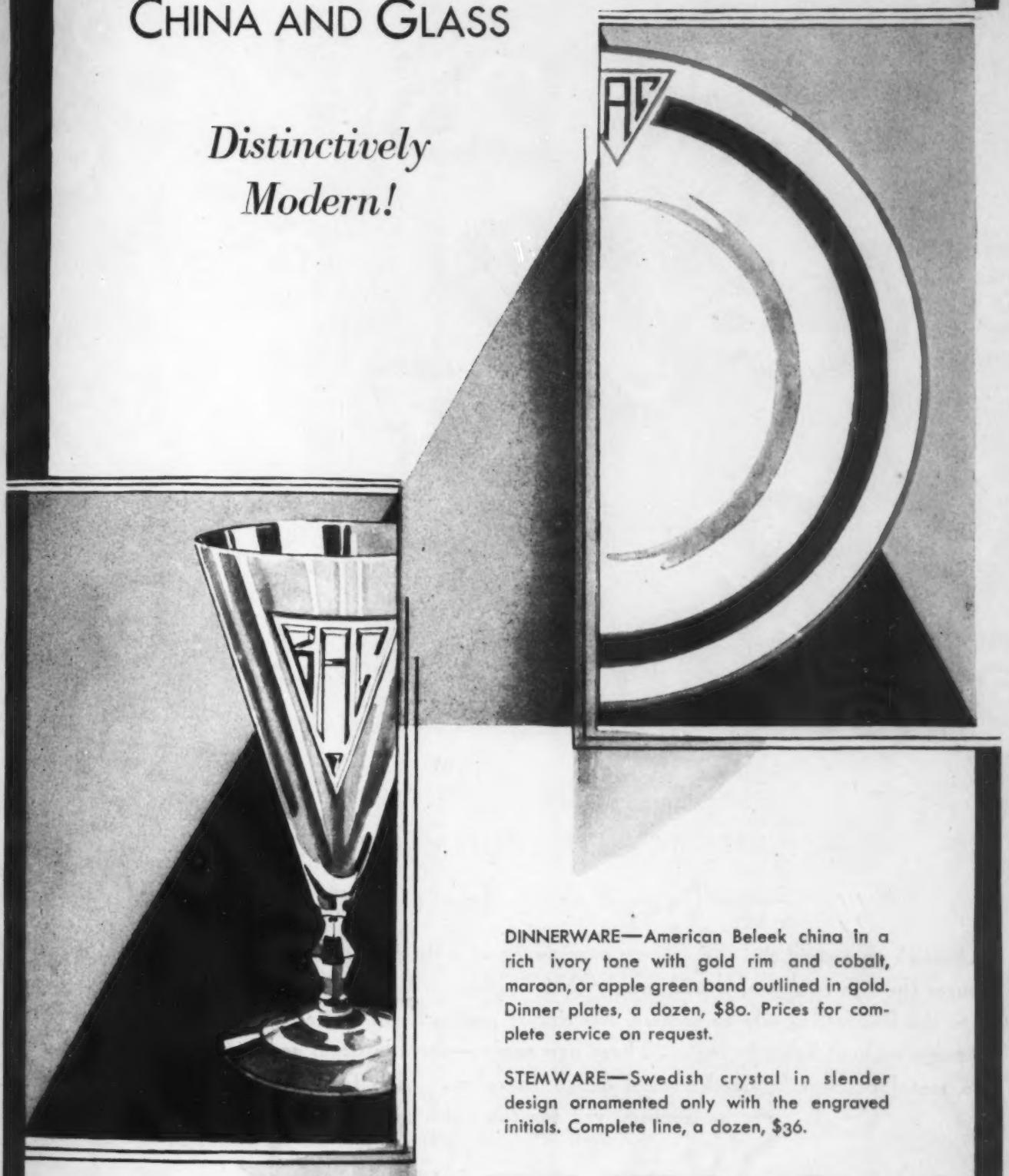

DINNERWARE—American Beleek china in a rich ivory tone with gold rim and cobalt, maroon, or apple green band outlined in gold. Dinner plates, a dozen, $80. Prices for complete service on request.

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THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by the F-R Pub. Corp., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, pres.; E. R. Spaulding, vice-pres.; C. E. Brindley, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. mgr. Subscriptions $5.00. Vol. V, No. 37, November 2, 1929. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1929, by the F-R Pub. Corp.

ITALIAN* SILK BANDIT AND ITS BANDEAU CAPTURE THE MODE

Have simply taken the young set by storm....they like the brevity of the Bandit and the way the bands hold it snugly in place, giving trim, tailored lines. Then the manner in which the bandeau achieves smart contours with such a bit of silk and only one hook and eye is irresistible. Their fabric, "Italian" Silk, has a lot to do with this success....for, it is soft and pliant, yet, holds its shape firmly and tailors with that nice crispness the feminine heart adores. Every thread is pure silk....every color is of pure dyes.

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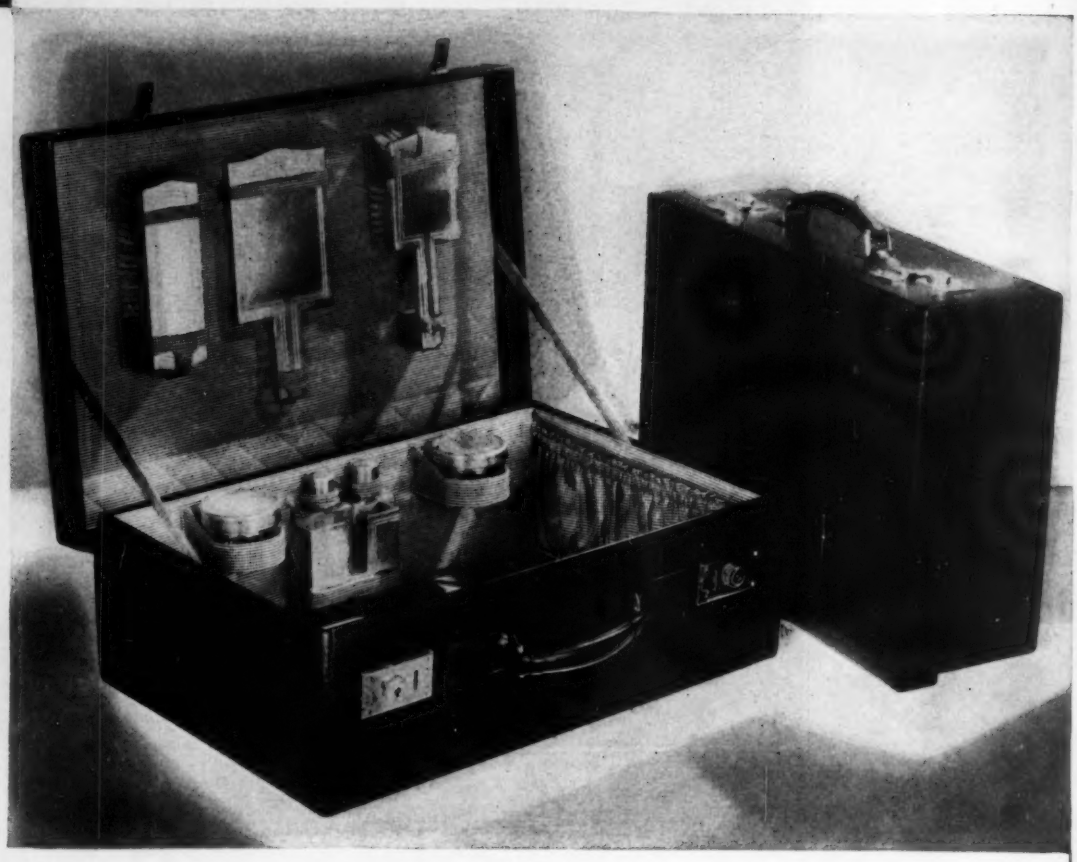
PEWTER . . . begins to travel



LUGGAGE as smart as this makes it twice as easy to get a parlor car seat in a crowded train or to find missing mail on ship board. The smart feminine traveler's appearance, on the other hand, may be ruined by baggage which is not as simple and as tailored as her clothes. Pewter, with its soft lustre and great practicability, makes charming fittings for suitcases of sleek black leather, which are lined with checked silk, and are as modern as the women who carry them. In sixteen and eighteen inch sizes, $59.50. Originated and sold exclusively by Macy's. Fifth Floor.

MACY'S

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Thanksgiving Dinner in a Modern Setting

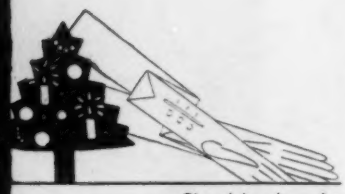
FASHIONS in turkeys and cranberry sauce and pumpkin pie remain the same, but fashions in the china for the Thanksgiving dinner change. Macy's has a service all its own—designed by Bradley Tomlin and made in England exclusively for us—which will be a colorful addition to the most sumptuous of feasts. Amusing modern designs in rose and grey and yellow stand out against a faint pink-tinted background. It may be had in a set of fifty-five pieces at $34.75, twenty-two pieces, $9.94, or in open stock.

CHINA DEPARTMENT, BASEMENT

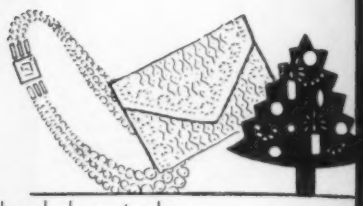
MACY'S

34th STREET AND BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

MEMO: Dec. 25
Appointment with S. Claus

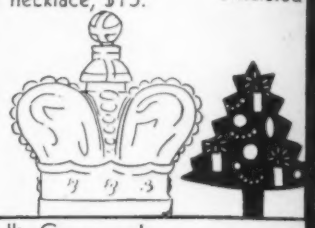


Shoulder length evening gloves, very long, very lovely, $7.75 and $9.50.

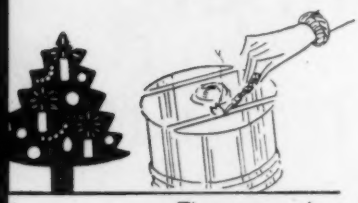


Gold and pearl* beaded evening bag, $40. Side-clasp pearl* necklace, $15. *Simulated

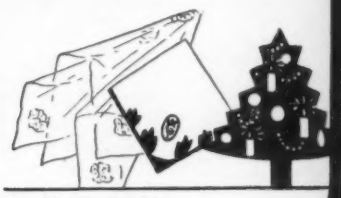
Sheer stockings for formal wear have fine lace tops. In all shades, $3.50



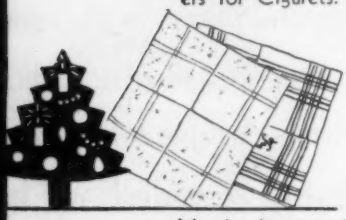
Perfumes by Matchabelli, Caron and Guerlain. Other fine toilet goods.



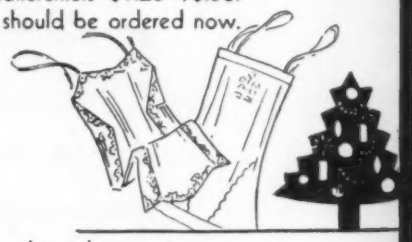
The newest idea in English table lighters for Cigarets. In brass it is $10.



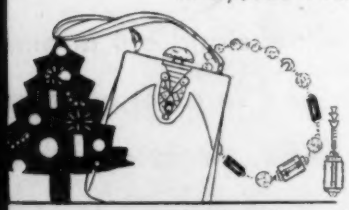
Chiffon handkerchiefs $1.25-18.50. Monograms should be ordered now.



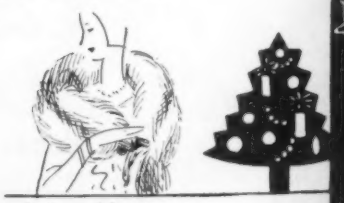
Men's Jacquard handkerchiefs in white, $2.25-4.50. Monograms done.



French handmade underwear in new styles, exquisitely made and trimmed.



Antelope bag with chrysoprase clasp $40 Chrysoprase and onyx jewelry.



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Brown Florentine leather desk set beautifully hand tooled in gold and ornamented with oval medallion in bronze, $55.

Jeweled Leather

THE art of hand tooling leather is as old as the Borgias, and many a gay old Doge of Venice would envy the owner of these lovely new pieces from Ovington's! Richly decorated with gold fleurons and rules, some on black leather, others on brown or green with medallion insets of bronze, cinnabar or jade. They make the very sort of gifts you will want for yourself . . . the very gifts you may wish to bestow on some bride of Autumn's mating.

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"Gifts from all over the World"

Fifth Avenue at 39th Street

Telephone Caledonia 8700

Cedar-lined cigarette box in black gold-tooled leather with carved red cinnabar medallions. $12. Bridge sets to match, $10.50.

Photographed in Gimbels Old World Shop, by Martin Bruehl

ENGLISH PEWTER

Fine copies of ancient pieces . . . the bowls and tankards of Tudor England when the pewter craft was at its peak . . . Cups, pitchers, jugs, trays, plates . . . Cunning tea caddies, salts and peppers, sugars and creamers, such as graced the tea tables of Dr. Johnson's day . . . Quaint porringers and odd boxes, that yesterday held snuff and today hold cigarettes. Candlesticks both short and tall.

Pewter with the beautiful simplicity of pattern that make antique English pieces so cherished. Loyal in each detail of design—exact almost to the finger marks and dents left by the owners of the originals. A wonderfully complete collection of these fine reproductions. Lovely as the old, yet priced at very little, $1.25 to $21.75.

This collection of English pewter is but one of the remarkably fine things in the New Gimbels.

The Old World Shop offers the old and the new . . . furniture, lamps, pottery, bibelots, objets d'art . . . and much less expensive.

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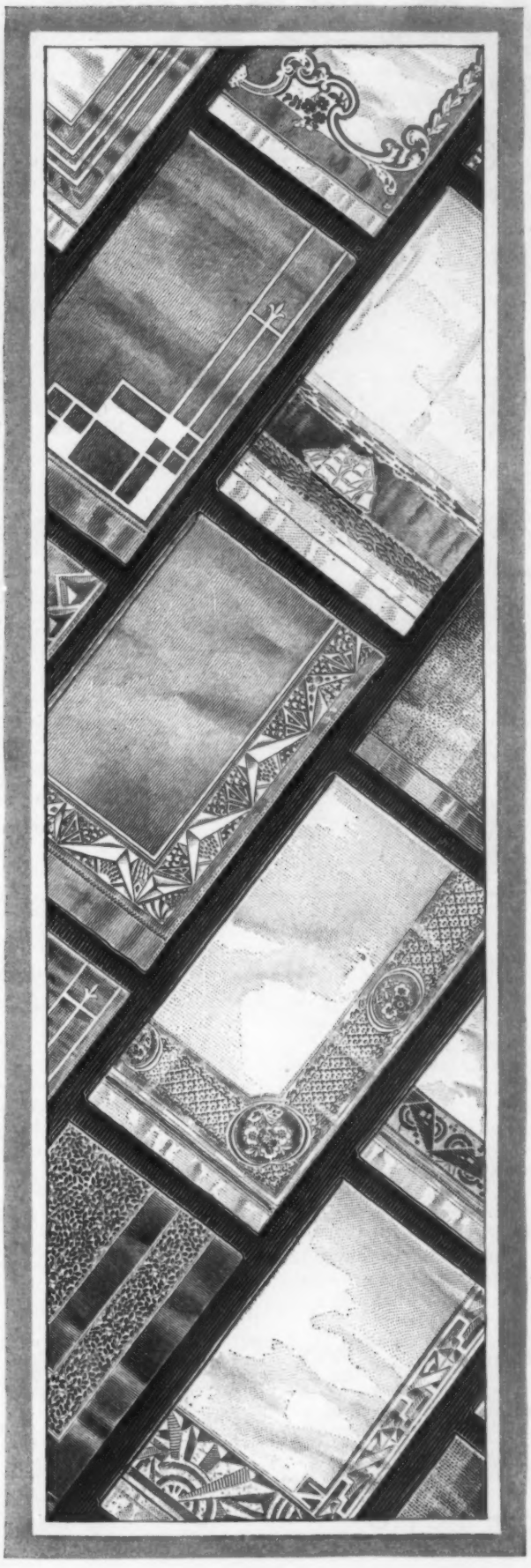
Broadway at 33rd Street . . . New York City

The essential Refinement...TOWELS *of* LINEN



This limited showing of exclusive designs can only suggest the range of recent creations in Irish and Scottish weaves that are at the command of American women.

MANY A HOSTESS whose charming hospitality, in drawing room and at table, has enchanted her guests, is betrayed by the revealing details of her bathroom appointments.

She who places at the disposal of her guests the suave refinement of Linen Damask towels need fear no such betrayal—for at the touch of the fingers to its texture, Linen Damask interprets a delicacy and a fineness that are attributed, inevitably, to the hostess herself.

For generations, towels of Linen Damask, loomed by the craftsmen of Ireland and of Scotland, have been the traditional expression of impeccable taste. Today, when the bathroom has attained an especial beauty and luxury of appointment, the designs and tints of Linen Damask towels are as essential to distinctive harmonies of decoration as their exquisite texture is to a fitting refinement of living.

If you desire further information, write The Irish & Scottish Linen Damask Guild, 260 West Broadway, New York, N. Y.

LOVELY LINEN
FACE & HAND TOWELS
impressively correct

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:50 P.M. for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the midweek matinée will be given on Wednesday. Many theatres will have extra Election Day matinées, Tues., Nov. 5—see daily papers. E. and W. stand for East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

AMONG THE MARRIED—Mr. Vincent Lawrence showing how the adulterous half lives, in a glib and happily unbelievable comedy. Frank Morgan and Katherine Wilson head the cast. (49th Street, 49, W.)

BIRD IN HAND—Drinkwater's gently amusing comedy about an English inn and its occupants, finely played by an English cast. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W.)

CANDLE-LIGHT—Now that Leslie Howard is out of this, Ernest Glendinning is playing the rôle. It still is a pretty light affair, but it still has Gertrude Lawrence and Reginald Owen. (Empire, B'way at 40.)

THE CHANNEL ROAD—The influence of prostitution on military operations set forth in an interesting play made from de Maupassant's "Boule de Suif." (Plymouth, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

CIVIC REPERTORY THEATRE—Directed by Eva Le Gallienne—"Mlle. Bourrat," Claude Anet's play, with Josephine Hutchinson. (Fri. Eve., Nov. 1; Thurs. Mat., Nov. 7; Fri. Eve., Nov. 8.) . . . "Peter Pan," revival of the Barrie fantasy. (Sat. Mats., Nov. 2 and 9; Sat. Morn., Nov. 9, at 10:30.) . . . "The Cherry Orchard," good production of Tchekov's exquisite play. (Sat. Eve., Nov. 2.) . . . "The Sea Gull," more of Tchekov, with Miss Le Gallienne and Jacob Ben-Ami. (Mon., Wed., and Thurs. Eves., Nov. 4, 6, and 7.) . . . "The Would-Be Gentleman," Molière in English. (Tues. Eve., Nov. 5.) . . . "The Lady from Alfaqueque," Spanish light comedy. (Sat. Eve., Nov. 9.) (Civic Repertory, 14, W. of 6 Ave. 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.)

THE CRIMINAL CODE—Arthur Byron giving one of his unfailing performances in a drama of prison life made vivid by Mr. Johnson's settings. (National, 41, W.)

GAMBLING—First act great, second act good, third act just nothing as a solution to a murder mystery. But George M. Cohan is in it, which makes everything all right. (Fulton, 46, W.)

HARLEM—A murder and a good glimpse of folk ways in the black belt. Return engagement. (Eltinge, 42, W.)

HOUSEPARTY—Williams College, of all places, as the scene of a collegiate killing, with several highly exciting moments and some good parlor games. (Wallack's, 42, W.)

IT'S A WISE CHILD—Sparkling and effective comedy of small-town life. Good unclean fun. (Belasco, 44, E., 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

JOURNEY'S END—Strained nerves, comradeship, and death on the British front, set forth with compassion and complete understanding. (Henry Miller, 43, E., 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

JUNE MOON—The kind of comedy you would expect from Ring Lardner and George Kaufman, which is to say the best on the market. This story of the General Electric boy who writes a song-hit is absolutely top. (Broadhurst, 44, W.)

LET US BE GAY—Francine Larrimore plays a disturbing divorcée in a facile and entertaining comedy by Rachel Crothers. (Little, 44, W. Mats. 2:40 P.M.)

MANY WATERS—A quiet little play with a lot of sentimental value. It also brings Ernest Truex back to us from England. (Maxine Elliott, 39, E.)

REMOTE CONTROL—Murder in a broadcasting studio. *That's* something you hadn't thought of before. (48th Street, 48, E. Mats. 2:40 P.M.)

ROPE'S END—Two young men kill a buddy for fun

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 1, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9]

and serve supper from the chest in which he is hidden. Macabre, but pretty engrossing. (Masque, 45, W.)

STREET SCENE—The portrait of a New York tenement in an exciting and important play. (Playhouse, 48, E. 8:40 P.M.)

STRICTLY DISHONORABLE—Light comedy which might have been salacious if it weren't so nice and clean. The best of its class. (Avon, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

SUBWAY EXPRESS—Murder in the subway. Ingenious, and fun to watch. (Liberty, 42, W.)

WEEK-END—An uneven but unusual play dealing with the American colony in and about Paris. There is a great deal of drinking done, some of it very entertainingly. (Golden, 58, E. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

WITH MUSIC

EARL CARROLL'S SKETCH BOOK—Easily the best of Mr. Carroll's shows. Still a little off-color, but very funny in spots. Will Mahoney, alone, is worth seeing. (44th Street, 44, W. Mat. Thurs.)

FOLLOW THRU—Riotously gay musical comedy about golf, with good music and dancing. (46th Street, 46, W.)

GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS—Not so good as last year's, but good enough. Willie and Eugene Howard and Frances Williams are the mainstays. (Apollo, 42, W.)

GREAT DAY—Not much except for Vincent Youmans' music, but that is very nice. There are Miss Mayo Methot and some Jubilee Singers to put it across. (Cosmopolitan, B'way at 59.)

HOT CHOCOLATES—Uneven all-colored revue, harboring a few very funny sketches. (Hudson, 44, E. Special performance Thurs. at midnight.)

THE LITTLE SHOW—A gay, smart, intimate revue with Clifton Webb, Libby Holman, and Fred Allen. (Music Box, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

MLLE. MODISTE—For Victor Herbert fans, with Fritzi Scheff. (Casino, B'way at 39.)

NAUGHTY MARIETTA—Last two days of the revival of Victor Herbert's operetta. "The Fortune Teller" will open Mon., Nov. 4, for a two-weeks' run. (Jolson, 7 Ave. at 59, Mat. Thurs.)

THE NEW MOON—A musical show threatening to go operatic; the scene is colonial New Orleans. (Imperial, 45, W.)

SWEET ADELINE—Helen Morgan, Irene Franklin, Charles Butterworth, and a Kern score have combined to start the season off with a bang. (Hammerstein, B'way at 53.)

WHOOPEE—A gorgeous Ziegfeld production, Eddie Cantor supplying the comedy. (New Amsterdam, 42, W.)

•

HOBOKEN—"After Dark" is still at the Old Rialto (Hoboken 8088). Nightly at 8:30. Mat. Sat. at 2:30.

VAUDEVILLE—Bill Robinson, Leatrice Joy, Fred Keating, and Jack Powell are at the Palace Fri., Nov. 1. Carmel Myers and Hetty King will be there for the week starting Sat. Aft., Nov. 2. (Palace, B'way between 46 and 47. 2:15 and 8:15 P.M. daily; extra performance Sun. at 5:15 P.M.)

FOR CHILDREN—The Juvenile Players in "Rip Van Winkle," Sat. Afts., Nov. 2 and 9. (Heckscher, 5 Ave. at 104, 2:30 P.M.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(Managers often change their minds, so you'd better verify dates.)

BERKELEY SQUARE—A play by John L. Balderston, suggested by Henry James' "A Sense of the Past," with Leslie Howard and Margalo Gillmore. Opens Mon., Nov. 4. (Lyceum, 45, E. 8:50 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

BITTER SWEET—Noel Coward's operetta, with Evelyn Laye. Opens Tues., Nov. 5. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave., at 54. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

WINTER BOUND—A play by Thomas H. Dickinson, with Aline MacMahon. Opens Thurs., Nov. 7. (Garrick, 35, E. 8:50 P.M.)

Opened too late for review in this issue:

A WONDERFUL NIGHT—A revival of Johann Strauss' operetta, "Die Fledermaus." (Majestic, 44, W. 8:30 P.M.)

AFTER THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

AMBASSADOR GRILL, Park at 51 (Wickersham 1000)—Dancing in a strictly Park Avenue atmosphere.*

CENTRAL PARK CASINO (Rhinelander 3034)—Dancing to Leo Reisman's orchestra in handsome Joseph Urban settings.*

CLUB LIDO, 7 Ave. at 52 (Columbus 2840)—A smart after-theatre crowd being entertained by Moss and Fontana, and Libby Holman moanin' low. Must dress.

CLUB MONTMARTRE, 205 W. 50 (Circle 6673)—Emil Coleman's orchestra and a gay, civilized crowd; dancing by Medrano and Donna. Must dress.

SEAGLADE, Hotel St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 4500)—Vincent Lopez music and Joseph Urban décor. Must dress.

TROCADERO, 35 E. 53 (Wickersham 8585)—Ramon and Rosita tangoing to Argentine music.*

VILLA VALLÉE, 10 E. 60 (Volunteer 0351)—The younger set dancing to Rudy Vallée's music.*

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—We list only some of the

(Continued on page 12)

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THE NEW YORKER
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Suntan *Jade*

Yellow *Eggshell*

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THE NADA* SHIRT

A RAYON-WOOL-COTTON MIXTURE

Of Stocking Texture 5.00

WEAR IT INSIDE . . . .

WE SUGGEST the Nada Shirt for all Winter sports wear, skating, skiing, tobogganing, riding, golf, beagling, etc. And you can change your town tweed suit into a country tweed by substituting a Nada Shirt for the satin blouse.

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PARIS **Best & Co.** LONDON

Fifth Avenue at 35th St.—N. Y.

Palm Beach

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(Continued from page 10)

more interesting places of this type—there are many others: Les Ambassadeurs (formerly Rendezvous), Winter Garden Bldg., B'way at 50, where Clayton, Jackson, and Durante cavort. . . . Chateau Madrid, 231 W. 54, with Grace Hayes. . . . Casanova, 134 W. 52, featuring Frances Williams and Fred Keating.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—Barney's, 85 W. 3 (Spring 8191), is a gay and noisy meeting place which is very good fun. . . . The County Fair, 54 E. 9, has Jack Powell, the remarkable trap-drummer. . . . For informal and inexpensive evenings: The Dome, 52 W. 8; The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Sq.; and Mori's, 144 Bleecker.

HARLEM—The Cotton Club, Lenox Ave. at 142; and Connie's Inn, 7 Ave. at 131, are among the better places for first visitors not under expert guidance. Go late.

RUSSIAN MOTIF—Little Russia, 100 W. 57, is one of the newest places. . . . For seekers of the Bohemian: The Russian Art, 2 Ave. at 12; and The Russian Kretchma, 244 E. 14.

NOTE—The address of the Embassy Club, open to members only, is 151 E. 57 (Volunteer 4900). Must dress.

MOTION PICTURES

(All-talking unless otherwise noted.)

APPLAUSE—Helen Morgan portrays an unhappy lady of burlesque in a fine tragic picture. (Criterion, B'way at 44; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

DISRAELI—George Arliss as the great Premier, in a production of conspicuous distinction. (Warner, B'way at 52; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

GOLD DIGGERS OF BROADWAY—Bright and amusing musical show about the ladies of Broadway and their victims of Wall Street. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

HOLLYWOOD REVUE—A lavish and extensive musical revue, with a regiment of stars. (Astor, B'way at 45; 2:50 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performances Sat. and Sun. at 6 P.M., and Sat. at 11:45 P.M.)

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "The Cock Eyed World," rough comedy on a big scale, with Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe; "The Four Feathers," silent, especially fine pictures of the jungle animals; "Hallelujah," an unusual and distinguished all-negro movie of life in the cotton fields; "Madame X," devised from the famous heartbreak drama, and beautifully acted by Ruth Chatterton; "Three Live Ghosts," good-natured and entertaining comedy of London in Armistice time; "Why Bring That Up?" Moran and Mack, in a backstage story, once more going through their celebrated and uproarious routine.

OPENINGS OF NOTE

THE TRESPASSER—Gloria Swanson's first all-talking picture. Opens Fri., Nov. 1, at 8:45 P.M. (Rialto, 7 Ave. at 42.)

PARIS—With Irene Bordoni and Jack Buchanan. Opens Thurs., Nov. 7, at 8:45 P.M. (Central, B'way at 47.)

ART

AMERICANS PREFERRED—Some of the best of the younger men with fresh samples of their summer work. A fine Kuniyoshi, an excellent Spencer, a Dickinson in the finished manner, and two interesting newcomers: Daniel, 600 Madison, above 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.

MARIA LANI—Fifty-one portraits of Maria Lani by fifty-one well-known painters and sculptors: Brummer, 27 E. 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

MODERN FRENCH—Paintings, water colors, and drawings by Picasso, Matisse, Derain, Vlaminck, Segonzac, and others: Reinhardt, 730 5 Ave. at 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M. through Sat., Nov. 9.

MODIGLIANI—A comprehensive showing of a painter widely collected and much prized. A rare group that will probably never pass this way again, and worth seeing even if you do not share the accepted enthusiasm: de Hauke, 3 E. 51. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Nov. 9.

POOR—Remarkable pottery of Varnum Poor, who has given up the clay for two years to take up his first love—painting. These majolicas may be the last for some time: Potters' Shop, 755 Madison. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.

YOUNG AMERICA—The beginners who toil showing their first impressions at the Opportunity Gallery: Art Center, 65 E. 56. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

MUSIC

(Performances begin at 3 and 8:30 P.M., unless otherwise specified, and are listed in chronological order.)

RECITALS

REINALD WERRENRATH—The inimitable Weary. Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Nov. 1.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 1, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9]

MARVINE MAAZEL—This young man was a great piano talent some years ago, and his return may be something of an event. Town Hall, Fri. Eve., Nov. 1.

EDDY BROWN—Another return—this time of a violinist. Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Nov. 2.

TOSCHA SEIDEL—One of the principal Auer graduates. Carnegie Hall, Sun. Aft., Nov. 3.

VICTOR CHENKIN—Folk-song interpretations in many languages. Times Square Theatre, 42, W of B'way, Sun. Eve., Nov. 3.

PAUL ROBESON—And that's the whole story. Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., Nov. 5.

LONDON STRING QUARTET—A cycle of chamber music by this distinguished group. Town Hall, Wed. Eve., Nov. 6; Thurs. Eve., Nov. 7; Fri. Eve., Nov. 8; and Sat. Aft., Nov. 9.

PERCY GRAINGER—A pianist always worth hearing. Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Nov. 8.

ERNEST HUTCHESON—Piano recital. Pedagogue but artist: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Nov. 9.

EDWIN AND JEWEL BETHANY HUGHES—Music for two keyboards. Town Hall, Sat. Eve., Nov. 9.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Toscanini conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Aft., Nov. 1, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Nov. 2, at 8:45; Thurs. Eve., Nov. 7, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Nov. 8, at 2:30; Metropolitan Opera House, Sun. Aft., Nov. 3. . . . Schelling conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Morn., Nov. 2, at 11 (Children's Concert).

HALL JOHNSON NEGRO CHOIR—Town Hall, Sat. Eve., Nov. 2.

FRIENDS OF MUSIC—Bodanzky conducting: Mecca Temple, Sun. Aft., Nov. 3, at 4.

OPERA

METROPOLITAN—"Norma," Fri. Eve., Nov. 1, at 8; "The Girl of the Golden West," Sat. Aft., Nov. 2, at 2; "Mignon," Sat. Eve., Nov. 2, at 8. (Schedule for later dates to be announced.)

ON THE AIR

WALTER DAMROSCH—Conducting symphony orchestra: Fri. Morns., Nov. 1 and 8, at 11 A.M., and Sat. Eves., Nov. 2 and 9, at 9 P.M., over WEAF.

ROCHESTER PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA—Goossens conducting: Fri. Afts., Nov. 1 and 8, at 3:15 P.M., over WJZ.

FOOTBALL GAMES—Sat., Nov. 2: Princeton vs. Chicago, from Princeton, at 2 P.M., over WJZ and WABC; Navy vs. University of Pennsylvania, from Philadelphia, at 2 P.M., over WEAF. . . . Sat., Nov. 9: Harvard vs. Michigan, from Ann Arbor, at 3 P.M., over WJZ; Army vs. Illinois, at 3 P.M., over WEAF; Northwestern vs. Ohio State, from Columbus, at 3 P.M., over WABC.

HENRY HADLEY—Conducting symphony orchestra: Sat. Eves., Nov. 2 and 9, at 9:30 P.M., over WABC.

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Stokowski conducting: Sun., Nov. 3, at 5:30 P.M., over WEAF.

LIGHT OPERA—Victor Herbert's "The Viceroy": Sun., Nov. 3, at 4 P.M., over WJZ. . . . Victor Herbert's "Mlle. Modiste," Act 1: Fri., Nov. 8, at 9:30 P.M., over WJZ.

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Toscanini conducting: Sun., Nov. 3, at 3 P.M., over WOR.

FRANCES ALDA—Soprano: Sun., Nov. 3, at 9:15 P.M., over WEAF.

GRAND OPERA—Excerpts from "Aida," by the Chicago Civic Opera Co.: Mon., Nov. 4, at 11 P.M., over WEAF. . . . Verdi's "Rigoletto:" Wed., Nov. 5, at 10:30 P.M., over WEAF. . . . "Il Trovatore," by the Chicago Civic Opera Co.: Sat., Nov. 9, at 10 P.M., over WJZ.

SPORTS

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—(Some of these games are also broadcast. See "On the Air.") Sat., Nov. 2—N.Y.U. vs. Georgetown, Yankee Stadium, 2 P.M. . . . C.C.N.Y. vs. Rensselaer Polytechnic, Lewisohn Stadium, 2:30 P.M. . . . Yale vs. Dartmouth, New Haven, 2 P.M. . . . Princeton vs. Chicago, Princeton, 2 P.M. . . . University of Pennsylvania vs. Navy, Franklin Field, Philadelphia, 2 P.M. . . . Cornell vs. Columbia, Ithaca, 2 P.M.

Tues., Nov. 5 (Election Day)—Fordham vs. West Virginia, Polo Grounds, 2 P.M.

Sat., Nov. 9—Columbia vs. Colgate, Baker Field, 2 P.M. . . . N.Y.U. vs. Georgia, Yankee Stadium, 2 P.M. . . . Yale vs. Maryland, New Haven, 2 P.M. . . . Princeton vs. Lehigh, Princeton, 2 P.M. . . . University of Pennsylvania vs. Penn State, Franklin Field, Philadelphia, 2 P.M. . . . C.C.N.Y. vs. St. Johns, Lewisohn Stadium, 2 P.M.

Directions to fields—Yankee Stadium: take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or East Side-Jerome Ave. subway. . . . Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam at 136: take B'way subway to 137 St. . . . Polo Grounds: take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Bus No. 3. . . . Baker Field, B'way at 218: take B'way subway to 215 St.

The last trains which get you to out-of-town games in time leave: for New Haven, from Grand Central, 11:45 A.M. and 12 noon; for Princeton, from Penn. Sta., 12:20 P.M.; for Ithaca, from Penn. Sta., through sleeper leaves Friday at 11:50 P.M.; for Philadelphia, from Penn. Sta., 11 A.M.

HUNT RACES—United Hunts Racing Association, Belmont Park, L. I., Sat. and Tues., Nov. 2 and 5, at 2 P.M. (Special trains leave Penn. Sta. at 12:30 and 1:20 P.M.) . . . Fairfield County Hunt Club, Westport, Conn., Wed. and Sat. Afts., Nov. 6 and 9. . . . West Hills Racing Association, Huntington, L. I., Sat. Aft., Nov. 9.

OTHER EVENTS

HORSE SHOW—National Horse Show, Madison Square Garden, Thurs., Nov. 7, through Thurs. Nov. 14.

RODEO—Last two days, Madison Square Garden, Fri. and Sat., Nov. 1 and 2, at 2:15 and 8:15 P.M.

PUBLIC BALLS—Victory Ball, Hotel Astor, Thurs. Eve., Nov. 7, at 11. . . . Actors' Equity Ball, Hotel Astor, Sat. Eve., Nov. 9, at 11.

DANCE RECITALS—Edwin Strawbridge, in a program of dance compositions, assisted by two groups of dancers: Guild Theatre, 52, W. of B'way, Sun. Eve., Nov. 3, at 8:45. . . . English Folk Dancers, in a program of morris and country dances: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Eve., Nov. 9, at 8:30.

MUSICALES—Mary Garden, and others: Hotel Plaza, Thurs. Morn., Nov. 7, at 11. . . . Emma Otero and Louis Graveure: Hotel Biltmore, Fri. Morn., Nov. 8, at 11.

AUCTIONS—At the American Art Association, Anderson Galleries, Inc., Madison at 57: Colonial furniture from the John S. McDaniel collection, Sat. Aft., Nov. 2, at 2:15. . . . Early American furniture, Thurs. through Sat. Afts., Nov. 7-9, at 2:15.

NOTE—Election Day is Tues., Nov. 5.

COMING EVENTS

(Our monthly reminder for readers who plan ahead.)

ART—National Academy of Design, annual fall exhibition, Nov. 12-Dec. 1.

DANCE RECITALS—Argentina, Town Hall, Nov. 14, 15, and 16.

FOOTBALL—Nov. 16: Yale vs. Princeton, New Haven; Columbia vs. Pennsylvania, New York; N.Y.U. vs. Missouri, Yankee Stadium; Harvard vs. Holy Cross, Cambridge. . . . Nov. 23: Harvard vs. Yale, Cambridge; N.Y.U. vs. Rutgers, Yankee Stadium; Fordham vs. Bucknell, Polo Grounds. . . . Nov. 28 (Thanksgiving): Columbia vs. Syracuse, Baker Field; N.Y.U. vs. Carnegie Tech, Yankee Stadium; Pennsylvania vs. Cornell, Philadelphia. . . . Nov. 30: Army vs. Notre Dame, New York; Navy vs. Dartmouth, Philadelphia.

HOCKEY—Professional season opens, Madison Sq. Garden, Sun. Eve., Nov. 17. Play thereafter every Tues., Thurs., and Sun.

MUSIC—Orchestras: Philharmonic-Symphony, Toscanini conducting, through Nov. 24; Mengelberg conducting, Nov. 25-Jan. 19. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra, Stokowski conducting, Nov. 19. . . . Boston Symphony, Koussevitzky conducting, Nov. 21 and 23. . . . Important recitals: Paul Robeson, Nov. 10; Roland Hayes, Nov. 13; Vladimir Horowitz, Nov. 15; Kreisler, Nov. 24; Alfred Cortot and Jacques Thibaud, Nov. 26. (All at Carnegie Hall.)

PUBLIC BALLS—British War Veterans' Armistice Ball, Hotel Plaza, Nov. 11. . . . December Ball, Ritz-Carlton, Dec. 5. . . . Peace Ball, Hotel Plaza, Dec. 21.

THEATRE OPENINGS (Dates uncertain)—"Carry On," musical extravaganza with Jack Donahue and Lily Damita: Imperial, Nov. 19. . . . "Heads Up!" musical comedy by Rodgers and Hart, with Victor Moore, Jack Whiting, and Betty Starbuck: Alvin, Nov. 19. . . . "The Game of Love and Death," Romain Rolland's play, with Alice Brady: Guild, Nov. 25. . . . "The Nine-Fifteen Revue," Ruth Selwyn's revue, with Fred Keating: Nov. 25. . . . "The Living Corpse," Tolstoy's play, with Jacob Ben-Ami: Civic Repertory, Nov. 29.

OTHER DATES—Thanksgiving Day is Nov. 28. . . . Six-Day Bike Race, Madison Sq. Garden, Nov. 30-Dec. 7. . . . Automobile Salon, Hotel Commodore, Dec. 1-7.

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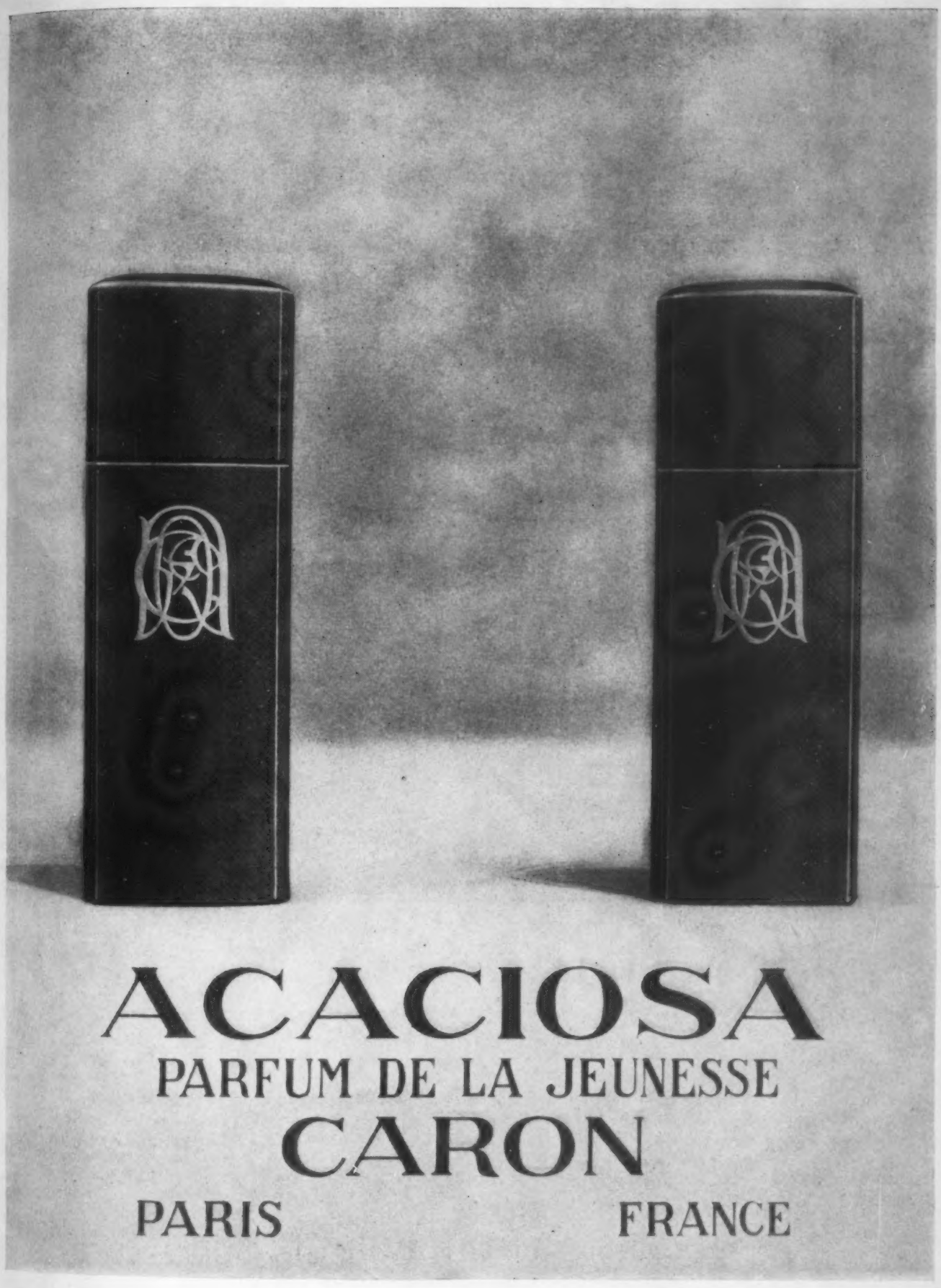
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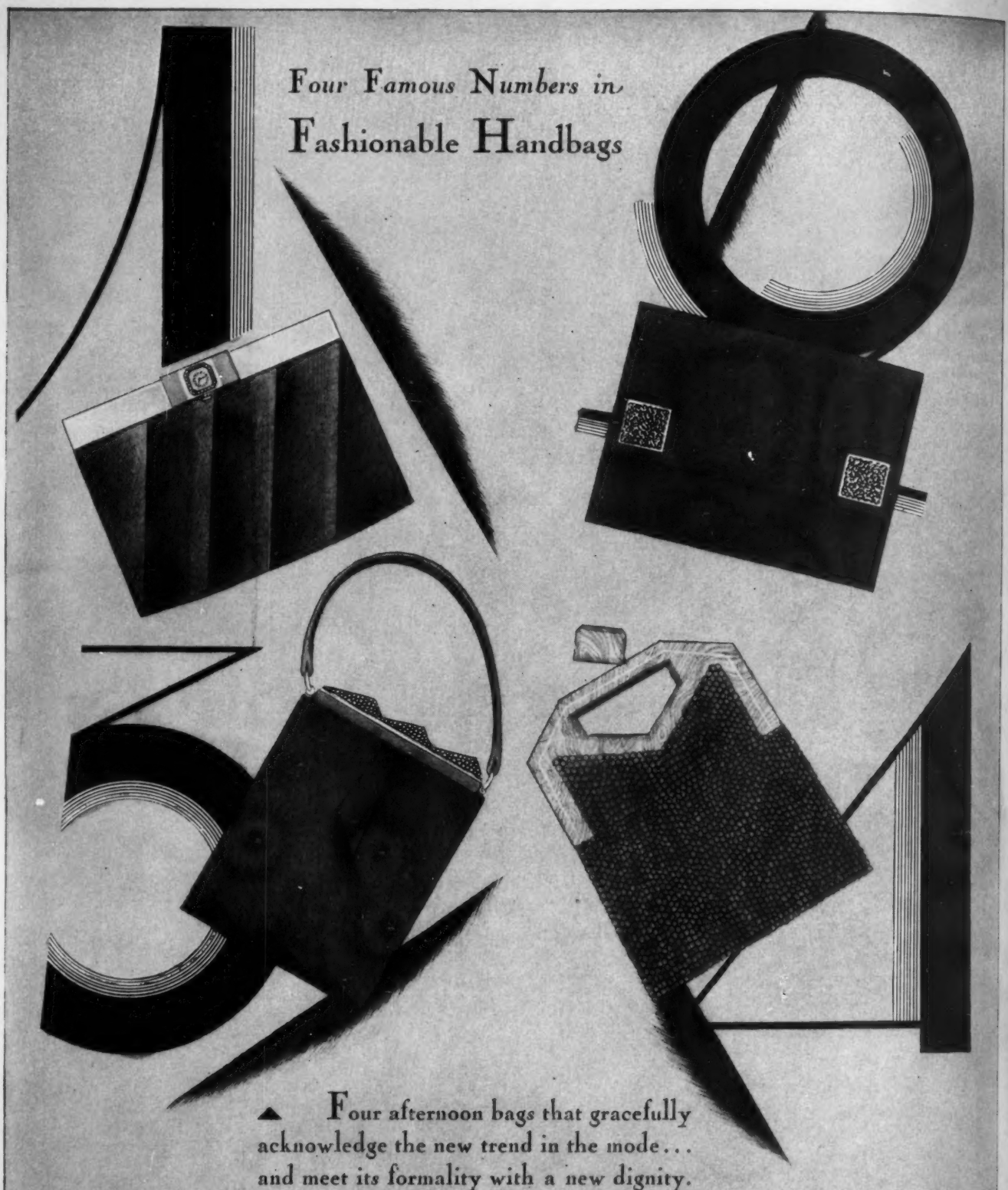

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NEW YORK

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

FEAR, running through the jungle like flame, strong as ever. Doom still makes a crackling sound, like summer thunder. Thousands of minor clerks and small tradespeople, hearing faint noises of railroads they had never seen, mines they had

never worked, steel they had never tempered, fled before the terror of dark. Then came the voices. Two hundred and five for twenty-five thousand steel, said a Morgan, gritting his teeth. The fundamental business of the country is on a sound and prosperous basis, said President Hoover. No buildings were burned down, no industries have died, no mines, no railroads have vanished, crooned Arthur Brisbane. The great comforters. There, there, my children. Try and catch a little sleep. Mother is near.

THE collapse of the market, over and above the pain, couldn't help but be amusing. It is amusing to see a fat land quivering in paunchy fright. The quake, furthermore, verified our suspicion that our wise and talky friends hadn't known for months what they were talking about when they were discussing stocks. Forcing us to breakfast on copper and oil, dine on sugar and food products, and sleep with rails and motors, they had succeeded in boring us to the breaking point. Uninformed dreamers, running a fever. Then came the debacle. They still talked, in husky voices; but we at least had the satisfaction of knowing that it was costing them anywhere from a hundred to two hundred and fifty dollars a word every time they opened their mouths. Many of them have gone quietly back to work. They may not be the most useful citizens in the world, but from now on when they talk they'll talk about their business or their love affairs and know a little something of what they're talking about.

WHAT finally stemmed the tide and averted an actual panic in Wall Street was not the intervention of the bankers but the arrival in town of the Rodeo. Things had come to such a pass that nobody had faith in anything. What restored the public's confidence in the national speculative life was the sight of the men from the West, who would take their chances

with a bucking horse for a prize of fifty dollars. Wall Street took one look at the horses, heard their hooves banging the sides of the chutes, and decided that the gambling spirit had not quite died out.

ALL this pother about hissing, with Jane Cowl making faces at Christopher Morley and Stokowski shaking a finger *prestissimo* at his audience, may lead to some good after all. Hissing is on the up. In most cases, we dislike any noise whatsoever in theatre or concert hall; but we disagree with Miss Cowl about the sanctity of art. Art deserves an even break and that's all. We don't think it ought to be babied too much—the wistful intellectuals would get too strong a grip on it. The proper place for hissing, however, is in everyday life. It should be used against the man who talks shop, and the subway guard who attempts to slice passengers in two with an automatic door; against riveters, newsboys, many bridge players, most

policemen, and all cab-drivers. Politically the hiss is an important weapon, and we favor organized claques, with weekly parades and a sort of eisteddfod around election time.

THE sudden recognition of John Dewey's talent, after seventy years, made interesting Americana. He had a birthday and, in a burst of pioneering, the eulogists uncovered him for the country as America's greatest philosopher. A million people who hadn't known of him Friday had heard all about him Monday—and accepted him. Of course, one of the things that distinguishes John Dewey for us is the fact that he looks just like Groucho Marx—this, over and above the quality of his mind, which is good. It's a

funny thing, but probably only a first-rate philosopher could go seventy years undiscovered by the American press. Even as things were, he might not have been discovered if he hadn't looked like Groucho Marx.

Plural

SEEKING work, a slightly deaf old gentleman called at the executive offices of a film company here. Someone told him to send in a note telling

what experience he had had. "Telling what?" asked the old fellow. "Your experience," said the secretary. The gentleman got it as "experiences," and the next day sent in an eight-page story of his life. It was opened, scanned, and sent to the scenario department. We hear there's a good chance of its being bought.

Blue-Sky Man

THIS is a good time to tell about Mr. Roland M. Smythe, of No. 2 Broadway, who is probably the only stockbroker in town not flustered by the recent happenings. He is also probably the only stockbroker in town without a telephone and the only one who deals in securities which he admits are generally worthless. He does a big business.

Mr. Smythe is a specialist in wildcat stocks, blue-sky securities, and the shares of defunct corporations. He finds a steady market for them. People with a taste for the rococo buy them to paper the walls of dens, smoking-rooms, barrooms, etc. Banks use them in window displays, as an object lesson against speculation. Wags send them to friends or give them as favors at banquets. Others, with a more mordant humor, buy them to make their estate more impressive, apparently getting a kick out of willing some unfortunate relative an imposing-looking block of securities actually worth, perhaps, a dollar and forty cents.

There is, however, a more serious side to Mr. Smythe's work. He is known as an expert in worthless securities and he keeps extensive indexes of corporations that have failed. Executors call him in to help settle up estates. Almost invariably any sizable estate includes some worthless stock. Always there is the chance, of course, that a dead corporation will revive; it has happened. Some time before the war a doctor in Yonkers bought some stock certificates in an abandoned coal mine and used them to paper his study. They were quite natty—blue background, red border, an especially large gold seal. A few years ago a new lode of coal was discovered and a new company was formed to buy up the old stock. Mr. Smythe's records led the reorganizers to the doctor. They paid him fourteen thousand dollars for the shares and, since they were pasted on the wall, went out to his home and climbed around on ladders cancelling them.

"By the way, darling, are you voting for Walker?"

•

Mr. Smythe is a pleasant old gentleman with a mustache like the Kaiser's. He conducts his business in one room, the walls of which are lined with shelves on which gaudy certificates are piled. He does all the clerical work himself. He was a member of the Stock Exchange once but sold his seat years ago because the speeding up of modern trading annoyed him. As to the telephone: he was one of the earliest subscribers but he found its jangling irritating and about forty-five years ago had it taken out. A year or so ago, however, he petitioned the company to have his name listed in the directory. He argued that businessmen use the book for reference and that, if he was willing to pay for a telephone subscription, the company ought to be willing to list his name with the notation "no telephone" instead of a number. The company pondered this and decided they wouldn't do it. He has a telephone in his home in Brooklyn, though. His wife wanted it. Mr. Smythe's hobbies are chess, and bowling on the green. In 1926 he won a bowling championship. He knocked over a total of 91,770 pins that year.

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AT eight o'clock of a recent morning a truck in the employ of the makers of Eskimo Pie was seen descending Fifth Avenue. At every crossing where a policeman was on duty the truck slowed down, the driver leaned out, and handed the officer a pie, which in each case was accepted, shucked of its

tin-foil wrapper, and devoured. What has Mr. La Guardia to say to this?

More Progress

DURING our visit to the Business Show in the Grand Central Palace last week, a most unfortunate, but interesting, moment occurred when they had to call in a mechanic to fix a big delay-saving machine which suddenly began to act up and delay things. It was too late to get people away quietly. A lot of us hard-headed businessmen had been herded up to the machine to watch it work and we stubbornly stood there while the mechanic got out his tools (thirty-four tools) and fixed the thing. The machine adds, subtracts, numbers vouchers, audits, and extends requisitions, if we remember rightly, all at once. Most days it thinks nothing of it. This occasion was just one of those damned unhappy things that happen. The device is one of hundreds of the same general nature, many of them invented within the past year or so, and all of them so bewildering that you just stand and stare. This standing and staring is what encouraged the sales agent to fix his eye on us and lead us to the big machine in the first place. If the contraption hadn't broken down we'd probably have signed up for a couple, for our sales resistance would be as nothing against these Business Show people. They assume at the start that you are president of your company and flatter you with the easy use of large terms, like a hundred and fifty thousand per diem. You've either got to sign up or break down and confess that all you do per diem is seventy-five thousand. Nobody wants to be humbled like that.

When the machine we mentioned did work, it was a treat to watch the young lady who sat in a chair before it and made it go. She hit certain bars and keys, simply and directly, as on a typewriter, but she also pulled things out and shoved things in, spread her fingers like a pianist taking an octave, and used the palm of her hand. The office of the future is apparently coming to a few machines to take the place of auditors and bookkeepers. Such an office will be depressing because of the soporific effect of the regularly repeated clickings and clackings. The Business Show met this situation by selecting only the very prettiest girls to operate the contrivances. One of them sat behind a gold velvet curtain through which only her hand, slim, bejewelled, lovely, was thrust to play upon the keys of an adding-subtracting-multiplying machine. We doubt, however, whether the cold, inhuman precision of machinery can be successfully modified by combining it with sex allure, on account of the known high degree of fallibility of the latter. Obviously the businessmen aren't quite sure about this themselves, for we saw many of them frowning and pursing their lips.

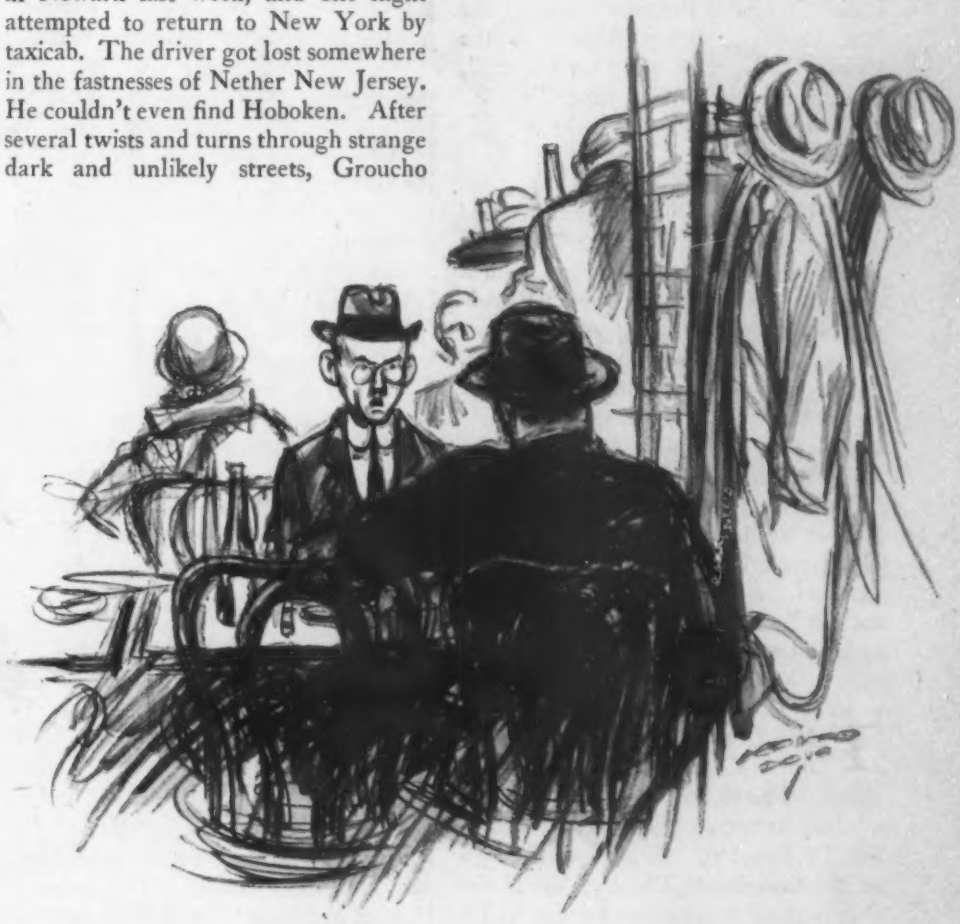
The most interesting scenic display was of a telephone-typewriter. You sit at a typewriter and write something and the words are reproduced immediately on other typewriters electrically connected with it. The other typewriters are usually in other cities. You save money by using it instead of actually talking over the phone. The display showed a factory in Albany and a sales office in New York, each with a typewriter, and in between an elaborate stage set depicting the Hudson River, with a little toy train running between the two towns. The train got out of order while we watched.

Cry in the Night

BEGGING your pardon, we will return to Groucho. He played in Newark last week, and one night attempted to return to New York by taxicab. The driver got lost somewhere in the fastnesses of Nether New Jersey. He couldn't even find Hoboken. After several twists and turns through strange dark and unlikely streets, Groucho leaned out of the car and shouted to a man: "Can you direct us to the Seacoast of Bohemia?"

Calamai

ONE delicacy few uptowners ever sample is dried octopus. Its sale and its consumption are confined almost exclusively to that busy Greek-Armenian-Arabian-Turkish quarter just north of the Battery, and one small grocery store in Washington Street, that is owned by Mr. Homatas, supplies most of the trade. Mr. Homatas imports his octopuses from the Mediterranean or our own southern waters, dries and salts them, and stores them in the back room of his shop. The place is full of octopuses, each with its tentacles neatly twined around a small wooden frame upon which it is delivered to customers. He prepares them far in advance of orders. They improve with age. Before cooking, they must be soaked overnight. This takes the stiffness out of them, makes them as flexible as an inner tube. The best octopus season is Lent, for although the Greek Catholics must eschew meat and ordinary fish then,



"Well, I'm all for putting the Stock Exchange in its place."

they may still eat devilfish. A less orthodox use is as a pick-me-up; octopus-eaters say there is nothing so steadying on a morning after. Some of the more recherché Italian restaurants serve octopuses in ragout with a thick brown sauce. If you see *calamai* on the menu, that's octopus.

À la Russe

JUST back from Russia, a big machinery man we know talks for hours about that land, but tells only three interesting things. First, he saw a Russian filming of O'Neill's "Desire Under the Elms." The director had got confused on his America and the New England farmers all appeared in western dress, with chaps, revolvers, and lariats—dour cowboys frustrated by the land and the weather. Second, he saw another movie in which Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford were "starred." When those two visited Moscow, it seems, brief shots of them were taken so adroitly as to be made to fit into a six-reel feature picture. It is a big success. Third, in one of the fifty rooms of the late Czar's summer palace in the Crimea he saw, hanging on the wall, a print of "September Morn."

General Depression

THE Great Flurry downtown *did* reach deep all right. Someone was about to call the operator from a drugstore phone booth in upper Broadway when the bell rang. A clerk came from behind a counter and answered it. "I'll see if I can get him," he said and he went out on the sidewalk and gesticulated. The traffic cop out in the street nodded and came to the phone. "Down to nine, eh?" said the cop. "What would ya advise me to do? . . . Huh? . . . Put in an order to sell at market? . . . Okay, go ahead and get me out." He hung up and went back to his intersection.

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THERE were also several minor flurries uptown that we heard about. The electric-light industry had a bad moment, and right after the Edison Jubilee, too. A part of the sign at the Symphony Theatre, Broadway at Ninety-fifth, went out, leaving under the legend "World's Best Entertainment," the glaring word "phony." About the same time Paul Whiteman and his band were broadcasting, and at the proper moment Mr. Whiteman announced: "This is Paul Whiteman and his orchestra broadcasting the Old Gold—hrrmph, hrrmph—Hour." This added to the general depression, and finally we discovered that Rogers Peet & Company had reached a low in their theatre-program advertising. You will recall how they work in the name of every play as it comes along. Well, their ad for "Strictly Dishonorable" is headed, simply, "Performance."

Singing Cop

FEW of the people who see "Strictly Dishonorable" know that in the real life of Edward McNamara, who plays the part of the police officer in that popular show, lies a romantic story.

McNamara actually used to be a policeman in Paterson, New Jersey, his birthplace. He was also an Elk. As both he was popular, because of a notable singing voice. He was a big feature at all the benefits and smokers in Paterson. One spring, the committee in charge of a music festival engaged Schumann-Heink as a guest artist and found her fee so high that nothing was left to hire other artists. McNamara was called in, and sang with unexpected results. At the end of the concert Mme. Schumann-Heink announced that he had the best voice of any American she had ever heard and offered to take him with her on a tour of the country. He turned in his badge, bought a dress suit, and was off. He was gone a year or two.

At the end of that time he returned to Paterson and took up the lazy comfortable life of unofficial entertainer at the Elks' Club. He was sitting in an easy chair there one afternoon when Senator William Hughes (Wilson's backer, and a friend of Mac) burst into the place and bundled him into a taxicab. It developed Hughes had been in New York talking to Regan, of the old Knickerbocker Hotel, and had happened to mention that he knew the greatest tenor in the country. Regan had laughed at this, saying that *he* had the best tenor in the country staying right in his hotel. Hughes yelled, insisted upon a competition between the two, and dashed off to New Jersey in the cab to get his man. Returning with his contender in three or four hours he was met by Regan, bland, smiling, confident, who led them into the elevator, and up to the room of his tenor, who turned out to be Enrico Caruso. Everybody got a good laugh out of the joke. Hughes insisted that his man be allowed to sing, however, and he was. McNamara sang "Dio Possente" from "Faust." Caruso made him repeat it three times and then announced that he had just listened to the best voice he had heard in America. The master and McNamara had a long talk. The latter, it developed, had never had a teacher. This pleased Caruso, who had never forgotten that the one he had had in his youth advised him to take up bricklaying. In the end Caruso decided that he himself would take the new tenor in hand, and for seven happy months the former policeman was his pupil. Then Caruso went home; the war began.

A LONG interlude followed, which terminated when Otto Kahn heard McNamara sing at a banquet and offered to sponsor him. He studied for several months and then was granted an audition at the Metropolitan. No good came of it. Gatti-Casazza waved him aside. He remained aside until the eccentric producer, Mr. Davis, produced "The Ladder." McNamara was engaged to sing a song. A year later, following one of the rewritings of this show, he was given a part of some importance in it and distinguished himself as an actor. Nobody much saw him, however, except Brock Pemberton, who remembered his work well enough to give him the present part in "Strictly Dishonorable." He had trouble right up to the opening night, though. The author wanted to drop him because he didn't act like a policeman. Several of the good lines in the show as finally presented are ones he put in out of his recollections of a cop's life.

At present McNamara's comparative affluence enables him to assist Paterson policemen who need uniforms and so on, and to take lessons from Amato, who, in his retirement, coaches a few

pupils. In the old days in Paterson, on dull nights, the officers in the reserve room used to get out the station victrola, put on one of Amato's records, and Mac would sing along with it, while the desk sergeant nodded in time.

Station Scene

ON Wednesday afternoon a gentleman who had been sleeping in the waiting-room of the Great Neck railway station awakened suddenly and stared about. "Got to get the 4:07—the 4:07," he muttered. This was apparently addressed to a mild man sitting next to him who, thinking he detected belligerence in the tone, retreated deep into his newspaper. The other's gaze finally settled on the clock on the wall. "Six o'clock," he murmured. "Hm . . . the 4:07's late." He settled down and went back to sleep.

Greyhounds Again

OUR mention a few weeks ago of Richard, the too-affectionate greyhound, has brought a letter from one of the judges of the International Greyhound Racing Association, telling us more about these animals. Richard was the dog who, when he heard his master cheering him on, stopped racing entirely and ran over, wagging his tail, to be petted. It seems that both Richard and his master must have been beginners at the game. Most owners guard against such incidents by giving each dog two names: thus, Memphis Minstrel answers only to the name of Mike; Damon Runyon and Dashing Chorus are, respectively, Jock and Blondie to their friends; Cashoo, the record-breaker, is Felix around the kennels. The dogs are never addressed by their program names. This keeps them from getting confused. Lately, the International Association has been working hard to remove all taint of skullduggery from the sport. Sharpers used to run "ringers"—fast dogs entered under assumed names—to get long odds on a sure thing, but all that has been done away with now. Every dog entered on the International Circuit must be examined, and its characteristics (color, sex, weight, age, length of tail, color of toenails, scars, markings, etc.) checked on its "Bertillon card," which in turn is registered with the Association. One peculiarity greyhounds have: their eyes, normally, are brown, but during the heat and excitement of the race they turn green as any cat's.

"Gad! My wife looks terrible tonight."
"Sir! You are speaking of the woman I love."

Counter-Blast

A GENTLEMAN was attracted the other afternoon into the Dodge showroom in Broadway, where they are exhibiting one of the latest knicknacks of automotive engineering—a radio set installed in every car, with the dials on the instrument board. Six or eight autos were playing music or giving cooking recipes in a low tone of voice. The gentleman, in strolling around, finally came to a Dodge coupé which was taking no part in the entertainment. He monkeyed with the dials, and suddenly the coupé began a convincing explanation of the advantages of the new Nash. The scoundrel turned it on loud and went his way.

—THE NEW YORKERS

THE POST-MORTEM

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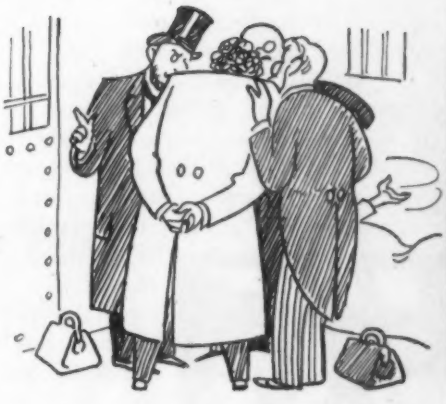

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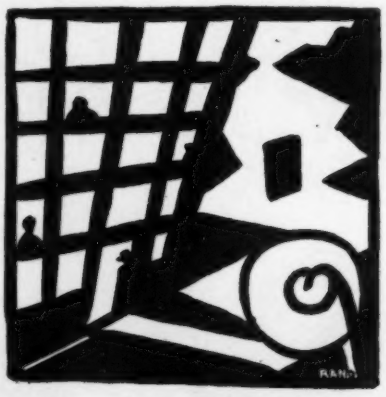
JERSEY CITY GENDARMERIE, JE T'AIME

OVER the river from Christopher Street, that's where the West begins, but if Mr. Greeley ever advises me to go in that direction again, I will detour by way of Miami or Montreal. Jersey City doesn't want me. I had a faint suspicion on the occasion of my first visit; the suspicion was strengthened the second time, and became a certainty when I made a third trip there the other week. The old saying has it: "Three times and out." I am not quite out, but Jersey City is, so far as I'm concerned. I have no desire for another perusal of the handwriting on the wall. Anyway, the letters have grown so much bigger with the years that now I could read them, if necessary, from the Hudson's safe side.

As soon as I had got back to Manhattan and quit trembling after the most recent indiscretion, I looked up the place in the encyclopedia to see whether any of my ancestors had played it a dirty trick which cried for vengeance on their progeny. I learned only that it is the second largest city in its state and the county seat of Hudson County; that the hill section back of the main portion is noteworthy for beautiful residences, and that it has a full equipment of hospitals and asylums, probably for visitors who go there a fourth or fifth time. In 1779, "Light Horse Harry" Lee, with two hundred men, overwhelmed a sizable British garrison and took the town with only five casualties. This was considered quite a stunt, but I have an idea that the English force didn't object much to being chased out, and it is not surprising that Mr. Lee withdrew his gallants the minute he learned where he was at.



Present-day defenders of the dorp point with pride to the fact that though the state of New Jersey is famous for murders, hardly any occur in Jersey City itself. My theory is that the returns are incomplete because the police don't consider such pranks worth reporting, and that a thorough investigation of the slayings which take place elsewhere would reveal that nearly all the assassins had just been in Jersey City and talked with a cop.

In 1921, or maybe 1922, Dempsey and Carpentier "fought" at Boyle's Thirty Acres. Dempsey and I had both trained in Atlantic City, also in Jersey and my favorite town next to San Francisco (who asked you what was your favorite town next to San Francisco?). The police of America's Playground had been so sweet and sympathetic that I thought maybe they were that way all over the state. So my reception in Hudson's county seat was the more mortifying.

I couldn't find my entrance at first, and asked a policeman where it was.

"Who wants to know?" he said belligerently.

"I do."

"What for?"

"It's the place I'm supposed to go in."

"Well, go in there, then!"

"Where is it?"

"If you're so smart you can find it yourself, but you can't stand here!"

"That's the last thing in the world I want to do."

"Then beat it!"

The smartness which he had divined led me to walk around to the opposite side of the enclosure and there, sure enough, was my entrance. With no assistance from ushers, I made my way to the seat my ticket called for. It was a hard seat, and when I happened to catch sight of a girl by the name of McMein a few rows away, I thought I would rest myself and do her a favor by warning her that her hero and Bernard Shaw's was about to get his block knocked off.

An overstuffed policeman stopped me in the aisle.

"Where are you going?"

"Just on a visit."

"You can't do no visiting here! Where is your ticket?"

I showed him the stub.

"Well, you get back there and stay there!" he ordered, and poor Miss McMein remained unprepared for the massacre.

MY next appearance in the town was, I think, two years later, on the evening of the "battle" between Willard and Firpo. Once more I found my seat in spite of the feverish apathy of ushers. But the seat was occupied, and by two people. They had a keen sense of humor and my request that they show me their stubs got a bigger laugh than the fight itself. I summoned a uniformed gent who seemed to be in charge of that part of the house and explained the situation in the native dialect.

"Those fellas have got my seat."

"What of it?"

"Nothing, except that no other seats are vacant and I'm tired."

"Go outside and rest."

"But why can't I have the seat my ticket calls for?"

"Because two other fellas is in it. And my best advice is to get the hell out of here before they carry you out on a stretcher!"

"You can't put me out when I've got a ticket."

"Can't I?"

Halfway up the aisle toward an exit, with policemen on both sides of me, squeezing my arms in their boyish rapture, my mercurial flight was suddenly stopped by a terrifying yell from the mouth of a customer, none other than Mr. William A. Brady, who had recognized my forehead and who, whether it be to his credit or not, appeared to have my escort thoroughly cowed. In a short and very abusive speech, he persuaded them to leave go of my arms and conduct me respectfully back in the direction of the ringside. The cops whispered a few words to the gent who had sponsored my tour and he found me a place on the floor not far from my own seat.

WELL, it seems there were two Southerners whom we will call Mr. and Mrs. Wild and one night in 1929 they invited me to accompany them to Hoboken to see a show.

It was raining when we came out of the theatre. We asked a taxi-driver to take us to the nearest Tube.

"You've just missed a train," said the driver, who looked disarmingly like the gentle athlete, Eddie Collins. "They won't be no more leaving from here for twenty-five minutes, but I'll drive you eighteen blocks, to Journal Square, and you can catch one right away."

In our innocence we believed him, and we didn't know that Journal Square meant Jersey City. He was a terrible driver with a passion for wet street-car tracks and profanity. When he had skidded and jolted many more

"Now, gentlemen, I don't want to waste your time—"

than eighteen blocks and we were tired of him and of the ride, which apparently had no destination, we asked him to stop and let us out. He did so with comment that made my friend, Mr. Brady, seem inarticulate. While Mr. Wild was paying, I walked in front of the car and impishly wrote down the license number. In the nick of time I observed that "Eddie" was resenting this bit of byplay by trying to run over me. I jumped out of the way and we went to the nearest corner, where stood a policeman.

"Can you tell me," said Mr. Wild, "how to get to the Tube?"

No answer; not even a look. The question was repeated, and still no answer.

"A Silent Policeman," said Mrs. Wild. "Dere's anudder one across de street. Ah'll done ask him."

"No, you won't! You stay right where you are!" Thus Eddie, who had left his cab and joined us. "Listen," he said to the cop, "I want these mugs arrested. They're mugs!"

Mrs. Wild, heedless of Eddie's shouts of "Come back here!" boldly crossed to the other policeman. Mr. Wild, the first policeman, Eddie, and I followed. The second policeman was as reticent as the first. Both were quite evidently in mortal fear of Eddie and their jobs. A car stopped beside us and one of its two murderous-looking occupants cordially asked Mrs. Wild to jump in. The officers appeared to consider this a natural, innocent piece of gallantry and were a little surprised at her refusal of the invitation.

Questions as to the location of the Tube failed to elicit any reply whatever, and all the time Eddie was urging our arrest, and particularly mine. Curiosity impelled me to ask, "On what charge?"

"You took my number," said Eddie.

"Is that a crime here?"

"You're a mug!" he replied, as the Law gazed into the distance. "You look like a mug to me! I think you're a mug!"

"Can I be arrested for looking like a mug?"

"I think you're a gunman!"

"Maybe these policemen had better frisk me."

It was unpleasant standing in the rain and we started away.

"Come back here!" yelled Eddie, and Mrs. Wild was the only one brave enough to disobey. She ventured down the forbidding street in search of a vocal policeman or another cab.

"All I want of youse," said Eddie to the cops, "is to take these mugs in. I want it to cost them some time. They're a couple of mugs, 'specially that one mug."

Now I make no claim to physical courage, but Eddie was not much bigger than Miller Huggins and it wasn't fear of being socked by him that restrained me from taking offense at the charge of mugginess. Something told me that it would be a major mistake to hit a Jersey City taxi-driver whose presence struck the police dumb.

Mr. Wild and I went in pursuit of Mrs. Wild, expecting to be followed again, by Eddie or a bullet. But he preferred intimidating the Law to annoying us further, and we saw him still standing there, gesticulating and probably protesting the escape of visiting mugs, when we joyously climbed into a Holland Tunnel bus that said it was Broadway bound.

I will take the encyclopedia's word for the beautiful residences back of the main portion. I am not going to see for myself. There may be coppers in them hills. —RING LARDNER

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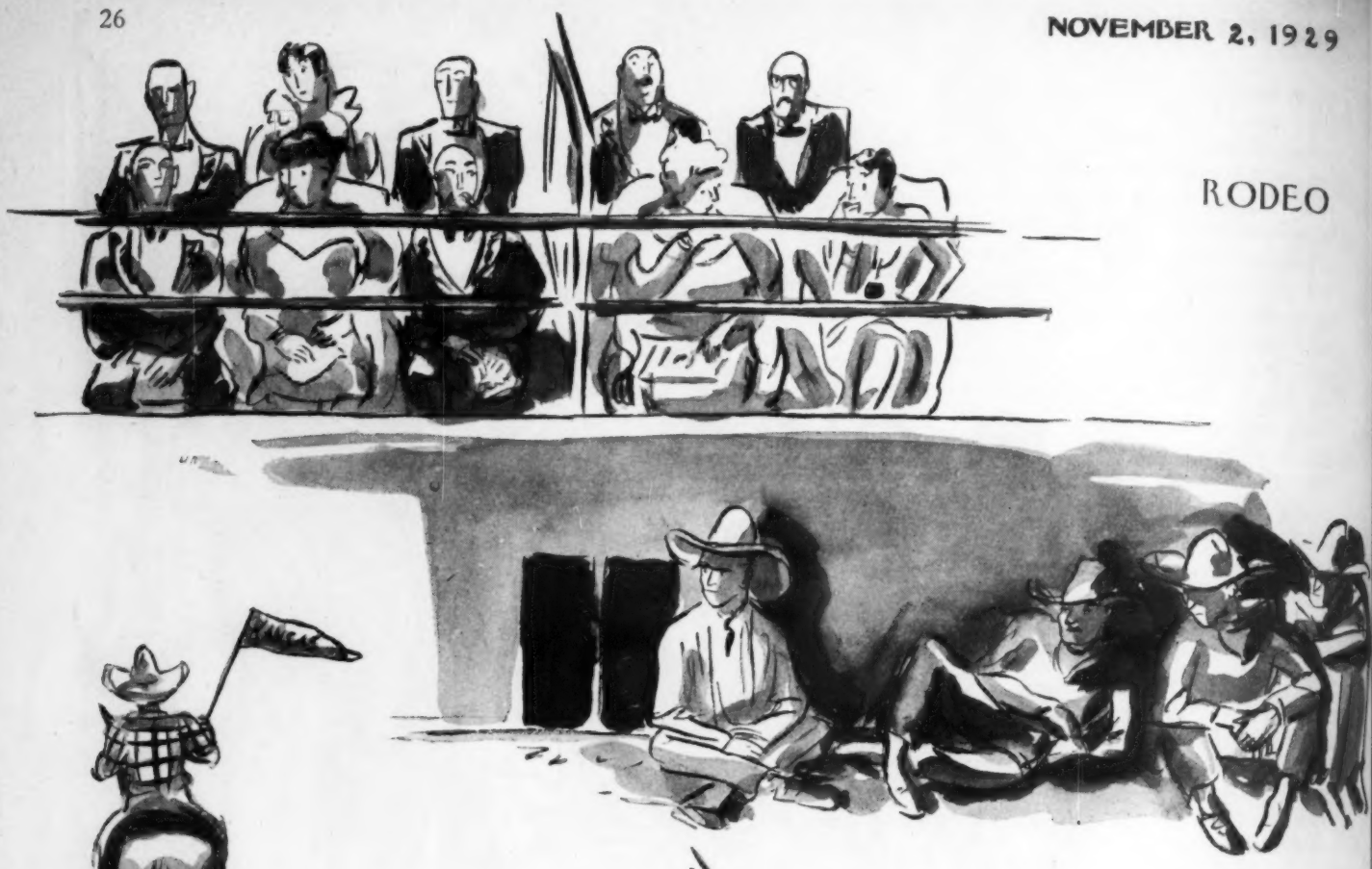
NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

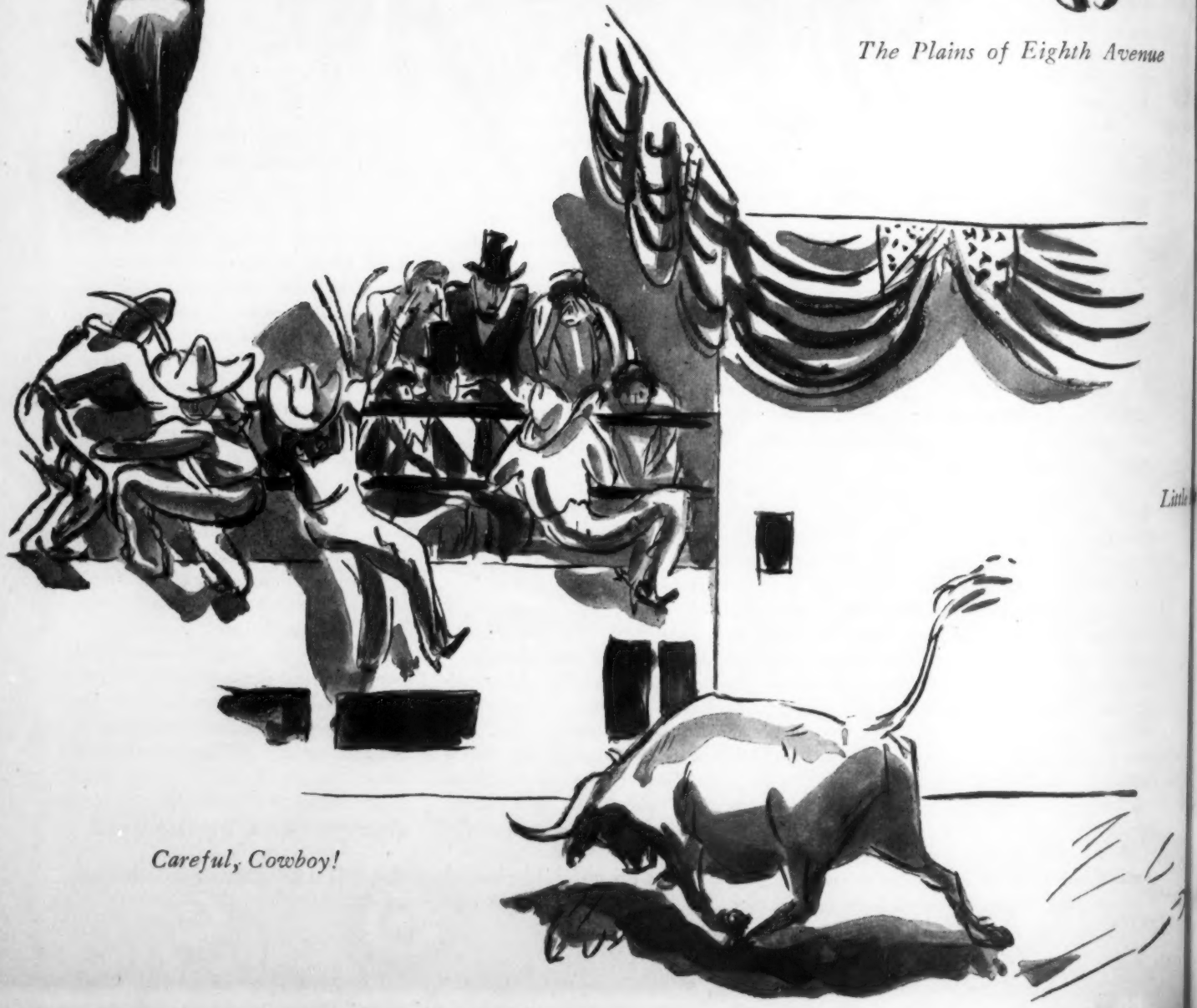
[*From the American*]

And here the famous singer arched her head challengingly.

RODEO



The Plains of Eighth Avenue



Careful, Cowboy!

OUR OWN MODERN ENGLISH USAGE

ADVERBIAL ADVICE—Someone has written in to ask whether to say "I feel bad" or "I feel badly." The question is not so easy as it might seem. Your conscientious grammarian will find out, if he has time, just what is the matter with the person who makes the inquiry, or whether anything is the matter. No one wants to just go ahead and advise a person to say either "I feel bad" or "I feel badly," much less to say both of them, because in so many cases the ailment is purely imaginary. Even if it isn't, solicitude for those who love us and who suffer when we suffer should prevent us from talking about our troubles. Yet that attitude has its drawbacks, because some people cannot suffer in silence, or even imagine they are suffering in silence, without making strange grimaces. This is likely to lead

Little Wrangler

to misunderstandings and unpleasantness. Merely saying nothing, then, is scarcely the best way to avoid the use of "bad" or "badly." On the other hand, the grammarian is reluctant to advise a person who really feels bad, or badly, to say that he feels fine. This might, for one thing, revive that old wall-card about "every day in every way I am getting better and better," an expression the world is well rid of. Physically, it was never really true, and rhetorically it was nothing much.

THE thing comes down finally to the necessity for special rules. As a general thing, if the illness or pain really exists, and is acute, it is better to use the shorter word "bad," because it is more easily said and will bring assistance quicker. Furthermore, "badly" sounds as if the person who had used it had deliberately chosen a euphemism and therefore couldn't be very sick. In cases of sharp, flashing pains, blind staggers, acute heart attacks, or extreme danger generally, it is wise to abandon all adverbial constructions and resort to exclamations and interjections, such as "help!," "hey!," "hi! hi!," "halloo, there!," and the like.

The use of "I feel bad" and "I feel badly" is rather common in married life, particularly in cases where a husband wishes to stay home from a bridge party. Many husbands also use the expressions merely to gain sympathy or attention, but as a rule they prefer some more ominous statement, such as "I think I am dying, dear," or "I guess it's all up with me, Marion." Cold applications or a stiff lecture on the hygiene of eating and drinking will sometimes serve to shut them up.

There is, of course, a special problem presented by the type of person who looks well even when he doesn't feel well, and who is not likely to be believed if he says he doesn't feel well. In such cases, the sufferer should say, "I look well, but I don't feel well." While this usage has the merit of avoiding the troublesome words "bad" and "badly," it also has the disadvantage of being a negative statement. If a person is actually ill, the important thing is to find out not how he doesn't feel, but how he does feel. He should state his symptoms more specifically—"I have a gnawing pain here, that comes and goes," or something of the sort. There is always the danger, of course, that one's listeners will cut in with a long description of how *they* feel; this can usually be avoided by screaming.

ANOTHER adverbial construction which gives considerable trouble, or will if you let it, is the adverb ending in "-lily." The best thing to do with the adverb in "-lily" is to let it alone. "Lovelily" is an example. You can say "he plays lovelily," but even though the word is perfectly proper, it won't get you anywhere. You might just get by with it at a concert; but try shouting it at a ball game. There isn't one person in ten who will go ahead with a friendship in which the "-lily" adverbs are likely to occur. The possible endings of this sort are numberless: you can even say, and be right, "heavenlily" and "ruffianlily." It is especially advisable to avoid this construction because of its "Thematic Potentiality." Thematic Potentiality is the quality which certain words and phrases have of suggesting a theme song—that is, some such thing as "Heaven Lily O'Mine," "Ruffian Lily, Come Back to Me," "Love Vo-deo-do Lily," and so on. Think of something else.

—JAMES THURBER

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MATINALE

Some women told her
  When she was a bride:
"Marriage is simple,"
  (And how they lied!)

"If you will but heed
  An old woman's warning
And get up for breakfast
  Every morning—"

Alas, her face
  Is slightly sallow,
Less like wax
  Than mutton tallow;

Alack, her hair
  Is nothing to boast of
And takes a good hour
  To make the most of;

And well-a-day,
  Like many a woman
She feels in the morning
  Like nothing human.

She comes to the table,
  She speaks to him brightly,
Her quilted kimono
  Is nothing too sprightly—

He grumbles good morning
  And tries to escape her
By hiding his head
  In the morning paper.

—ANGELA CYPHER

•

W. M. Taylor, 101-year-old war vet, now appearing in "Song of the West" which co-stars John Boles and Vivienne Segal, claims to be the oldest extra in Hollywood.—*The Daily News.*

Headline: EXTRA OLD.

Walter Damrosch

PROFILES

GODFATHER TO POLYMNIA

ON the morning of July 13, 1918, two American Y.M.C.A. workers faced each other in the Hôtel de France et Choiseul, in the Rue St. Honoré, in Paris. The elder of the two, a man somewhere in the fifties, above the average in height, broad-shouldered, with abundant gray hair, very bright eyes deep set under bushy eyebrows, and a beautiful Greek profile, was, despite an ill-fitting tunic and distressing breeches, obviously a personage, and presumably not a professional evangelist.

As a matter of fact, he was wearing the insignia of the red triangle solely as a necessary incident to his real business in Paris, which was music. He had been asked to recruit an orchestra from among non-mobilized French instrumentalists, and to take it on tour among the American army encampments in France, thus neatly combining entertainment for homesick doughboys with financial aid for some eighty French musicians. Inasmuch as no one could get to France that summer save in uniform, he had chosen that of the "Y."

His credentials were exceptional. Three distinguished Americans—one of them Theodore Roosevelt—had reassured the Y.M.C.A. as to his unimpeachable morality and Americanism, he bore a letter of invitation from the French Ministry of Fine Arts, and his passport had been visaed both by the French High Commission at Washington and M. Pichon himself, France's Minister of Foreign Affairs. That evening he was to conduct his first concert, in the Théâtre des Champs-Elysées, and on the following day was to play, by special invitation of the French Government, in the Salle du Conservatoire, a hall that no foreign conductor had ever before invaded.

Nevertheless he was in trouble, and looked worried and angry. His tour of the American camps was supposed to begin on the following Monday, and thus far he had been unable to procure the *carte rouge* without which he could not travel in France. The French Ministère des Affaires Etrangères was willing and anxious. The Intelligence Division of the A.E.F. remarked that so far as they were concerned, he was free to go where he pleased. The American Legation was sympathetic, but helpless. For inasmuch as he was enrolled with the Y.M.C.A., only the Y.M.C.A. was empowered to issue his *carte rouge*, and the Y.M.C.A. had not got around to issuing it. Hence this final interview, in which the "Y" was to communicate its ultimate decision.

The other Y.M.C.A. worker cleared his throat. "Mr. Damrosch," he began, "I'm terribly sorry. But the fact is, Brother, the rules of the 'Y' are pretty strict, and we can't afford to break them. We don't issue travelling cards to Americans of German birth, and as you were born in Germany we can't let you have one. And another thing"—hastily, as the elder man showed signs of having passed the boiling point—"since you *are* of German birth, and can't get your *carte rouge*, the committee asked me to say that they don't think you ought to wear the 'Y' uniform at the concert tonight."

Unfortunately the exact words of Brother's reply have not come down to us. The gist of them was that he had no other clothes at the moment, that he would conduct the concert either in the "Y" uniform or in his underwear, that his resignation had been written and would be offered Monday, and that furthermore the Y.M.C.A. could etcetera, etcetera, and etcetera.

The concert, need we add, took place, and the following morning another visitor came to the Hôtel de France et Choiseul. This time it was General Charles Dawes, bearing an invitation from the commander-in-chief of the A.E.F. And on the following Wednesday Walter Damrosch, having got his divorce from the Y.M.C.A. and procured his *carte rouge* from some less squeamish source—the French Government, for instance—set out for Chaumont, the general headquarters of the American armies in France, where, at the request of General Pershing, he organized a school for bandsmen and bandmasters, a school that remained in session until the A.E.F. left France.

UP to the time that the Y.M.C.A., with a start, recalled the fact, everyone had forgotten that Walter Damrosch was German-born, so closely had his career been identified with the progress of American musical culture. He arrived here in 1871, when his father, Leopold Damrosch, discouraged with the musical outlook in Breslau, Germany, decided to try his luck in America and accepted an invitation to conduct the Arion Society, New York's largest German choral organization.

Nine-year-old Walter and his brother Frank (now head of the Institute of Musical Art) were promptly shipped off to Public School No. 40, in East Twenty-third Street, where, because of their ignorance of English, they began in the lowest primary class. This was a bit of a comedown for two youngsters who had reached the dignity of Latin studies at the Gymnasium in Breslau, but they rapidly moved up to more appropriate grades. Walter was also studying the piano, with an eye to a concert career. That aspiration, however, was ended by his teacher, Boeckelman, who experimented on his young pupil with a patent finger-arching machine, with disastrous results. The third finger of Walter's right hand was permanently lamed, and although he might—and did—become an expert pianist, there was no possibility of his ever ranking as a virtuoso.

The musical fortunes of Damrosch, the father, prospered apace. He founded the New York Oratorio Society in 1873 (Walter, at the ripe age of eleven, sang first alto in its ranks), and the Symphony Society in 1877. In

1883 the directors of "the new yellow brewery on Broadway" (Colonel Mapleson's blasphemous description of the Metropolitan Opera House) asked him to conduct German opera there during the season of 1884-85. He accepted, despite the heavy labors of the Oratorio and Symphony Societies. In February, 1885, as the season was nearing its close, he caught cold, came down with pneumonia, and died within a week.

That week definitely settled Walter Damrosch's career for him. He had helped his father drill the Oratorio Society, conducted a small choir of his own in Newark, and was a sort of unofficial assistant at the Metropolitan; but was neither well-known nor experienced. Suddenly he found it up to him to save the Wagner season, for no one else at the Metropolitan knew much about Wagner. During his father's last week he conducted performances of "Die Walküre" and "Tannhäuser," and at the close of the New York season took the Metropolitan Company on its road tour.

FROM then on he moved steadily forward. He continued the Symphony Society concerts, and took over the Oratorio Society in 1886 (he remained its conductor until 1898). The Metropolitan appointed him second conductor and assistant director of the opera house. He retained the double post until 1891, when the return of Abbey, Schoeffel, and Grau banished Wagner from the Met. Three years later, deciding that New York needed German opera again, he sold his New York house and used the proceeds to start his own opera company. He engaged a company that included Gadski, Emil Fischer, and Max Alvary, hired the Metropolitan for eight weeks, and opened in the spring of 1895 with "Tristan und Isolde."

The profits of the first season were fifty-three thousand dollars. Thus heartened, he made the Damrosch Opera Company a permanent institution, undertook a second season, and managed not only to wipe out all his previous profits but to lose an extra forty-three thousand dollars as well. Bloody but unbowed, he took a partner, Charles Ellis, Nellie Melba's manager, and continued. In 1899 he sold out to Ellis and accepted Maurice Grau's invitation to come back and conduct Wagner at the Metropolitan.

All this time he had been struggling to keep the New York Symphony alive. It was a permanent organization principally in name, as the receipts from road tours, festivals, and what small subsidies he could scrape together were sufficient only for occasional New York concerts, the members spending most of their time playing outside engagements.

In 1903 the Philharmonic invited him to become its conductor. He agreed, provided the society would abandon its coöperative basis (a form of self-government under which the principal first violin had voted himself into office annually for forty years) and place its fortunes in the hands of a non-performing board. The negotiations fell through, but Harry Harkness Flagler, one of the Philharmonic committee, offered to help raise the funds to endow the New York Symphony Orchestra and place it on a permanent footing. Damrosch joyfully accepted, and the rest is current history. In 1914 Mr. Flagler announced that he was sick of trying to get money out of reluctant guarantors, and hence-

"H-m-m—landscapes. Ever do a cocoanut marshmallow cake?"

forth would finance the orchestra single-handed.

DURING the years of his various conductorships Damrosch found time to pursue a fairly extensive parallel career as composer and lecturer. He has written two grand operas, "The Scarlet Letter" and "Cyrano." He wrote a "Manila Te Deum" for the Oratorio Society in 1898, to celebrate Dewey's victory; a comic opera, "The Dove of Peace," with Wallace Irwin; and the incidental music for Margaret Anglin's productions of "Iphigenia," "Medea," and "Electra." His published songs include the setting of "Danny Deever" without which no baritone can ever bring a recital to a satisfactory close.

The famous Damrosch-Wagner piano lectures began one evening in 1886 at the home of Mrs. J. West Roosevelt, in New York, where he undertook to play and explain the leading motives of the "Nibelungen" cycle to a group of friends. The following year he gave eight similar lecture-recitals. Soon he was giving a hundred a year, all over the country. He gives them over the radio now, to audiences estimated at four or five million.

Three years ago he decided to retire. The New York Symphony was to merge with the Philharmonic, he was to conduct a few guest performances a season, and the rest of the time he was going to loaf. So he retired, and immediately signed up with the R. C. A. for a series of radio concerts and opera lectures. At present he has a permanently organized radio orchestra, the National Symphony (recruited largely from the personnel of the former New York Symphony), broadcasts a weekly symphony concert for the General Electric Hour, and conducts an elaborate series of educational radio concerts for schoolchildren. These latter are heard by an average of eight million youngsters every week.

"Well, I guess I'll have to be running along now, dear."

HE is, as a matter of fact, the type of man who dies in harness. A real retirement would be a literal impossibility for him. His interest in his work, and in life in general, is too real, and his curiosity and energy too unflagging. He has had a finger in most of the musical pies that have been opened in America during the past forty years. He has edited a school series of music books, he has been a judge in scores of prize-composition contests, he has served on countless committees. Unlike most celebrities who lend their names to worthy causes, he invariably does most of the work of every committee and board to which he is elected.

His interest in new music has always been of the liveliest. His long list of first performances in America includes Brahms' third and fourth symphonies, Saint-Saëns' "Samson et Dalila," Paderewski's opera, "Manru," and Honegger's "Pacific 231." Under his baton the Oratorio Society performed "Parsifal" for the first time here, in 1886. The "stage festival play" was *verboten* outside Bayreuth. The orchestral score was to be had, but could not be used for a performance under penalty of a fine of two hundred and fifty dollars. Damrosch bought the score, had the parts copied, paid the fine, and gave the performance. In 1891 he induced Tschaikowski to come to America to appear with the New York Symphony at the dedication of Carnegie Hall. A year later, after Tschaikowski's death, he gave the first American performance of the "Pathétique" symph-

ony. It was he that engaged Anton Seidl to conduct opera at the Metropolitan — an act of self-abnegation if ever there was one, inasmuch as the great German would allow no one else to conduct Wagner and kept Damrosch toiling at "Il Trovatore" and the like for four years.

He was the first conductor to make a practice of playing orchestral works by Americans. Carpenter, Hadley, Chadwick, Hill, Stillman Kelley, Gilbert, MacDowell, Hanson, Gruenberg, Jacobi, Griffes—the list of American composers, living and dead, who have figured on his programs is a formidable one. Most of us, in fact, he introduced. In 1925 he inaugurated the European practice of commissioning native composers to write works for his orchestra. When the "Rhapsody in Blue" gave evidence that jazz was susceptible of serious treatment, Damrosch, one of its earliest admirers, promptly commissioned Gershwin's "Concerto in F." He gave Gershwin's latest, "An American in Paris," its first hearing just a year ago.

His beat as a conductor is masterful and precise, but lacking in the terpsichorean qualities that are in vogue at present. He is much better than he looks. He has a quaint habit, during the closing bars of some piece that he particularly likes, of half turning to the audience, in the manner of one who says, "Isn't that swell?"

Orchestra players like to perform under him, for they have implicit confidence in him. They have enormous respect for his knowledge of instrumental technique and his ability to detect minor inaccuracies. "He's an old rat!" one of his men once admiringly remarked. His relations with the members of the New York Symphony were unusually friendly, and they gave him unswerving loyalty. Georges Barrère, the great flutist, was with him for twenty years, and his librarian, Hans Goettich, for nearly thirty years. When the Symphony Society merged with the Philharmonic, only about one third of Damrosch's men could be used. Abetted by Mr. Flagler, he promptly turned over the orchestra's pension fund to the others. A sum amounting to more than eighty thousand dollars was thus divided *pro rata* among the men who had been dropped. (Most of them, by the way, are now back with him in radio work.)

"... and in this dream the Princess and I were in a sunken garden."

O. SOGLOW

• •

IN 1887 he married Margaret Blaine, one of James G. Blaine's two daughters, whom he had met at a houseparty in Scotland given by Andrew Carnegie. They have four daughters. Alice, the eldest, is a past president of the Junior League; Gretchen—"Gay"—is Mrs. Thomas K. Finletter, has two children of her own and a play that Brock Pemberton is producing this season. Polly, who staggers under the official Christian name of Leopoldine, is an actress, a professional pianist, and a Junior Leaguer. Anita, the youngest, is Mrs. Robert Littell, and combines a stage career with being the mother of two children and the wife of a dramatic critic.

The Damrosch house is in Sixty-first Street, and the Damrosch parties are famous. There is a tree every Christmas, as there has been since 1871, and it touches the ceiling, as every proper Christmas tree should do. The Damrosch New Year's luncheon is one of New York's institutions. There, every year, assembles an enormous and rowdy gathering, composed of orchestra players, theatrical people, music critics, and all the world's famous virtuosi that are in America and not on the road. One rings the bell, the front door opens mysteriously, a hand comes forward bearing a glass of cheerio, and an invisible voice says, "Drink this." There is, incidentally, a lunch, of Gargantuan proportions, served informally by various assorted daughters and other feminine relatives, all dressed as waitresses.

There is generally a more or less impromptu vaudeville performance in the back parlor, and a speech by the host. Damrosch talks easily and well on his feet, has never yet failed to say something appropriate and amusing on any occasion whatsoever, and adores doing it. He speaks English, French, and German with equal fluency, and much of his success in France has undoubtedly been due to his ability to address Frenchmen in their own tongue.

His love of France and admiration of French culture is second only to his love of America. He sneaks off to Paris at every opportunity and on any possible pretext. He always stays at the Hôtel de France et Choiseul, and always occupies the same suite. He has a pretty taste in wines, and his choice of a dinner commands the respect even of a French *cordon bleu*. The school for bandsmen that he founded at Chaumont finally evolved into a conservatory for American summer students at Fontainebleau. This service in helping to link the two countries closer won him a Légion d'Honneur, a decoration that he probably prizes above any other honor he has ever received.

LAST year the Damrosch family decided to sell the house in Sixty-first Street. The daughters were all grown up, the house was too big, servants were too hard to get, and all the rest of it. He would sell the house and buy a cozy coöperative apartment. Characteristically, when last seen, not only had he not sold the house, but was buried under the plans for an additional summer place on Long Island. At present, as we have noted, he is knee-deep in radio, which will probably keep him busy for a while. But not for long. There is a new field of music opening up that must soon begin to look inviting to a man with a healthy supply of curiosity. One of us here rises to predict that sooner or later you will find him in the talkies.

—DEEMS TAYLOR

BACH CHORALE

Slow be the arc of our passing; noble and slow
The inevitable strides to oblivion.
Slow as a gull's high curve into the sun,
Silent, from womb to wonder let us go.
Nor wanting in ecstasy; as from below
The million tremors of a gull's wings make one
Long quiet wheeling, so, Lord, let us shun
All visible hectic movement, never show
The urge of heart-beats—ceaseless, cluttered, small
Like sparrows in dung. There is no purity
In haste; no beauty, nothing to cherish. All
Our quickening must be within, the passion, the free
Wild flights from which there is no fall,
The true, relentless speed of infinity.

—M. MANNES

OF ALL THINGS

OUR favorite candidate for mayor, Norman Thomas, finishes the campaign with the best collection of personal tributes of all the nominees. His election is certain, unless they count votes instead of kind words.

•

If we understand the financial situation, the American business structure is absolutely sound except on certain weekdays between ten and three.

•

At any rate, the slump in the market has had a good effect upon conversation. It is estimated that a hundred thousand speculators have suddenly quit talking about their operations.

•

In his appeal to the jury in the Gastonia case, Solicitor Carpenter asked: "Do you believe in the Flag, do you believe in North Carolina, do you believe in good roads?" The jury voted unanimously for all these blessings.

•

The loudest noise of the week was the Carnegie Foundation giving the anti-college yell.

•

The W.C.T.U. has decided to revive the old prewar educational campaign against rum. If they want our patronage they must include an all-color picture of a drunkard's liver.

•

The Supreme Court rules that Iowa dry agents can enter people's homes without search warrants. The only way an Iowan can beat this game is to move to California.

•

The Sheppard bill would make it illegal to buy liquor as well as to sell it. The Anti-Saloon League feels that the way to abolish crime is to multiply it by two.

•

M. Briand should not feel depressed over losing his job. If time hangs heavily on his hands he can invent the United States of Europe again.

•

Spring has come to Little America and the Byrd boys have to go to work again. The silver lining is that they no longer have to listen to those radio programs from Schenectady.

•

Five per cent of the playgoers, Jane Cowl says, are unintelligent and go to the theatre for no good reason. On the other hand there are the intelligent ones who go to the theatre for a good reason and do not find it.

•

This department, an ardent admirer of Senator Bingham of Connecticut, would like to know what is the best thing to use on a slightly tarnished halo.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

"Yes, I'm quitting tomorrow. You know what superintendents are, dearie."

A VOYAGE TO PURILIA—IV

FURTHER ADVENTURES ON THE STRANGE PLANET OF PURILIA, BRINGING THE AUTHOR TO A METROPOLIS WHERE THE ECCENTRICITIES OF LIFE ARE EVEN MORE MARKED

JOHNSON and I, the reader will recall, had left the Malones' cottage and, our hearts heavy with foreboding, had set out for the metropolis in search of Pansy and Mollie. A train conveyed us to the city, and as we stepped out of the railroad station into a street thronged with vehicles and pedestrians, the Presence declaimed (for our edification, no doubt): "The city of steel towers—a modern Babylon, where men and women, in their frantic struggle for wealth and fame, sometimes forget God."

Scarcely had these words been uttered when there whirled rapidly before our dazzled vision a bewildering series of glimpses of teeming metropolitan life: serrated skylines, great avenues black with traffic, a lofty cathedral, the interior of a vast and luxurious restaurant, a street lined with theatres, a huge office buzzing with hundreds of busy clerks, a dozen mighty ships at anchor, the whirring presses of a great newspaper, a mass-meeting in a public square—all these swirled before our startled eyes.

But there were less grandiose glimpses, too, which seemed to convince us that the city was not without its more intimately human aspects. A police officer directing the traffic, a structural-steel worker perched precariously hundreds of feet above the roaring street, an obviously wealthy but rather over-dressed lady stepping haughtily into a limousine, an anemic little shopgirl carrying an oversized hatbox, a sensual-looking clubman eating caviar, a workman in overalls eating bread and cheese, a group of important-looking men seated about a conference table, a washerwoman bending wearily over her tub, and a little golden-haired child, oblivious to the hurrying passers-by, happily fondling a tiny kitten—these vignettes impinged themselves upon us in rapid succession.

Having learned that there was an excellent hotel not far from the railroad station, we decided to make our way there on foot. We were struck at once by the enormous number of florists' and jewellers' establishments. In fact, retail commerce in a Purilian city is confined almost exclusively to shops of this kind. Their patronage is almost entirely male. In every florist shop, we saw both Paragonians and Vauriens busily making purchases. We observed that while the Paragonians seemed to prefer roses and violets, the Vauriens showed no interest in anything but orchids.

The jewelry shops play a most important part in Purilian life. They do a thriving trade in engagement rings and wedding rings, and carry also a large stock of costly and pretentious jewels. Most of these gems have strange and often sanguinary histories, many of them having been torn from the foreheads of exotic idols. Their effect upon the character of the Purilians is most debilitating, the desire to possess them often being the direct cause of the most revolting crimes.

I am convinced that one of the most needed reforms in Purilia is the restriction of the jewelry trade to engagement and wedding rings. As long as the present uncontrolled traffic in precious stones is permitted to continue, the task of checking the appalling lawlessness from which the country suffers is a hopeless one. Any attempt at such a reform, however, would certainly meet with the organized opposition of the Vaurien caste and would undoubtedly be doomed to defeat.

THE Presence apprised us of our arrival at our hotel by remarking: "The Metropolis Hotel, a palatial hostelry, where the idle rich pass their days and nights in wasteful luxury, mindless of the suffering of the toiling millions."

With the assistance of some seven or eight liveried attendants we entered the great doors of the hotel and found ourselves in a rotunda which in size compared favorably with the interior of the Church of St. Peter in Rome. Potted palms, marble fountains, great tapestries, thick carpets, and furniture of rather alarming dimensions all contributed to an impression of expenditure upon a lavish scale. Nor was this impression belied by the spectacle of scores of hurrying flunkies in resplendent uniforms and hundreds of men and women, whom I took to be guests of the establishment and whose attire proclaimed them to be the possessors of great wealth.

We leaned patiently against a gigantic marble column, while intimate glimpses of a great number of the guests were revealed to us, as well as hasty views of kitchens, swimming pools, ballrooms, elevators, dining-rooms, corridors, roof-gardens, and telephone switchboards, all constructed upon a scale which dwarfed anything that I had ever seen upon our own planet.

With these helpful but rather fatiguing preliminaries disposed of, we were permitted to ascend to the room to which we had been assigned. Like everything else in the hotel, its dimensions were colossal and the furniture exceeded both in size and in profusion any that I had ever seen in a terrestrial hotel. The bathroom (which was by far the largest that I had ever seen) contained a magnificent sunken swimming bath as its sole furniture. I was more than a little surprised to find so luxurious a hotel lacking in those conveniences [CONTINUED ON PAGE 101]

THE THEATRE

RUNNING CONVERSATION

I HAVE often wondered where the veteran members of the Ritz Bar go when they brush off the potato-chips and call it a day. Mr. Austin Parker has shown us in "Week-End." They rush right out to Barbizon and keep on with their drinking. Here we see three of the more virile members of the Rue Cambon Club spending their Sunday in the country, tripping over God's green footstool. The chief difference between this life in the *campagne* and life at Frank's Place is that, in the *campagne*, they can get their "spiked" champagne immediately on arising without having to take that perilous trip along the heaving streets of Paris.

I must admit, however, that I have never seen as amusing an onion in the Ritz as the permanent one which Mr. Hugh O'Connell has built for himself in "Week-End." Mr. Parker has saved all his choice lines, and some of them are about as choice as you are likely to hear this season, for the ingratiating souse whose philosophy of life is summed up in his remark: "Whatever I do is God's will, and I am certainly not the man to fly in the face of God's will." The combination of Mr. Parker's best and Mr. O'Connell's customary perfection is enough to make "Week-End" stand out from the ordinary run of plays.

"Week-End," however, would stand out for another reason, if only as a promise of better things to come from Mr. Parker's portable. As his present play stands, it is a little selfconscious in its worldly-wiseness, a little unpleasant in its insistence on unpleasantness, and a little tiresome. But throughout it all there is an indication that somebody who knows and has felt a lot about things in general has been at work on the thing. And occasionally there is a quite complete fulfillment of the purpose of the theatre. It is worth seeing.

The fact that Messrs. Warren William and Grant Mills seem to carry their liquor better than Mr. O'Connell may, perhaps, be explained by the fact that they do most of their drinking out of dark blue glasses (carrying out the best Ritz tradition) which may, or may not, have anything in them. Mr. O'Connell has his beaut when he arrives.

PRESUMABLY Mr. George Kelly has spent the greater part of his life in the theatre, much of it on the road in vaudeville. And yet his dialogue has always given unimpeachable evidence of having been written by a man who has never stirred out of a Philadelphia sitting-room. No one could have salted away the petty home-phrases, the bour-

"SUBWAY EXPRESS"

One of the love scenes from the novel mystery drama now at the Liberty Theatre, showing what may happen if you really get a seat in a Van Cortlandt Park express. The gentleman who seems to be holding himself aloof is that way because he is dead.

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geois small-talk, and the bits of business indulged in by lifelong residents of gray frame houses without having spent years and years in just such houses with excursions no longer than to the corner drugstore. How has he been able to steep his soul in such experience and still be out on the road?

Being one of those people to whom this kind of recognition quality in dialogue is one of the major delights of life, I am always held spellbound by anything that Mr. Kelly writes. I recognize that, as in "Maggie, the Magnificent," there are sometimes great stretches when this expert stenography is all that he has to offer, that he sometimes forgets that action has its place in the theatre and that audiences demand something more than hearing themselves or their relatives talk. I will even grant that in "Maggie, the Magnificent" he has indulged himself to the limit in mere reporting. But I didn't realize it until I heard other people saying so.

The story of the daughter who breaks down her mother and cows her brother into recognizing her superiority to them has enough drama in it to carry a play written by a hand much less fine than Mr. Kelly's. The trouble seems to be that Mr. Kelly is a little too afraid that we haven't got the idea. But, with Marion Barney playing the mother and James Cagney the son (unless I am greatly mistaken I once detected evidences of authoritative comedy in a tap-dance by Mr. Cagney in one of the smaller revues), the repetition did not tire me as it seemed to others. I would have been much more sympathetic with Miss Shirley Warde's unhappy lot at home if she had smiled just once, but

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that is not her fault. She was given no chance to smile. And a very entertaining character study by Miss Joan Blondell was marred for me by the direction which made her keep her hand on her hip throughout. It is very seldom that Mr. Kelly goes as bad as that.

"Maggie, the Magnificent" has fewer startling comedy lines than most of the Kelly plays, but there is one which, in its veracity, is almost enough for one play. Miss Barney, descending the stairs to greet an unknown and unwelcome visitor, gives despairing voice to a question which the world has been asking itself since the first calling-card was sent in: "I don't know what in God's name people want to come to see other people for."

MR. LYNNE OVERMAN is another member of the theatrical profession who can satisfy me regardless of his surroundings. In "Button, Button" his surroundings were not of the best. The idea of a mentally deficient gentleman who finds himself saner than his more conventional comrades might be whipped into a fairly satisfactory satire by a good satirist, but even that is doubtful. Mental deficiency is essentially phony comedy material. And the satire in "Button, Button" was so farcical as to tip the scales at an even sixteen stone. But so long as Mr. Overman was on (and Miss Shirley O'Hara) there was a certain satisfaction in still focusing on the stage.

DURING the first act of "Ladies of the Jury," with such a combination as Mrs. Fiske in the jury-box and Wilton Lackaye on the bench, it began to look as if we were going to get some comedy scenes of what is tenderly known as The Old School. It is not often that such a juxtaposition of Mrs. Fiske and Mr. Lackaye can be effected, with the whole machinery of the Law before them into which to throw a monkey-shine.

The author, Mr. Fred Ballard, also

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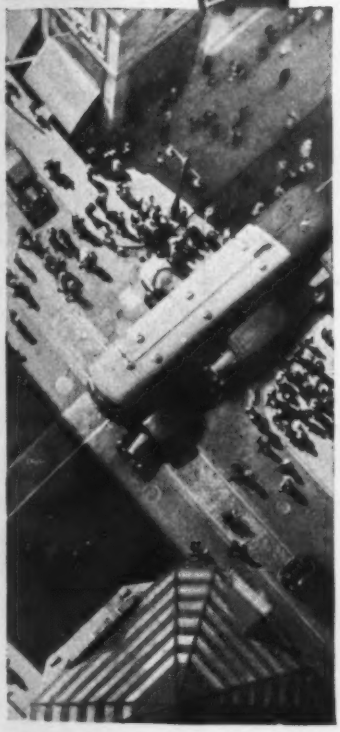

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FIFTH AVENUE AT 57th STREET

contributed to this delicious promise by compressing what turned out to be his entire stock of delicacy and subtlety into this first act. When Mrs. Fiske, making full use of her prerogatives as a juror, began questioning the French defendant in French as to the defendant's relations with her husband, it seemed almost too good to be true. It was.

For as soon as the jury had filed into the jury room the spirit of Krausmeyer's Alley descended on the comedy and, instead of comedy of The Old School we had farce of The Old School, and of The Old Grammar School at that. Even the patrician presence of Mrs. Fiske could not keep it from being such, especially as the author saw fit to give her no more good lines. She found herself locked up in a monkey-cage with eleven characters from *Puck*: the Irish Cook, who danced a jig showing her white stockings, the Economical Scotchman, the Narrow-Minded Vestryman, and all the rest of the comic types known to the casting director. It is true, the farce is loudly comic at times and the audience has plenty of chance to laugh, but one cannot help but think back regretfully on the first act and What Might Have Been.

The play runs two hours and fifteen minutes, including the time taken by Mrs. Fiske for bowing in response to her entrance applause.

—Robert Benchley

•

TO AN OLD WOMAN ON THE SUBWAY

You should have shiny pewter,
And a table spread,
And the smell of new baking,
And a tall bed—

Kettle and friendly tea
Chatting together—
You should never be
Out in such weather!

You with chilled hands clasped,
And an anxious eye,
Turning to see what station
Has just flashed by.

—Sara Henderson Hay

•

"This whole thing is a frame-up," declared Max D. Steuer, counsel for the husband. "We are going to find out whether unlimited wealth can buy a divorce."—*The Evening Post.*

Well, keep us informed.

Whether it's a $5 gift or a $5000 gift . . .

a silver key ring or a diamond dinner ring

—this is the place you will find it. And

the same high standards of skill and excel-

lence of materials distinguish them both.

B. S. & F.—S. INC.'29

BLACK STARR & FROST- GORHAM, Inc.

FIFTH AVENUE, CORNER 48TH STREET, NEW YORK · · · SOUTHAMPTON · · · PALM BEACH

Associated with SPAULDING-GORHAM, INC., *Chicago and Paris*

For when two establishments—each with such a record for brilliant craftsmanship and high prestige—elect to merge . . . great advantages result for the public. For a merger means volume, and volume means values. Discover this for yourself in your Christmas shopping at our new enlarged shop.

SHOUTS AND MURMURS

CORPORA DELICTORUM

THAT resolutely macabre play at the Theatre Masque called "Rope's End" is about two degenerate young Oxonian experimenters in sensation who strangle a schoolmate with great gusto, stuff his lifeless body into a Florentine chest and then invite the boy's gentle and oblivious old father to partake of a supper served on that chest. In the program the author makes little murmurs of acknowledgment to the late Thomas de Quincey, who did write an essay entitled "Murder Considered as a Fine Art." But of course he got his idea from no English essay. He got it from the costly prank of those two playful young rapscallions called Leopold and Loeb.

His play begins with a wordless and unlighted scene in which the gruesome packing is done. Thereafter, until the final curtain, the chest stands there like a monstrous prompter's box, a grim silhouette reared between the audience and the drama of despair being enacted on the other side of it. To me the sight of it recalled abruptly a forgotten evening at the *Grand Guignol* in Paris, when this very device was used even more effectively. It was a compact and startling melodrama produced during the war and played on Montmartre with raffish scenery and grubby, hard-edged little French actors who looked as though they had been cut out of some old numbers of *L'Illustration*. The night I saw it was the eve of that memorable March day when the Big Bertha started firing on Paris, and the audience was a handful of American officers, soldiers and war-workers.

IN the French play a young *Montmartrois* blade choked his too-importunate mistress to death in a moment of pique, crammed her body into his trunk, and then almost lost his reason in his efforts to get the trunk out of his flat, while exasperating visitors dropped merrily in on him and, all unconscious, sat on the trunk-lid while they chatted with him. In the end, the lid was lifted, and the murdered woman's arm, thus released, was suddenly thrown out, stiff as a ramrod and white as a flounder's belly.

This scene quite shattered one captain in the audience. Indeed, afterwards in the lobby, he so far forgot his social position as to speak to me, a mere enlisted man.

"Well, Sergeant," he said affably, "that was pretty grisly, wasn't it?"

A critic even in uniform (olive drab, medium stout), I had to say that I had found it unconvincing.

"Sir," I explained, "that arm was too white. Whenever I have helped take a murdered body out of a trunk, it has always been purple."

The captain recoiled into the crowd, and I never saw him again.

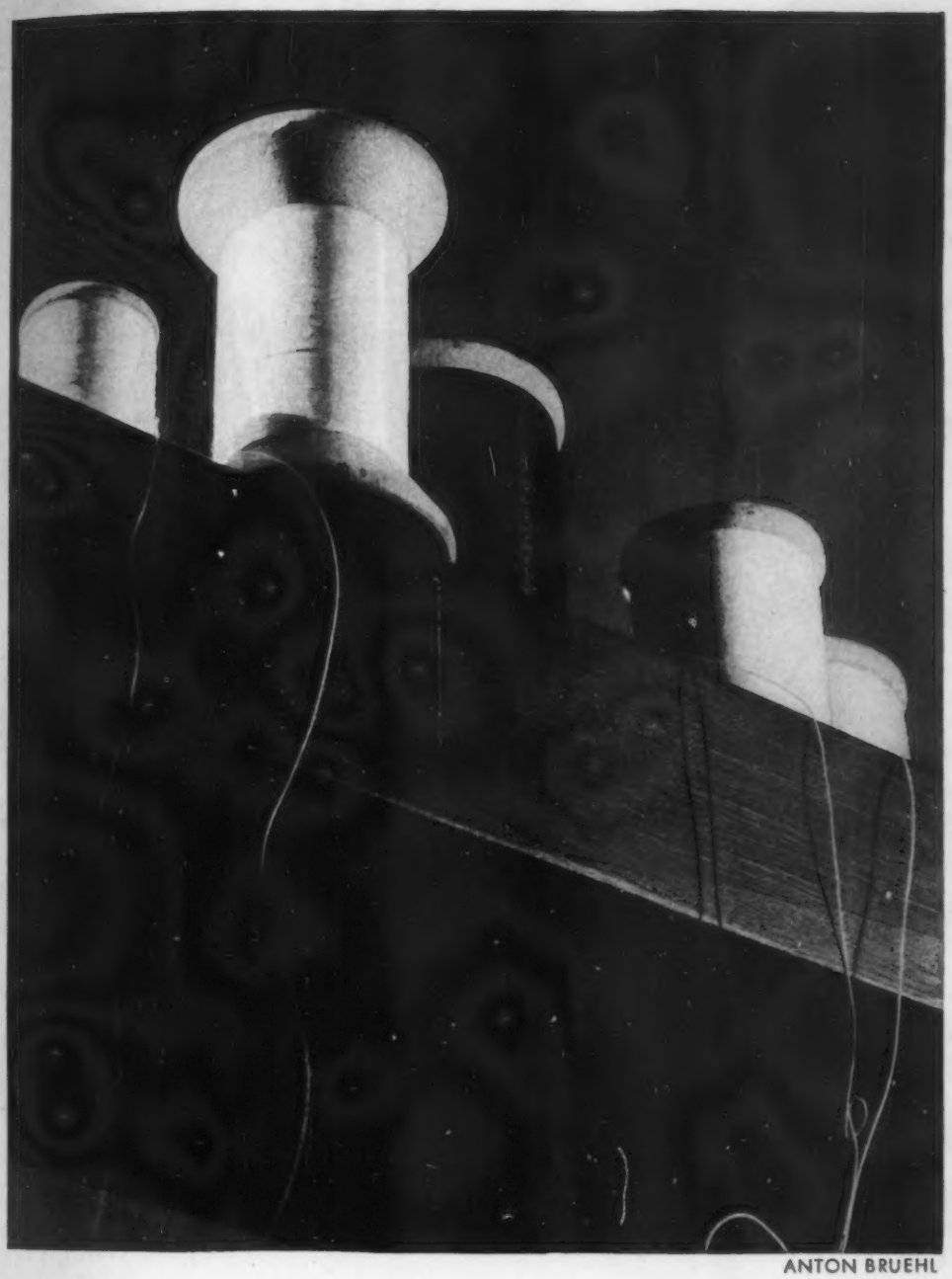
I suppose I was trying, in my fashion, to be part of the captain's shock troops, but I had really meant it about the trunk murders I had known. Particularly I had in mind a sweltering day in June, 1910. All New York, a-flutter with bunting, was looking toward the Battery that day, for Theodore Roosevelt was coming home from Africa, and all the good reporters had gone down the bay to meet him. Therefore it fell to me to go down into the swarming footways of Pitt Street and help the police unpack a trunk full of a dead jewel merchant. In a letter quoted on this page last week, Dorothy Parker spoke boastfully of a current vogue in France for thus disposing of old ladies, and carelessly leaving them in the baggage room of some railroad station. But, really, we have always had plenty of perfectly good trunk-murders right in the little old U. S. A.

OF all the *corpora delictorum* I knew personally the one that lingers most persistently in my memory is the late Herman Rosenthal. Of late, for reasons which must be both obvious and widely experienced, I have been thinking of him quite often. As all but the very young will remember, Rosenthal was a gambler who, discouraged by repeated raids on his house, set up a telltale howl of complaint about the ring of police graft headed by Police Lieutenant Becker. On the very morning that he was due at the District Attorney's office with his story, he was called from his supper table at the old Hotel Metropole in Times Square and, on the sidewalk in front of the hotel, silenced for good and all by four gunmen, who then stepped back into a grey motor car, still panting at the curb, and drove away into the darkness. This was at two o'clock on a July morning, and we night hawks in the *Times* office actually heard the shots. I remember in no time being a part of the silent circle that instantly formed, like a coagulation, around the body, stretched there on the sidewalk and covered with a stained tablecloth from the ruined restaurant inside.

Everyone must remember how District Attorney Whitman, dragged half-clad and half-awake from his hotel, was in the precinct station house almost before the body of his silenced witness was cold. Thanks to him, the one good clue was rescued from the *oubliette*. In a cell at the station Whitman found the much aggrieved passerby who had been quick-witted enough to note the number of the gunmen's car and volunteer it to the police. For his pains, he had received a sock in the jaw. From him, direct, Whitman got the number, which mysteriously enough had been incorrectly entered on the blotter. Picking up that clew, as one picks up a thread in a maze, he began the pursuit which sent Becker and the gunmen to the electric chair.

THE story, old now in these rushing times as some folk-tale told by the gaffers about the hearth of a Winter's night, is, it seems to me, worth recapitulating this week, on the eve of election, as a reminder that we could do with a lot of that kind of vigorous prosecution in the District Attorney's office right now. Leaving for another day the consideration of the nice question as to how much Whitman was governed by burning political ambition and how much, in this instance, he was a marionette with the strings pulled by Herbert Bayard Swope, one can still say that New York is always the healthier for such a driving force in the District Attorney's office, and can rejoice in the chance, on Tuesday next, of voting for Frederic R. Coudert, Jr. With him on the ballot, a vote really means something.

—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT



ANTON BRUEHL

In the workshops of the Tailor Guild of Rochester, there are several hundred men and women who love their work. They are artists with needle and thread. To them the feel of a fine cloth is inspiring. The age of machines has left them untouched. They are carrying out today that high respect for their craft which was characteristic of the Guild workers of an ancient time in another land. Several months ago we acquired control of this unique organization, and now we are proud to introduce to the readers of the New Yorker our new Tailor Guild suits and topcoats, inspired by the designs of the world's most celebrated custom tailors and executed in our Rochester workrooms for our exclusive distribution. They are Fifty Dollars and upward.

THE WEBER and HEILBRONER SHOPS

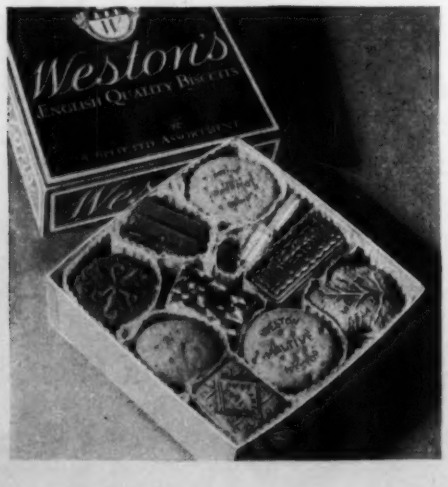
A delicious tradition of Old World hospitality, the English Quality Biscuit, *comes to America*

WITH tea, frozen desserts, a glass of milk or cooling drinks the English Quality Biscuit is incomparable. It is the ideal light pastry to serve at the bridge table, and a crisp delight that long has been popular at children's parties. Made of fine flours carefully blended, selected milk and eggs, delicate flavors such as chocolate or maple and rich, creamy fillings, this famous confection is the product of generations of English baking traditions.

No longer is it necessary for Americans to import this dainty sweet. The traditional methods, the father-to-son secrets and the very English ovens themselves have been brought over to America by the Weston Biscuit Corporation to insure the perfect making of the biscuit in the new world.

A Selected Assortment for 45c

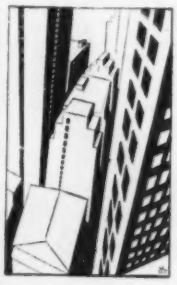
There are English Quality Biscuits—*Weston's English Quality Biscuits*—*oven-fresh*—at your dealer's! You may buy a Selected Assortment in attractive packages at 45c, or *you may buy the biscuits in bulk,* making your own choice from Weston's wide and delicious variety. And these Weston's Biscuits, the very sweets that play such a delicious part in the lighter affairs of old England, *cost less than half the price* you would pay for biscuits that have suffered the long voyage across the ocean and the expensive entry through the Customs House. Weston Biscuit Corporation, Toronto, New York, Boston.



WESTON'S ENGLISH QUALITY BISCUITS

NEW APARTMENTS

Plenty of Everything—Sutton Place South—For the Young, and Single



HAVE you a grandeur complex in your home? If so, move it to 625 Park Avenue, corner of Sixty-fifth Street, where it should surely flourish and blossom like the orchid. This No. 625 Park is a house every feature of which bespeaks the most pretentious coöperative—as, indeed, it was originally intended to be; but some little matter of financing best known to its backers caused it to be turned into a rental building. As a result, it is no wonder that its rents are among the high ones in town—a distinction matched only by such an offering as an eighteen-room simplex apartment with ceilings thirteen feet high in every part; with six servants' rooms and two service baths; with six vast master bedrooms, each with bath and semi-partitioned dressing-room; with seven or eight extra-large linen and storage closets; with windows almost as extravagant as the ceilings, each having two panes of clear sheet glass; with four fireplaces; with a private laundry right in the apartment; with two Frigidaires, two kitchen sinks, two coat closets, two private passenger elevators—no, there are *not* two dining-rooms. There is, though, a library from which sheet-glass French doors open on to a loggia big enough for a full-sized luncheon table; or which, when glassed, would make a conservatory. This little extra gesture is about fifteen feet square, with a red tiled floor and molded arches, through which you look down at Park Avenue in a pretty bored manner.

YOU don't have to have eighteen rooms, though, if you can worry along on fourteen. Or you can have an eleven-room duplex at the very lowest rent in the entire building. Such paradoxes are what make a rich man's life worth while. A few features indigenous to the whole works are kitchens and pantries fitted with so much eternally untarnishable chromium nickel that you blink; a glittering labyrinth of a basement in which there

LOOK INTO THIS NEW CUP OF COFFEE

SPARKLING . . . CRYSTAL CLEAR . . . . . WITHOUT SEDIMENT . . . BEAUTIFUL IN COLOUR

You who are used to old-fashioned coffee, muddy, full of sediment, uncertain in flavour . . . look into this new cup of coffee, crystal clear, beautiful in colour, supremely satisfying. Here is such coffee as you have never tasted . . . rich, mellow, full-flavoured. Look into this new cup of coffee . . . made in a few seconds at the table . . . with a little measure of FineArt* Crystals, and hot water. This new cup of coffee costs you less than you have been paying for good coffee in any other form. The dollar canister gives you many more cups than you get from two pounds of ground coffee. Look into this new cup of coffee, after you have made it at your own table. Once you do, the little FineArt* canister will be on your table at every meal.

Fineart* COFFEE

FINEART FOODS Incorporated
TUCKAHOE, N. Y.

*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

FineArt* Tea and Coffee may be purchased from Gristede, Busy Bee, Park & Tilford, Charles & Co., Acker, Merrall & Condit, Louis Sherry, Vendôme . . . and from your leading neighborhood food store.

CRUISE ROUND THE WORLD ON THE S.S. COLUMBUS

Speed . . . the luxurious speed of the "Columbus" cuts down hours at sea . . . and enables you to spend a greater proportion of your time ashore than has ever before been possible on a Round the World Cruise.

The most luxurious cruise ship

The North German Lloyd "Columbus" is not only two to four weeks faster than any other world cruise ship, but she is also larger and more luxurious. For instance, in the moderate price rooms that are still available, you will find beds instead of berths, built-in wardrobes, chests of drawers, hot and cold running water, electric fans, wall safes . . . in fact every thing for your comfort. These, plus her wide decks, airy public rooms and out-of-door swimming pool make the "Columbus" ideally fitted for such a cruise.

A comprehensive itinerary

Sailing January 21, the "Columbus" visits all the traditional Round the World countries . . . eleven days in India during the "cool weather" . . . ten days in Japan at the height of the famous Cherry Blossom Season . . . Egypt, Ceylon, Java, Singapore, China . . . and such unusual places as Formosa, Korea, Siam . . . in 106 days this magnificent cruise-ship makes full time visits to forty-five World Cruise points.

The rates ($2000 & up) include many comprehensive trips ashore. Send for a ship plan and our illustrated booklet "Cruise Round the World".

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670 Fifth Ave., New York
225 Fifth Ave., New York
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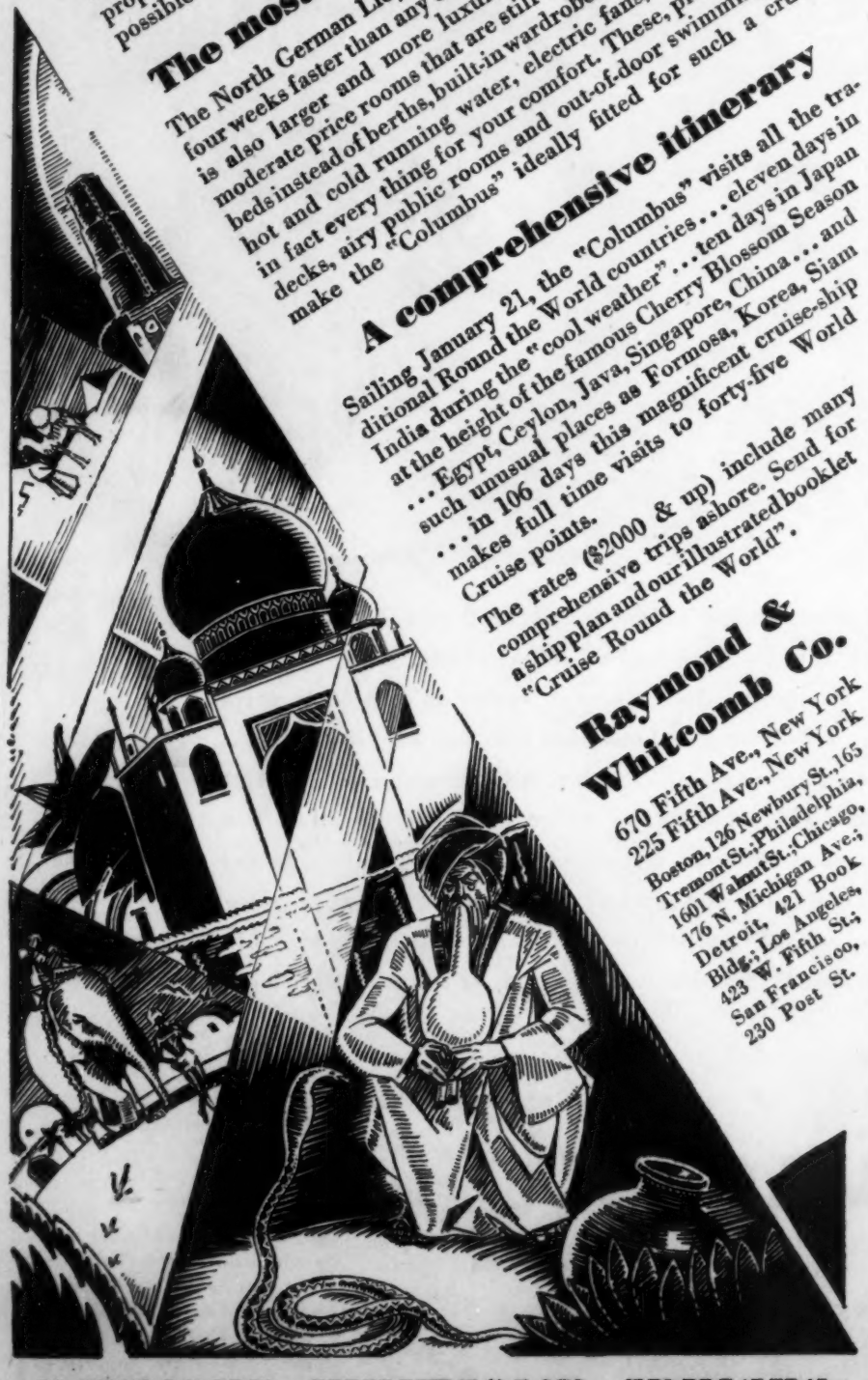

RAYMOND~WHITCOMB CRUISES

are tightly partitioned off not only lockers (eighteen feet square) and laundries (for the poor duplex-ees) but individual—er—"cold closets" with steel vault doors from the Herring-Hall-Marvin Safe Company.

Just to facilitate your first interview as a prospective tenant with Pease & Elliman, I append some typical rents: $36,000 a year for that eighteen-room birdhouse; $26,000 down to $18,000 for the fourteen-room bit; $15,000 down to $12,000 for those cosy duplexes. If you are taking me seriously, you will be glad to know that the air and sunshine (free to all God's creatures alike) are unsurpassed.

FOLLOWING up the great interest taken in it by the renting public, No. 14 Sutton Place South (on the corner of Fifty-sixth Street, and across from No. 1, which mystery of numerology has me worried to death) is worth a detailed inspection. Like a great many of the current harvest of houses, its unusually good features are offset by some not quite so fine; here, for instance, fireplaces are to be had only above the eighth floor, and nowhere does the size of the living-rooms appear to be suited to the tastes and entertaining of the rather fashionable people who are attracted to them. On the other hand, the finishing details are more than ordinarily refined; the bathrooms throughout are paved with cream-colored tile instead of dead white; fairly trifling if you say so, but all the same it makes a difference. The kitchens are well planned, with complete fittings and General Electric refrigeration; those in the smaller apartments without maids' rooms have a service lavatory adjoining. At present there is a considerable view of the East River from the southwest apartments.

The room arrangements in No. 14 are sane and gracious, with doors restricted to parts where doors should be, and walls nicely proportioned to windows. Good-looking lighting-fixtures will be furnished by the owner, Robert Goelet, and superior service is promised by the agents, Brown, Wheelock: Harris, Vought. At present there are available four-room apartments from $2,100 up, three-room from $1,850, and six-room from $4,300.

A VENTURE of a rather intimate nature that enjoys the support of many enthusiastic members is the new Fencers' Club, at 320 East Fifty-third

Street. The club has put up a building in which its own charming quarters and beautifully lighted *salles d'armes* are surmounted by small apartments which Kenneth Murchison has designed to appeal to the tastes of the young and gay. The appointments are modest, to say the least; there are no fireplaces and no service quarters, but facilities for entertaining begin with a grill restaurant in the building and go on to maid service available by the hour, which is a popular practice that seems to work out well. In addition, the three-room apartments have very nice kitchens with dining-alcoves, and the single-room suites those folding-up wall kitchenettes which it is my delight to ridicule but which, to be fair, are quite complete here. You couldn't store a peck of potatoes in one, but then you wouldn't want to. A comfortable bath and plenty of closets complete each apartment, and what with the moderate rents, the smart service, the attractive public halls, and the accessibility, I should call an apartment here a very successful answer to the bachelor question or to that of the town *pied-à-terre* for country fans.

Of the few remaining apartments, the prices are $1,000 annually for one room, $1,075 and $1,200 for two rooms, and $1,600 for three. Occupancy now; Douglas L. Elliman & Company, agents.

AT No. 444 East Fifty-second Street, which would be right on the River but for the Beekman Club pile which shoulders it, is a house just being completed. Of all the combinations of possible and impossible through which these critical feet have tramped, this is the outstanding example; but if you are a lone creature uninterested in domesticity and vitally concerned with effect, have a look at it. You can find a most unusual living-room with a graceful little stone Tudor mantel, good lighting, ample and charming windows, and more than usual space; sometimes a thirteen-foot ceiling; but you will also find darker bedrooms than you had believed in, and closet space of distressing inadequacy. I offer no remedies, but some people could make successful use of the suites notwithstanding.

You can get a four-room, two-bath, complete-kitchen apartment for $2,750 on any of the central floors, or a very good four-room special apartment on the tenth floor for $3,000. Brett & Wyckoff of 385 Madison Avenue are the agents. —PENTHOUSE

RAYMOND-WHITCOMB CRUISES

This is their Ninth Annual Winter Mediterranean Cruise . . . the fourteenth Raymond-Whitcomb Cruise to the Mediterranean . . . and the fifty-second Cruise operated by this, the oldest American Travel Co.

WINTER CRUISE TO THE MEDITERRANEAN

The beautiful Alhambra at Granada, Algiers and Tunis, ten days in Egypt, the Holy Land, ample stops at Constantinople, Athens, Venice, Naples . . . to these high points add such unusual features as an included trip to "most Spanish" Seville, a visit to world famous Rhodes, a day in Albania, and a second visit in Algiers . . . the comprehensiveness of this itinerary has never been equalled by a Mediterranean cruise.

31 Mediterranean Points

The cruise route is especially arranged to visit the southernmost ports first . . . and to follow spring northward in order to be assured of the most seasonal weather at each of the thirty-one Mediterranean points. For the first time on any cruise, members will have an opportunity to visit picturesque Belgrade, capital of Jugo-Slavia; Budapest, superbly situated on the Danube; and Vienna with its gaiety and splendor . . . joining the regular cruise again at Venice.

Further Travel in Europe

Sailing January 23, the S.S. "Carinthia" . . . newest of the great Cunard fleet . . . reaches Cherbourg and Southampton 60 days later—on March 23. The rates ($1000 & up) include return passage on "Aquitania", "Berengaria", "Mauretania", "Carinthia" or any of the great Cunard liners . . . either immediately or after you have enjoyed further travel on the Continent or in the British Isles.

Upon request we shall be glad to send you ship plans and our illustrated booklet "Cruise the Mediterranean".

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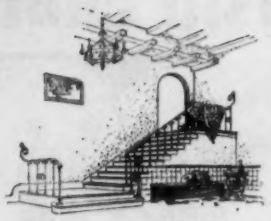
New York, 670 Fifth Ave., 225 Fifth Ave.; Boston, 126 Newbury St., 165 Tremont St.; Philadelphia, 1601 Walnut St.; Chicago, 176 N. Michigan Ave.; Detroit, 421 Book Bldg.; Los Angeles, 423 W. Fifth St.; San Francisco, 230 Post St.



For two critical tenants!

Two pent house apartments . . . one duplex with studio livingroom; one simplex . . . six rooms in each . . . six large rooms admirably arranged.

Wood-burning fireplaces . . . casement windows . . . a profusion of closets . . . three baths . . . well appointed kitchens.

The terraces are actually tower-verandas . . . overlooking the city's choicest residential section.

And, of course, they are built and managed in the flawless manner which the name Tishman has represented for 30 years.

Immediate Occupancy
Superintendent on Premises

14 East 75th St.

♦

TISHMAN REALTY & CONSTRUCTION CO. INC
285 MADISON AVENUE
Owners & Builders Since 1898

THE ISSUES AT STAKE

"I KNOW, but, listen, Frances. He's an Italian, isn't he? . . . Well, do you want a mayor who carries knives and things? I mean, after all, do you want New York City run by Italy? That's what will happen if he gets in. I mean, all these fruit dealers and everything would be in power and do you think they care about parks or anything? All they'd do would be to open a whole lot more fruit stands. . . . Why, you're hipped, my dear—absolutely hipped. How would you feel when you went into a shoe-shine parlor, I ask you? . . . Well, I'll tell you what that's got to do with it. I mean, Daddy told me that he'd probably give shoe-shine concessions all round City Hall. . . . I know, but who wants the city overrun with shoe parlors? Maybe you don't care, but, I mean, I'd rather have a seat for every child and stuff like that.

"MAYBE he isn't here much, but, at least, he doesn't sell oranges and things. . . . Oh, don't split hairs, Frances. I don't say *he* sold oranges, but he's close to the element that does. I mean, after all, if you want our city government run by people who sell fruit go ahead and vote for him—it's your affair, not mine. . . . What if he is Irish? Lots of people are Irish. . . . No, lots of people aren't Italian. You're just being dumb. . . . Well, my dear, I think that running the Central Park Casino is a lot more dignified than selling plums and things. . . . I know, Frances, my dear, but, listen. Suppose Ramsay MacDonald or somebody came to New York the way they do and the mayor had to go out and meet him and all like that. Would you want a man who wrote songs or would you prefer a man who ate spaghetti and stuff? . . . Maybe he *does* eat spaghetti now and then but he doesn't have it for every meal, I bet you. . . . No, dear; I don't mean to infer that a man who eats spaghetti hasn't a good platform, but—oh, you know what I'm driving at. We want a man who has the welfare of the city at heart. Your candidate would have his mind on Rome half the time.

"HE'S just sore at the Casino because he can't dance and because Leo Reisman won't play Italian dances, that's all. . . . What about corned beef and cabbage? . . . Frances, dear; I mean, after all, a lot of swell mayors have eaten corned beef and cabbage. . . . Well, I'd rather have a mayor that ate boiled potatoes than one who had to have his dandelion salad and red wine. . . . There! What about your wine? Do you want every place in New York to start selling dago red and everything? . . . Well, I simply can't argue if you're going to be narrow-minded. I mean, after all . . . Yes, but how would he look talking with his hands and everything? . . . I didn't say he wasn't educated, my dear, but they just can't help talking with their hands. . . . Of course, Roosevelt talked with his hands, but—oh, I mean, for Heaven's sake, Frances, vote anyway you want to; it doesn't make any difference to me. I'm not running for mayor, after all. I mean, I'm just sort of *up* on politics because Daddy has explained the whole campaign to me—he's a friend of Jimmy's and understands it pretty well."

—JACK CLUETT

• •

QUAINT CONCEITS

Examples of Astonishing Eccentricities, Recently Noted by the Press

NAME	LOCALE	ECCENTRICITY
M. L. Galgara	Paris	Reads his verse to lions in zoo, to prove animals have artistic sense.
Peter Hreminic	Fagicul, Rumania	Went on hunger strike in a coffin, to win a lady's love.
Dr. R. Meals	Hollywood	Removed his own appendix, just as an experiment.
Pedro Dana	Baltimore	Carved his initials on his girl, to prove he loved her.
M. Paillet	Paris	Distributes one thousand perforated sous every day, for luck.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

Don

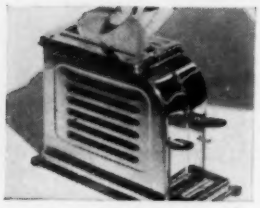
YOU will see this immaculately interesting new dress shirt after dark in every fashionable corner of a well-dressed country this winter. It is of a rare, fine white fabric with a self-pattern of tiny bird's-eye screen. It is tailored for a single stud (Don 1) or for two (Don 2) —both models have the smooth, non-bulging bosom that Arrow alone makes. The price is precisely $3.50.

for

DRESS ARROW SHIRTS

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC., TROY, NEW YORK • MAKERS OF ARROW COLLARS • HANDKERCHIEFS • SHIRTS • UNDERWEAR

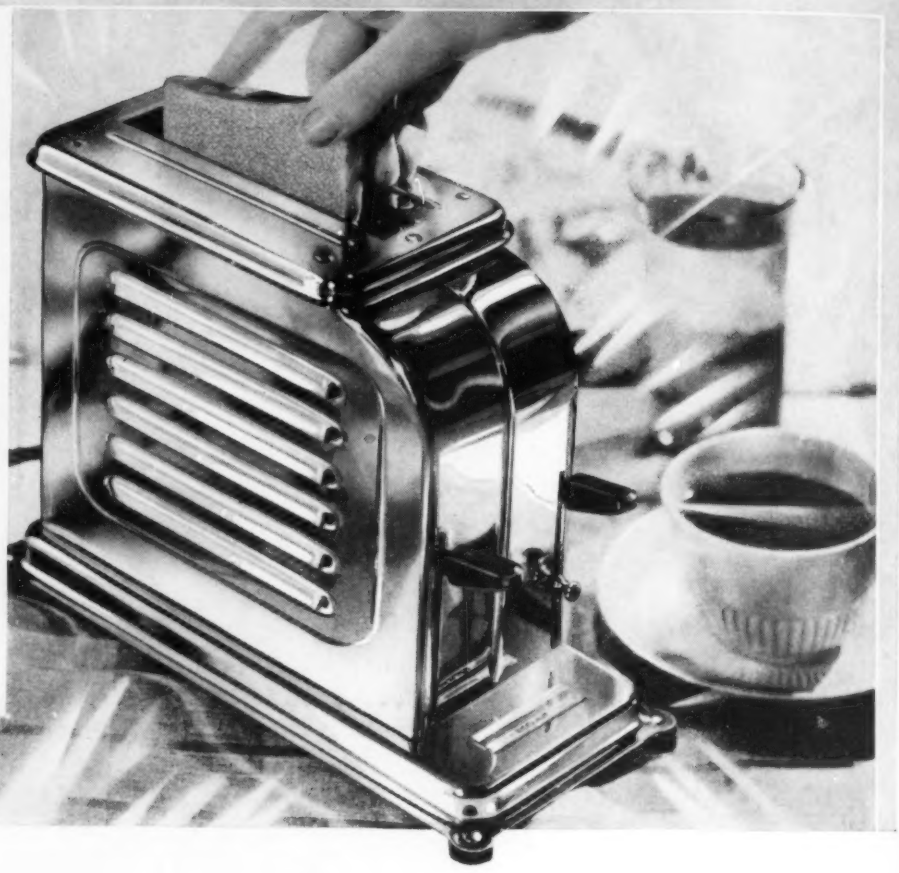
What is meant by an "*Automatic Toaster*"?



1 *Just drop bread in the slot and press down 2 levers. That's all. Two-side toasting starts automatically.*

2 *Leave the room, read, do anything you like. Don't watch toast or wait to turn it. For toasting goes on, current stays on, until—*

3 *Pop! and it's done. The exact shade of toast you ordered, perfectly toasted on both sides—and current cuts off automatically.*



Note how the TOASTMASTER

—*The World's Most Completely Automatic Toaster*—Works

NO TURNING
NO WATCHING
NO BURNT TOAST!

THE three photographs above show the remarkable operation of the Toastmaster; *the world's most completely automatic toaster.* They are published so that you will know *exactly what automatic toasting* means. Protected under U. S. Patent, there is no other toaster like the Toastmaster. It eliminates all *turning of toast,* all watching, all burning of toast. *It does everything automatically,* even down to discharging the toast when it's done and turning off the current. That cannot be said of any other toaster made. And, too, it is a revelation in speedy toasting.

All you do is put in a piece of bread, set a lever at exactly the shade of toast you want—and that's all. In a minute *Pop!*—and a piece of toast, just as you ordered it, automatically discharges from the machine.

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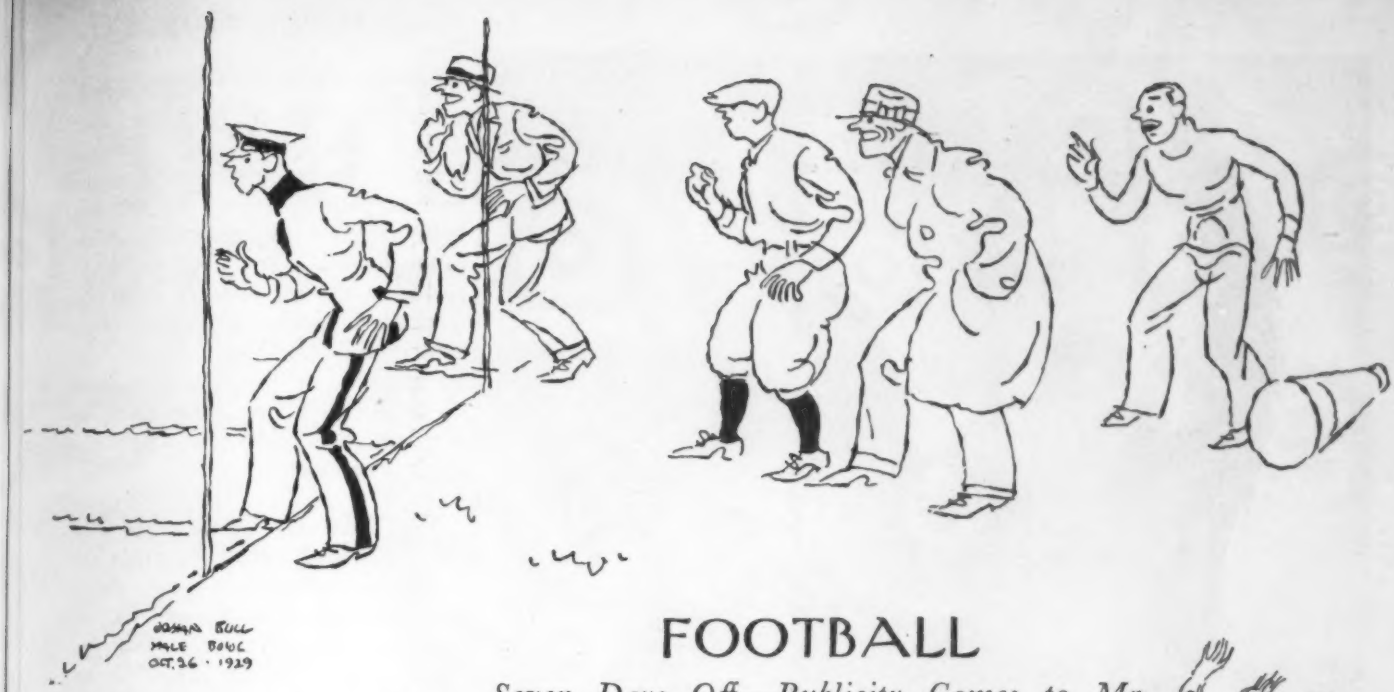

FOOTBALL

Seven Days Off—Publicity Comes to Mr. Booth—Romance, Roper, and the Navy Scouts

THE trouble with the football experts—one of their troubles—is that they are always seven days behind time. When they pore over dope sheets and make their laborious selections each week, they are discussing and basing their selections on a team that no longer exists. Their learned dissertations depend on what this and that eleven did the previous Saturday; but immediately after those games, the teams in question disappeared behind the practice walls. From within those walls then came laments that the various star players were injured and couldn't play any more. By the end of the week, the laments rose to wails of despair.

The coaches and players, however, were doing more than weeping on each other's shoulders. So when a team finally comes from behind the practice walls again for the next game, it is almost invariably a better or a worse one than it was the previous week. It is almost never the same. The result is what has come to be vaguely called "upsets."

YALE is a case in point, though an exaggerated one, for the doping before the Yale-Army game depended on what happened two weeks before, in the game against the University of Georgia. One can't be very accurate at that distance. Against Army, Yale upset all that had been predicted by refusing to fall apart. It was supposed to, you remember, after that southern affair. Coming back on the Yale special from the South, aging graduates shook their heads dolefully. This young Stevens was trying to leap too far at once. The business of installing Warner plays in one season was too much of a good thing. Yale was going to look very silly before the season had ended. Stevens in the meantime sat in his Pullman seat, a pair of collegiate, colored suspenders over his shirt, calmly reading the New York newspa-

You need more exercise than this!

Teksercise your way to health

"How do you like your oysters? RAW, RAW, RAW. Horse and wagon, horse and wagon, TEAM, TEAM, TEAM." Boy, some shouting! But even in a couple of coonskins, on a summer day, it's not enough exercise to insure good health. What you need is Teksercise. Exercise for your gums with Tek, the modern tooth brush. Its extra width of bristles makes gum massage an automatic, unforgettable part of every tooth brushing stroke. Saves teeth, time and trouble.

* * *

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Tek
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pers. His thin, studious face bore no expression whatever.

It is certain that he and the other Yale coaches received several hundred free suggestions during the following days; but there was no radical change in the line-up. The attack was simplified a good bit, and made a little less intricate. Walsh, who once played centre for Notre Dame with two broken hands, went ahead with his work on the line. When Army finally arrived in the Bowl, it was to a most unpleasant surprise.

TO hint that coaching and teamwork had something to do with Yale's surprising victory over the cadets is to disagree violently with the reports which said there was only one man on the field for Yale. It was vitally important for Yale that this one man was on the field, but it was equally important for him that ten others were out there with him. Certainly the newspaper descriptions of the game ignored that part of the Carnegie Fund report which deplored the bad influence widespread publicity has on a young man. The report said that it tends to spoil him for the higher things of life. The Yale coaches are probably a bit more worried about the baser things that remain to be accomplished this year, among them the defeat of Dartmouth this week.

Yet the feeling here is that the amazing Albert Booth will not be hurt by the publicity. That is, not hurt so far as his football is concerned. It is highly probable that he will have some slight conceit. It would be remarkable if he didn't. It may even be that he will become a burden to his roommate. There is a chance, however, that this conceit, if it comes, will aid rather than harm his play.

Booth was born to be an athlete. He is a good baseball player, and about everything else. He shows himself a natural athlete by the way he falls on a football field. He knows how to take the bumps. Unfortunately, he is light; grotesquely light for a football player these days. He cannot do his best unless his line has gained the jump on the other fellow. He has none of the bull strength that makes it possible for Ed Wittmer to gain whether the hole is there or not.

Booth will always be dangerous in an open field such as the one on which he made his longest run last week; but when and if Yale meets a team which bottles up its line, he will be stopped again. People forget that

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he was in that Georgia game for the major share of the time. The line and the interference were not working then.

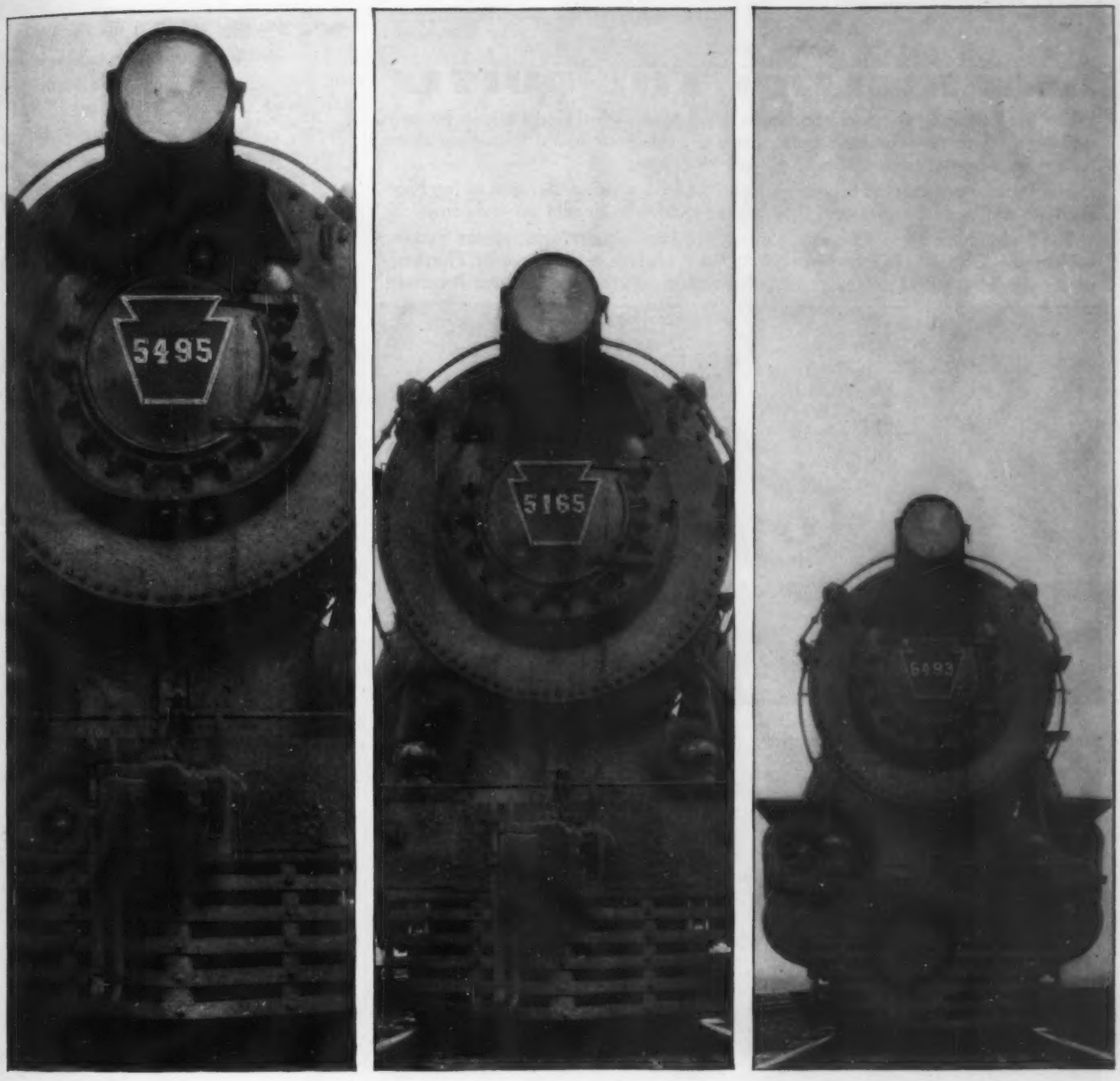
THERE is something intangible about football at Princeton which makes it more interesting than the football played by any of the other big eastern colleges. Perhaps it is the lack there of the big-business organization which prevails at most of the large places. The Princeton game, in a day of Warner offence, Notre Dame attack, etc., remains fiercely individual. Football is still romantic at Princeton. Nobody ever knows exactly what kind of an offence Roper is going to have. Usually it is pretty terrible-looking compared with the smooth precision of some teams, and almost invariably it has some weird, schoolboy touch to it like the old-fashioned widespread line tried with much flourish and absolutely no results against Navy.

Roper this year has weight and power. It is not often that Princeton teams have this. It has amazed Princetonians all year, and it still remains to be seen whether those last-period scores that tied Navy have cleared any of their bewilderment.

"I have always thought football was ninety per cent fight," said Bill Roper, the arch-romanticist of football coaches, last week. He hadn't been able to get these huge, lumbering men going as other Princeton teams had gone. So he threw away much coaching during the week between the surprising defeat at Cornell and the Navy game, and concentrated on fight, lift, surge, or whatever it is called.

That very nearly lost Princeton the game; for Navy, having scouted them

2 o'clock 3 o'clock 4 o'clock



THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD now operates three 20-hour trains every afternoon to Chicago. And these three limiteds run on fastest schedules made between New York and Chicago. Each is luxuriously equipped—in every way a leader! DO YOU WANT to be in Chicago for an early appointment? . . . Take The Pennsylvania Limited, leaving at 2 o'clock, arriving at 9 o'clock. OR WOULD YOU PREFER an extra hour in New York—10 o'clock arrival in Chicago? . . . The famous Broadway Limited is your train, leaving at 3 o'clock sharp. BUT IF YOU ARE BUSY and want a good part of the afternoon here . . . Board the new, magnificent train, The Golden Arrow, at 4 o'clock—one hour after Stock Exchange closing—and you're in Chicago at 11 o'clock the next morning! (Three 20-hour trains likewise for the return trip.)

ASSEMBLING THE DUFFLE

What the correctly dressed sportsman shall wear—the kind of gun he uses and type of ammunition he employs, are a little more social than they seem. He's a wise hunter who outfits to please his guide.

The Bureau anticipates the correct outfit and assists its clients in going hunting with duffle and equipment that causes guides to accept them as regulars.

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PICTURE that most *chic* of Parisian restaurants, with its inimitable cuisine, most delightful foods, vegetables and fruits garden-fresh—a retreat of ease, charm, luxury, with happy groups of twos, fours, yes even more, chatting in joyous mood over fragrant coffee and the daintiest of dainties. Then you, too, will exclaim...

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beautifully, had Princeton plays nicely stopped, and Princeton had not done so well by the Navy plays. Nevertheless, Roper produced a victory. He started by granting an interview to the *Daily Princetonian* in which he all but accused the team of lying down on the job at Cornell. He plastered the fieldhouse with posters reading: "Beat Navy." His practice against Navy plays consisted of some desultory work against passes. Navy used two and completed both. He put Stan Keck, Al Wittmer, and the other young coaches in uniform, and sent the varsity against them to take the knocks. He stormed about the field shouting. In the end, he did once again what he has been doing so many years at Princeton, created a team personality. When the game was over, the Princeton eleven contained a good many substitutes. The fervor had penetrated them. But before they went in, the regulars had been fighting back with a fine frenzy and success that made victory possible against a team that was rated much more highly.

HERE AND THERE: Columbia's intense satisfaction at the Dartmouth score over Harvard. . . . Knute Rockne insisting on rising from his sick bed for the game with Carnegie Tech. He was haunted by the memory of the time he sent his men to Pittsburgh to win easily while he went to Chicago and watched Army play Navy. The Pittsburgh game that time wasn't such an easy victory after all. . . . Eddie Wittmer proving himself one of the great backs of Princeton history. Playing only a bit more than half the game, he, practically alone, constantly threatened Navy's goal. Princeton might have scored again if he had remained uninjured.

—R. F. K.

•

Adolphe Barreaux, who has just finished a painting of Neryda, the snake dancer, in which her only costume is the snake, left town to recuperate in Montreal.—*Personal in the Billboard.*

Maybe it was only a garter snake, heh?

•

"I would not of told the story except that I think that anyone who shoots at birds, even though he's a general, ought to be told on," Woollcott said tonight. —*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Maybe we should not to of listened in.

HOW TO PASS TIME

WITH THE VOTING MACHINE

LOOK at the names on the little cards. How many of them have you ever heard before? Aren't you ashamed of your lack of civic interest? Which candidate did you know when he was in knee pants? Did he know you then? Does he remember? Will he be so high hat if he is not elected? How many of the candidates are good dressers? Do you realize what good dress means? Did it ever occur to you that a bum who is dressed like a bum has to sit in Bryant Park while a bum who is dressed like the mayor can sit in the Ritz lobby? Where do you sit?

Do you think that this year you ought to give some serious consideration to your choice? Is this the time for every man to come to the aid of his party? How about every woman? What is a party without women? Can it be worse than a party without drinks? Will your party give you drinks? Which party won't give you drinks? Which party can't help but give you drinks?

Blindfold yourself and pull down a number of levers. Do you find the blindfold test for candidates as good as it is for cigarettes? Could you have done any better if you looked? Do you feel that you have picked a good slate? Will they save you the five-cent fare? Will they solve last year's murder mysteries? Will they prevent this year's living citizens from becoming next year's murder mysteries? Will you be next year's murder mystery? Will the police find that you left all your money to a dancer, too? What makes all you murder mysteries leave your money to dancers?

How long did the people on the line before you keep you waiting? Have you kept the people behind you waiting that long yet? Consider the contention of the Republican candidate for register that it is a waste to have both a clerk and a register in one county. How can you as a citizen, a voter, and the fundamental power in your community remedy this with the voting machine before you? Were you paid to vote the way you're going to vote? Why don't you ever have the luck to run across one of those men who are willing to pay you for your vote?

Look for a mirror. Isn't there any mirror? Is this any way to treat the woman voter? Pull the lever that lets you out. Decide that you have changed your mind and insist on going back.

—JOSÉ SCHORR

AROUND THE WORLD

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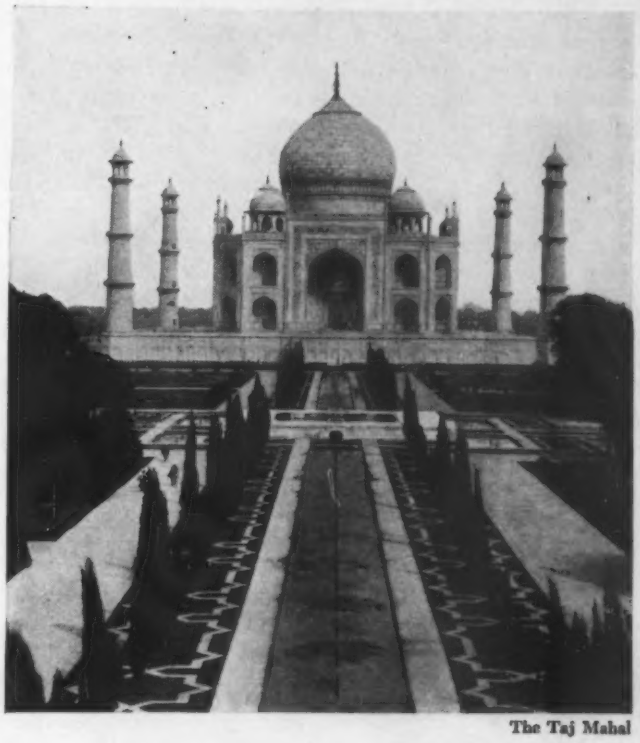

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India—palaces emblazoned with uncut jewels sparkling on golden spires . . . soft-voiced children playing in treasure-lined bazaars . . . and ghats, ever-burning by sacred rivers reflecting halls and mosques of Brahma, Siva and Vishnu . . . in Bombay and Benares, Agra and Delhi, Fatehpur-Sikri and Sikandra . . . just part of this living pageant.

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THAT WAS NEW YORK

BENEDICK DAYS

A GOODLY number of our citizens who are now staid and respected passed through the portals of the old Benedick, New York's most famous bachelor apartment, down on the east side of Washington Square, at present a part of the plant of New York University. Many of them remained long enough to pay rent to good old Emma Senn, who ran it for many years, and occupied an apartment in the back of the ground floor.

Emma always complained of being a poor business woman, but her percentage of occupancy and collections was the envy of many another landlord. If any of us failed to come through by the tenth, we were informed by the obsequious Charlie at the front door that Mrs. Senn would like to see us, whereupon we would be confronted with a weeping exhibition which would melt the heart of the stoniest young bachelor. Beauty in distress might have left us cold, but the spectacle of a weeping old lady who would go to the poorhouse tomorrow, unless the rent were paid tonight, was beyond our experience. It was Emma's best weapon.

Meals could be had if wanted, served in the rooms, but Emma's commissary was popular only on rainy nights. The most popular place, and the most convenient, was old Billy the Oysterman's — not the big place since grown famous, but a little basement place in Third Street with sawdust on the floor, a mahogany oyster bar on one side, buttressed by a great anthracite grill where you could supervise the broiling of your steak, chops, or lobster. It was started by William Ockendon, father of the brothers who established the uptown place. Old Billy never approved of the new establishment, and always remained true to the place in Third Street. Beer came from the saloon on the corner. Billy ran the place, and there were enough sons to attend to the table service. Billy pretended to be much offended if any ladies were brought into the place, and was decidedly carefree with his language on such occasions. One of his first confidences with new-made acquaintances was to describe the funeral he was going to have, all provided for by a special insurance policy. He was a generous soul, but, unlike Emma Senn, was a poor collector for meals served on tick. He claimed to keep no books, and if a "charged" meal was not voluntarily paid for later by the customer it was never mentioned by Billy.

IN its later years the Benedick accepted ladies as tenants, but for a long time the only woman who was supposed to stay all night in the place was Emma herself. The rule was that all women should leave at eleven o'clock — and it was strictly adhered to. At five minutes after eleven, if you happened to be entertaining a bevy of the fair sex, your telephone would ring, and Charlie's dulcet voice would say, "It's elefen o'clog — vould you pliss ask your ladies to go home!" If they were not out by a quarter past, Charlie would call up at five-minute intervals until the eviction had been accomplished.

Bridge whist was the favorite game among the tenants, although a few were insistent on trying the new game of auction, and some of the old conservatives insisted on straight whist at a quarter a point. Bridge whist was played for a quarter of a cent, unless you got into the gambling crowd that play-

GOTHAM CHRONICLE.
(1850)
P.T.BARNUM showman and teetotaler
drinks a GLASS of COLD WATER to the health
of JENNY LIND the SWEDISH nightingale
upon her ARRIVAL for a CONCERT tour.

Kurzman's imported 3-bas stockings are hardly more than whispers of stockings . . . very delicate and flattering. The prices are $5.00, $7.50, and $9.50. Of course this sheer hosiery needs the gentle, safe care of Lux, as Kurzman says!

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"Lux? . . . Kurzman speaking.

"We want to tell you how much *we* like Lux . . . For example, our French 3-bas hosiery—have you seen them? They're very, very sheer and the new darker shades are those subtle tones only Paris achieves.

"We *always* advise washing them in Lux, because Lux keeps the colors absolutely true and also keeps the gloss of the silk. We have proved by experience how wonderful Lux is . . . we use it ourselves for all the fine lingerie and stockings worn by our mannequins" . . .

Just as we heard it, we pass along to you this unsolicited comment from one of Fifth Avenue's smartest fashion establishments. Why not follow their advice? There is nothing just like Lux—because Lux is especially made to wash silks, chiffons, all fine fabrics, without affecting color and texture any more than a drop of clear water would!

Harry gloves in suede, soft as the inside of a kitten's ear are featured by Kurzman. They tell you at Kurzman's to use Lux when you wash these fine gloves. "Make warm Lux suds and have just a bit of suds in the last rinse water," they say. "Lux doesn't dry out the oils of the leather as ordinary soaps do."

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Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

ed for half a cent. Charlie was used as the clearing house for organizing games. All one needed to do was telephone down and say, "Charlie, we want a couple of bridge players," and Charlie would call tenants until the game was filled, listening in on each conversation as it went on.

On Sunday morning the affluent went to the Brevoort for breakfast, the first pair being joined by others until by twelve o'clock there would sometimes be fifteen or twenty of the Benedick crowd at a table which had been extended from an original *place-à-deux*. The chef at the Brevoort was an adept at dishing up eggs in strange and unrecognizable forms, and half the breakfasters did not take the trouble to order, simply exploring whatever was set before them—eggs *à la reine*, *à la Turque*, *Lafayette*, *Florentine*, *à la bonne femme*, *en cocotte*, ad infinitum. All were a quarter per portion. Coffee was very expensive—twenty cents with hot milk, twenty-five cents with cream—so that a breakfast at the Brevoort cost sixty cents including tip (rolls being free). No wonder these extravagances were confined to Sunday mornings!

APARTMENTS on the Washington Square side were naturally considered more desirable than those in the newer ell in Fourth Street, and their owners constituted themselves into a kind of aristocracy among the tenants. Walter Eaton even had a pipe organ in his! Only once did the Fourth Street side have an edge on the others—when Roosevelt was welcomed back from Africa. The Fourth Street windows overlooked the route of march, and all the lucky men kept open house. Casual visitors who dropped in from the Washington Square side were promptly put to work making and serving sandwiches and wine to the hordes of women who inundated the Fourth Street wing while the Fourth Street gang hung on the window sills to watch the redoubtable Teddy drive by in his open carriage. —G. MARSTON

•

The carved lions were really remarkable pieces of sculpture, and though sheerly decorative, they were infinitely more convincing than, say, the stodgy Landseer lions in Trafalgar Square, or the queer beasts which guard the Post Office on Fifth Avenue.—*From Edgar Wallace's Mammoth Mystery Book.*

That building? We thought it was a Schulte's.

Tea, talk and technique are being dispensed in the Park Avenue duplex of the Countess Patty de Foie Gras. Signor Cadenza, latest lion of the keys, is hard at work unraveling Ravel. Octaves fly from his lean fingers like sparks from an emery. The Signor progresses apace. All else is hushed, when—

"My dear, isn't it heavenly!"
"Darling, I'm ecstatic—Oh, that tone!"
"The tone, yes—and the touch!"
"Perfection!"

MAY the Signor, passed on to fresh triumphs, never guess that it was not *his* touch, and not *his* tone, he overheard extolled that afternoon! Only we who know what miles of Mohawk carpets go yearly into homes along America's "Park Avenues"—only we shall know that these dithyrambics were inspired by the Countess Patty's Mohawk Chenille!

MOHAWK RUGS & CARPETS

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NICE THINGS"

BEAUTY OF INSTEP LINE! IT'S YOURS IN VAN RAALTE SILK STOCKINGS No. 699...MADE ESPECIALLY FOR OPEN-SHANK SLIPPERS WHICH REQUIRE THE ELONGATED CLOCK. IT RUNS DELICATELY INTO THE FOOT OF THE EXQUISITE SHINING SHEER SILK STOCKING!

AT GOOD SHOPS EVERYWHERE

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BOXING

The Wrangling Season—Tornadoes and Tankers — Maxie Rosenbloom, Comedian of the Ring

IN the waiting-room outside the office of Tom McArdle, the Garden matchmaker, an argument was going on.

"I'm telling you now positive. It can't be, never. If I don't get in at forty-five, I don't get in; to hell with it. Listen, I'm—"

"Wait a minute, wait a minute, why go crazy? I can hit hard enough. I should worry over five or six pounds; it's the same difference. I'll compromise fifty-fifty on your terms. Forty-one and a half—is that okay?"

Nobody paid any attention to the disputers. A bald fellow with a heavy jowl, wearing an overcoat which, since the room was hot, made him perspire liberally, kept insisting that he felt strongest at a hundred and forty-five pounds, while his antagonist, a narrow-shouldered man in a soiled herringbone suit, sprinkled his argument with references to his own ability as a hitter. They did not look like fighters, but this is the wrangling season in the boxing business and in the heat of disputes about weight, managers, even if their protégés are merely preliminary boys, are apt to use the first person.

AN argument something like this blocked Al Singer's coming bout with Pete Nebo until the managers compromised on a hundred and thirty-two. Nebo and Singer will fight November 29, and ought to be worth watching. Singer doesn't seem to feel healthy unless he fights two or three times a month. Smart little pugs like Singer, Kid Chocolate, Nebo, Canzoneri, and Fidel La Barba, all scheduled to fight here soon, have been attracting enough attention to make people overlook the apparently permanent checkmate in the heavyweight division. The only heavyweight who has been doing anything lately is old Johnny Risko, who knocked out Maloney the other night in Cleveland. Whenever a big fighter has been looking terrible, the only thing for him to do is knock out Jim Maloney. Joe Jacobs has been talking about taking Maloney over to Germany to fight Schmeling. There

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are undoubtedly German tank-fighters who could provide interesting knock-outs, but Jacobs seemed to feel that none of them was to be compared with Maloney for dependability or tonic effect. Maybe championship contenders of the future will take their own set-ups around with them wherever they go. This will eliminate the inconvenience of having to send for set-ups from a distance; it will also stabilize the profession of being a set-up, providing permanent jobs for fighters who under present conditions are more or less free-lancing.

IT'S hard to make out what the Boxing Commission hopes to prove by its projected light-heavyweight tournament. Picking Maxie Rosenbloom, Yale Okun, George Courtney, and Lou Scozza as the eligible contenders made the commissioners' list complete except that they left out Jimmy Braddock, Leo Lomski, Ace Hudkins, Phil Kaplan, Charley Belanger, and Fred Lenhart. Mickey Walker, who is still middleweight champion, isn't eligible as long as he holds his title in the lighter class, but if Scozza can get in, there ought to be room for Jack McVey, who beat him two or three times last year.

SHORT as the commissioners' list was, it included the man who seems the likeliest bet of the bunch. Maxie Rosenbloom has been outpointed several times, but he is getting better. He looked wonderful against Joe Sekyra in the bouts for the Palestine fund; Schmeling didn't beat Sekyra any worse with his rights to the jaw and body than Rosenbloom did with his amazingly fast and accurate left jab. At the end of the fight, Sekyra's face looked like a steamed pudding.

This Rosenbloom is a curious chap. He travels all over the country, fighting anyone at all for any stakes at all, yet he has never become a great drawing-card in any one district. He takes his occupation very seriously, but has acquired the reputation of being a clown because of the agonized, weary expression with which he looks up at the lights as he pushes out of a clinch, and because of occasional spurts of wildness when he swings his arms like windmill sails in the manner of Harry Greb, and most of all because he fights with his hands open. Fighting with open hands is a bad habit that many boxers pick up trying to save their knuckles while they are training. If Rosenbloom stopped slapping he would be hard to beat.

—N. B., JR

What lovelier fragrance than from wild flowers of field and forest! Created from these beloved odeurs, Le Fleuve Bleu is instantly and universally appealing. To this distinctive charm, it owes its perennial acceptance as the ideal Gift Perfume. Nestling against cushions of richest velvet in its blue-and-silver case, Le Fleuve Bleu is a rare and precious gem among costly French perfumes. In three sizes. Also Face, Dusting, and Talcum Powders of the same exquisite scent.

MADE, BOTTLED, BOXED AND SEALED IN FRANCE

PARFUMS LIONCEAU

INCORPORATED

MASTER PARFUMERS OF PARIS

Paris
110 Rue Demours

New York
565 Fifth Avenue

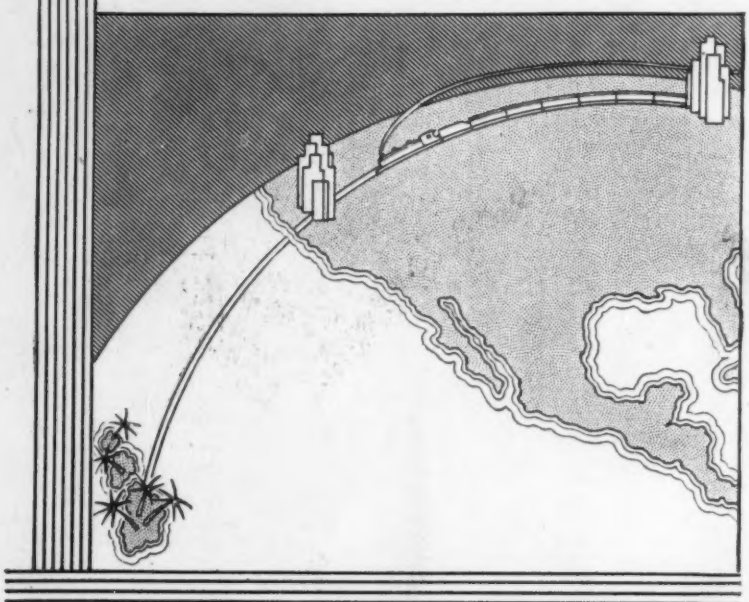
A SPECIAL

BOAT TRAIN

for the January 25 sailing of the

MALOLO

TO HAWAII



A DE LUXE train . . . straight across the continent without change . . . to connect at San Francisco with the luxurious Matson liner Malolo . . . the only ship that makes Hawaii in four days!

Only the great Malolo has ever offered such service to its patrons!

The Malolo Boat Train (in every detail the finest that American transportation has developed) will leave New York January 21 and Chicago January 22 on the fast schedules of the Broadway Limited, the 20th Century Limited and Overland Limited. Malolo passengers may board the Malolo Boat Train at any regular stop made by these trains.

Early reservations are advisable. Information from travel agencies, railroad agents, or Matson Line, 535 Fifth Avenue, MURray Hill 3685.

MATSON LINE

25 STEAMERS . . . . FASTEST SERVICE

HAWAII SOUTH SEAS AUSTRALIA

THE RACE TRACK

Spinach at Pimlico—Polydor Runs Fast, and Farther—Red Rag Wins by a Head

PIMLICO has an atmosphere. Racing interest seems keener there, everything so spick and span, and green and white, and well kept-up—and the click of the pari-mutuel machines is more subdued than at the other Maryland tracks. That's why so many of us have shaken the dust of Empire City off our heavy overcoats. Even the United Hunts meeting will not bring us back.

CHANGING the conventional order of things to release the good horses for later events, the management has carded the Pimlico Futurity for two-year-olds, at one mile and a sixteenth, for the opening day, and the Riggs Handicap for three-year-olds, at one mile and a half, for the weekend attraction. I have no choice for the Riggs, as all of the three-year-olds left in training, with the exception of Herbert Swope's Lativich, who unfortunately was not named, seem such a mediocre lot. I have a definite choice for the Pimlico Futurity, though. I say it's Spinach.

What a name for a horse! But I recall a great horse named Epinard running here five years ago. Last Saturday, at Empire City, I saw Spinach do something I've seen few two-year-olds do—he gave as much as twenty-five pounds, according to the scale, to older horses in a race at one mile and seventy yards, and won galloping, by four lengths. William Ziegler, Jr., bought the colt—he is by Sir Martin-Sweet Thyme—from John Madden to run in the Futurity at Belmont Park. He will not be running against Whichone in the Pimlico Futurity. I say it's Spinach, and it's my last selection.

THE concluding meeting of the Jockey Club's season at Empire City was a rather dismal affair, but it always is with the program made up, for the most part, of races for second-class horses. Distinction was lent to the closing days by the performance of Poly-

Clothes can lengthen the season

No longer does the enthusiastic golfer stow away his clubs at the first hint of frost in the air.

With proper clothes and shoes he may play in reasonable comfort until the greens become miniature skating rinks or the course is buried in snow.

A tweed suit with short and long trousers and two or three sweaters of different weights are desirable for Fall golf. A & F Drigolf Shoes (absolutely leak-proof) are almost essential. Stockings, golf gloves and other accessories must not be chosen carelessly.

Realizing that love of the game is extending the season, we have put in a splendid stock of Fall clothing for your choice.

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH CO.

The Greatest SPORTING GOODS STORE *in the World*

MADISON AVE. AT 45TH STREET, NEW YORK

A&F Co.

Von Lengerke & Detmold, Inc., is now combined and housed with Abercrombie & Fitch Co.

Reproduction of a bill of sale for Parfums Lubin ordered by Josephine.

Did Josephine's Charm

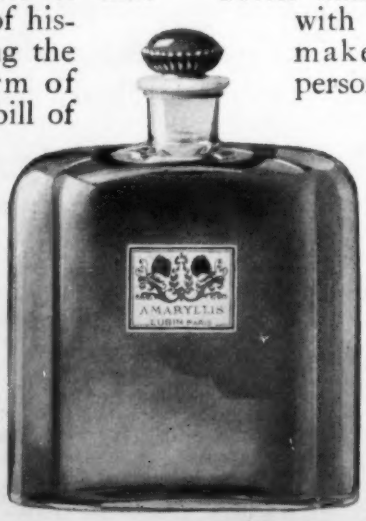
delay the fate which Napoleon decreed?

IN a lifetime of quick decisions, Napoleon experienced a peculiar lack of his usual autocratic dominance when he faced the task of divorcing his wife, Empress Josephine.

Great was the lady's personal charm and beauty, and difficult indeed must have been the responsibility which Napoleon imposed upon himself.

An interesting relic of that gripping chapter of history, and accenting the traditional charm of Josephine, is the bill of sale for purchases of Parfums Lubin, by the Empress of France, which is yet treasured in the archives of Parfumerie Lubin in Paris. For nearly two centuries the royal families of many countries have recognized the artistry of Parfumerie Lubin, and many of them have publicly rewarded this skill by their royal favor.

Through the changing times, Parfums Lubin have held their place as the choice of women who have a flair for the better things of life and who with no compromise make the excellence of personal flower-odeurs.



AMARYLLIS... breathes an exciting scent which is reminiscent of old France; of love and romance; of royalty, chivalry.

Parfumerie **LUBIN** *Inc.*

6 WEST 48th STREET NEW YORK CITY

dor, who set a track record for a mile and seventy yards—the first time he ever went more than eight furlongs—and three days later ran off with the Scarsdale Handicap. In my book he is only a sprinter, but one of the best and handsomest in training. Still, his action is so marvellously smooth and effortless—he seems to skim the track—that it is not surprising he could go what in this day and age we call a distance. Golden Broom, his sire, used to outwork Man o' War when they were two-year-olds together.

RED RAG is a delightful little filly, a model of gameness and courage. She always seems out of it, and then she comes flying through the stretch literally to hurl herself past anything in front of her. There is so little time in which to do this that it follows she wins only by short heads. She is by Pennant out of Nemesis, a daughter of Regret, and belongs to Mrs. A. L. Alexandre, who bought her as a yearling from Harry Payne Whitney for such a low price that he does not like to remember it.

SOME people affect to believe that Mrs. Phipps' Diavolo is the best of the older horses. To my mind, however, the prize goes to Sun Beau. His fortunate owner is Willis Sharpe Kilmer, who has bred some good horses at his Binghamton, New York, stud. Sun Beau's recent record is four stakes in succession on as many tracks, the latest triumph being in the Washington Handicap, at Laurel.

I daresay it would have been quite dramatic had old Display won instead of run third—and he might well have, had he for once left the gate with the others, for he was running strongest of all at the end. He never had been unplaced in the Washington, winning it once, coming in second once, and finishing third twice, in four starts. More interesting is his racing record: he has won more money than Man o' War—more than $250,000—but not a race on the New York tracks. He did finish first in one at Jamaica several weeks ago, but was disqualified.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

. . . . the Claremont, historically celebrated as the birthplace of Alexander Burr's daughter, Theodosia, who vanished at sea.—*O. O. McIntyre in the Hearst papers.*

Equally historically celebrated is her father's duel with Aaron Hamilton.

Sketched at the Ritz

TODAY'S VOGUE IN RAINY DAY FOOTWEAR

BY PIERRE MOURGUE

At last...something new in footwear for the bad weather season! The new Goodrich Shower Boots are seen everywhere. All rubber... 7 ounces light...glove-like in fit... styled to harmonize with new fall costumes...they crown any bad-weather costume with smartness.

Two-Tone Henna Shower Boot

Brown Shower Boot

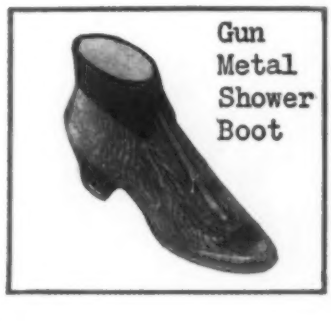
A CORRECT COSTUME

for Rainy Days

No need now to sacrifice smartness on rainy days! Shower Boots, in colors to harmonize with your costume, provide the necessary chic with full protection for dainty, fragile footwear. Designed like a Paris gown, they're cut to lend neatness to any ankle. Slide or snap fasteners.

ALL THE SMARTEST NEW COLORS

Shower Boots are made in two-tone combinations of tans, browns, blacks, gun-metals... all made more effective by the charming new moiré pattern.



Gun Metal Shower Boot

Goodrich Zippers

SHOWER BOOTS AND FABRICS

RADIO'S FINEST TONE IN A 22 KARAT SETTING

A new radio receiver—Temple—and a new kind of tone—Templetone—have captured the spotlight of radio interest. • • • •

When you hear it you will experience an enthralling sense of discovery. Instead of the average radio translation you expect, it will give you a thrilling, audible image of the tones the microphone receives. It transmutes mechanical excellence into the pure gold of artistic perfection. • • • • • •

This Temple is the embodiment of radio dreams. It is superb as to tone, master of distance, built with the precise skill of laboratory production and cabineted in true beauty.

To house this gem in a setting worthy of it, Temple went to a famous artist for a new thought in console design.

The unaffected loveliness of pure art is mirrored in the beauty that characterizes Temple cabinet-work. • • • • • • • • • •

TEMPLE CORPORATION · CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Temple is all-electric standard chassis six 227 tubes—push pull amplification in last audio stage, using two new 245 power tubes—full-wave rectification. A power supply oversized in every respect in combination with the Temple electro-dynamic Speaker assures matchless tone for Temple Receivers. Consoled ready for use. The Temple 8-60 Console . . . $149; the Temple 8-80 Grand Console . . . $169; the Temple Combination $269. All prices less tubes. Temple Receivers are licensed by R. C. A. and Associated Companies.

Prices slightly higher West of Rocky Mountains

TEMPLE

TEMPLETONE

Radio

"THE SWITCHBOARD OF A NATION"

TEMPLE NIGHTS

Every Thursday Night at 10:00—Eastern Time—Over Columbia Network

Housed in beauty, the Temple electro-dynamic is the only speaker with the adjustable hum eliminator feature. Separate table type speakers are available for those who do not own a Temple Receiver.

• • •

$39 for the Temple electro-dynamic Speaker
$20 for the Magnetic Speaker

Prices slightly higher West of Rocky Mountains

© 1929 T. C.

MOTORS

Traffic Tricks — More New Models—A Gentleman with a Soft Voice

SUBJECT as we are to snappishness when standing in a line of traffic, we have been at no little pains lately to avoid the weekend congestion on the Grand Concourse and Riverside Drive. The first is torn up for subway building, with the result that too many cars have piled up on Riverside and Broadway; but a few neat tricks will enable one to dodge most of the multitude.

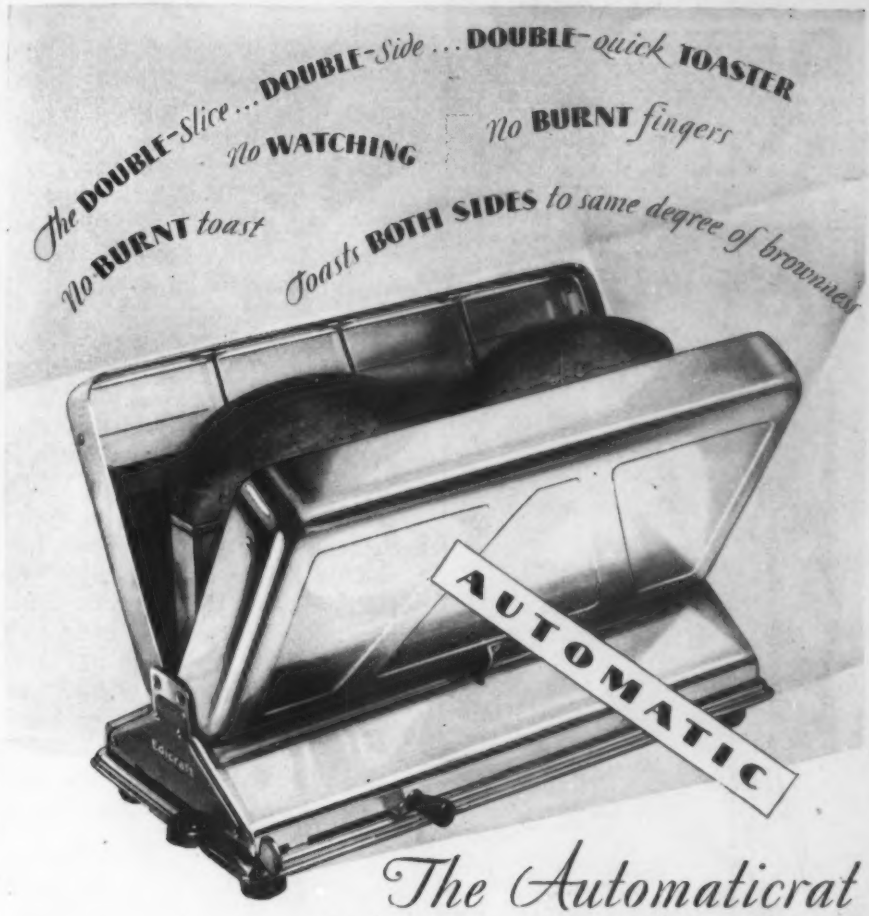
ON the West Side, go up Broadway to 168th Street and then straight ahead on St. Nicholas Avenue. This takes one down the hill eventually to the corner of Dyckman Street (the Speedway) and Nagle Avenue. Turn right on Nagle (which is in good repair again) following it to Tenth Avenue. Then turn right at 207th Street to cross the bridge.

Those living west below Fifty-ninth Street can work their way uptown to Columbus Avenue (you can find it easiest at Sixty-sixth Street, where it leaves Broadway, going north), keep up Columbus to 100th Street, right to Manhattan Avenue, to the Speedway, to Nagle. Coming home, one can go down Central Park West (one-way street) beginning at 110th Street.

Either of these paths is less populous and runs up less mileage than the all-Broadway or all-Riverside routes.

WE suggest that you cross the 207th Street bridge even if you are motoring to Tarrytown. After you cross the bridge you will find yourself on Fordham Road. Turn left at Jerome Avenue (the first "L" line) and keep on to 233rd Street. At this point you will find construction due ahead. Turn right on 233rd Street to the Bronx River Parkway.

After you are in the Parkway, everything is simple. Pretty good signposting; just check your own way to Bronxville, Hartsdale, or what you will. If you wish to get over to the Albany Post Road (what with present detours this is the shortest route), take the left turn up from the Parkway after you cross the leftward bridge just this side of White Plains. At the


The DOUBLE-Slice ... DOUBLE-Side ... DOUBLE-quick TOASTER
No WATCHING
No BURNT fingers
No BURNT toast
Toasts BOTH SIDES to same degree of brownness
AUTOMATIC

The Automaticrat of the **BREAKFAST TABLE**

YOU can survive a once-over shave or a skimmed-over morning paper—*but you do owe your health a good hot breakfast!* † † Edicraft, the speed Toaster, gets you downtown on time by turning out the tastiest toast that ever tempted you, in less time than it takes to tell it—Two slices *at once*—both sides *together—QUICK!* And it keeps both sides of the toast *hot!* Because it takes less time to make it, you have more time to enjoy it. † † Toasts to just the shade you prefer, *automatically.* Set the timer on 1, 2, 3 or whatever your toast-taste dictates and there it is. The Edicraft also keeps the extra piece hot for your second cup of coffee. † † The Edicraft Speed Toaster is a sturdy, handsome table necessity made by the famous Edison Laboratories—and, therefore, a correct and dependable device. Most good stores have it—we'll be glad to send you the name of one right in your own neighborhood.

Thomas A. Edison, INC., ORANGE, NEW JERSEY

Edison Radio Program
Every Monday Evening

Edicraft *speed* Toaster

THE *double*-SLICE.. *double*-SIDE.. *double*-QUICK TOASTER

CAMELHAIR
—for EVERY SIZE, AGE and SEX

The camelhair coat strikes the correct note for general wear . . . When you purchase at Jaeger's you assure yourself of authentic style, correct fit and a quality respected for half a century.

If you are a man, we suggest a light, warm coat of pure camelhair at $110. There are also men's coats at $47.50—$120. Women's coats $47.50—$75, fur-trimmed from $145—$225.

JAEGER
The VOGUE *in* WOOLLENS
590 Fifth Avenue
at Forty-eighth Street
NEW YORK

top of the grade follow the car tracks straight ahead and they will lead you to the Tarrytown road. From there on you may let go of our hand.

If you have the urge to ride on the Boston Post Road, follow our early advice across the 207th Street bridge, keep ahead on Fordham Road past Fordham College, through Bronx Park, and you can't go wrong.

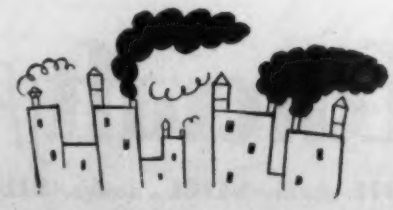
WE become but a shred of our former self when we plan to escape from the East Side of town, and we've tried all possible ways lately. In spite of trucks and cobblestones, we favor First Avenue, across the Willis Avenue Bridge, to Melrose, to Webster Avenue. It's not very good, but if you do differently, remember we warned you. If you are near Fifth Avenue, there's no harm in using it to Mt. Morris Park, then over to Madison and the 138th Street bridge, then Mott Avenue to 149th Street, eastward to and up Melrose.

Some day when we're less exhausted we may tell you about Long Island.

THE rush of new car models at all times and seasons is almost too prolific these days. Time is needed for any fashion or trend to make its impress, and the volume of different vehicles leads to a diffusion of taste and attention which hampers the art of body-design. Only a short time after Hupmobile produced a new six, it brings out an eight. We do not doubt that the new eight is an improvement, but we were satisfied before.

However, this 1930 model does, more than many new designs, have its *raison d'être*. Cubism, planes, and angles mark the car as authentically modern. The tonneau lights are in the shape of partially opened fans. The instrument dials are rectangular, nor will sentimentalists find a compromising curve in an item of the trimmings. The whole thing is quite sophisticated and distinctly successful

NASH is another house which has "gone eight." This adoption of a double quartet of cylinders and of



"Hai! Hai!"

THIS is Hasan's gentle way of saying "Step on it." He has just acquired a priceless Oriental Rug and is hurrying home where he will be congratulated upon his shrewd investment.

* * *

The value of an Oriental Rug increases with age and usage. Thus they are an unusually shrewd investment, comparable to long-time bonds or rare objets d'art.

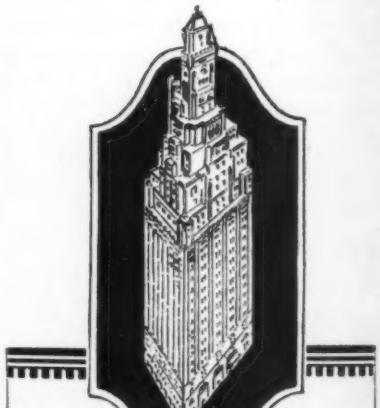
SADI
Limited

Hasan's methods of buying Oriental Rugs are outlined in a booklet called "Advice to Buyer of Oriental Rugs." May we send it to you with our compliments?

Sadi, Ltd., 276 Fifth Avenue, New York
Telephone—Caledonia 0719

Name .....

Address .....



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Residential Hotel
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A distinguished residential hotel with serving pantries, electric refrigeration and Beverly-Divan restaurant cuisine of noteworthy excellence.

1 to 4 rooms, furnished or unfurnished on seasonal or yearly lease.

WALLACE K. SEELEY, *Manager*
Telephone Plaza 2700

four forward speeds is the most notable change in the line. We are pleased to observe that the acutely designed bodies of this house have not been greatly altered—some lowering, some lengthening, a slightly wider tonneau, metal roof-sides instead of fabric, a more slender radiator shell, but still recognizably Nash.

The introduction of the eight has really raised hob with comparisons. It is something different, of course, from any of the previous Nash sixes; and the 1930 sixes, in turn, are in different price ranges from last year's. You can get a Nash these days at anywhere from $1,066 to $2,459 in New York.

We wish to put an "A" on the report card for the special carburetor jet which comes into play at 50 miles an hour and permits one to go merrily with less pay for the piper.

A Soft-Voiced person approached us lately with the advice that we could get any make of car from him "cheap," "fifteen off list," and the like. Not averse to saving a nickel here and there, we have looked into the matter and are able to issue both a minority and a majority report. There *is* a Santa Claus, but he's not usually around. Occasionally some dealer wants cash quick. Our soft-voiced friend (who has a nose for such things) pays him a call, money passes, and that's how you can sometimes get a worthwhile cut rate.

The sad note in this story is that the soft one always appears about this time of year. We have begun to detect a connection between his visits and models about to be discontinued. Unless you are very firm, he will not consider taking your car in trade. Again, unless you are insistent, he will often try to substitute some other brand for the kind you wanted. We find bargaining with him zestful, informing, and garnished with the flavor of illegitimacy. Yet we have decided not to buy. We could name you ten men downtown who *might* outsmart him, but innocents should stay away.

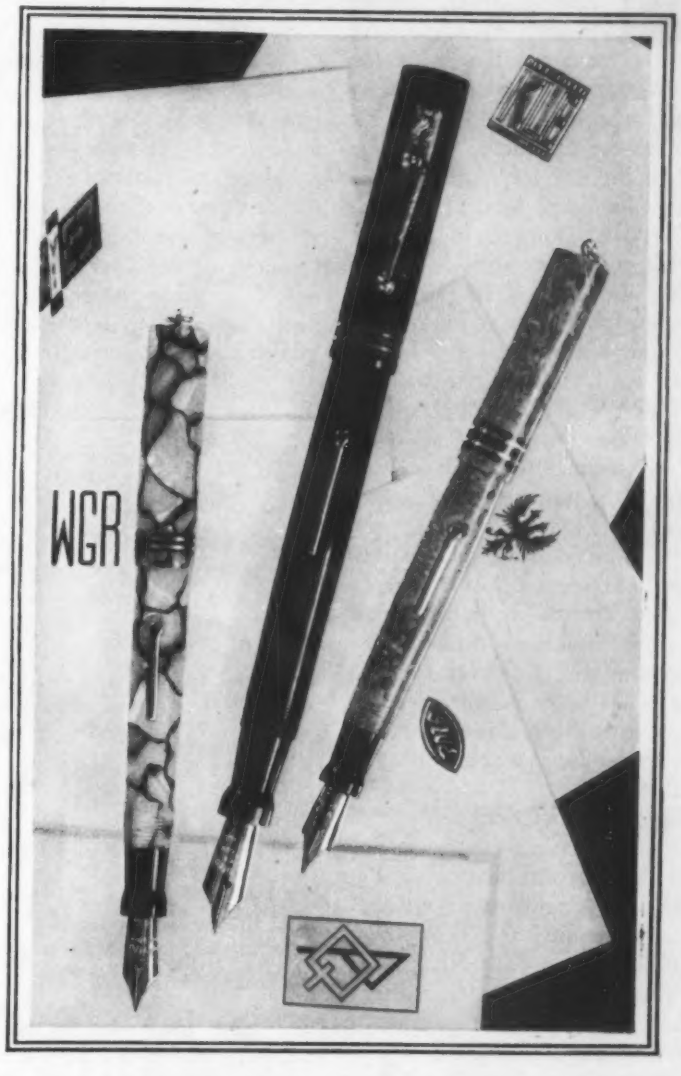
—Nicholas Trott

•

According to retailers, the recent launching in Paris of culottes with fall frocks, has not as yet impressed the consumer, but later in the fall season the clientele of the more exclusive shops may show interest in these silken breeches.—*Industrial Retail Stores.*

Merely, you understand, breeches of promise.

The SWAN Pen
Pen of the British Empire
SINCE 1843



ENGLAND expects every pen to do its duty—and so selects the *Swan* to do its writing. For *Swan* ETERNAL PENS have never failed, on land or sea, at home or in the tropics. They write like velvet, at the lightest touch, and keep on writing that way—for *Swan* ETERNAL PENS are guaranteed eternally.

From FIVE *to* TEN DOLLARS

Swan PENS

MABIE, TODD & COMPANY

New York: 243 West 17th Street Chicago: 209 South State Street

LONDON SYDNEY CAPETOWN BRUSSELS BARCELONA PARIS

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

WHAT with the American shops, both high and low, dashing so violently in the direction of the models everyone else has, it is pretty grand to find ready-to-wear dresses that have an exclusive quality. Kurzman has a group of dresses, created for them by a designer who once held forth for Chanel, that are exquisitely cut and a little out of the ordinary, though they follow the established lines of the season. The first group includes some beautiful satin evening dresses, simple and classic and molded in the front, some of them with belts at the normal waistline and some without. In the back, they are artfully cut to descend from below the arms and wrap the figure tightly below the décolletage (around the normal waistline in back is my idea of the most graceful line of a woman's body) and, in most cases, the line is continued downward so as to flatter any bumpiness below. Dresses intricately cut and simple in effect and well worth the time and effort of those many women who think of evening and satin in the same instant. Ready-to-wear, a little over a hundred dollars; made-to-order, a little over a hundred and fifty.

The other specially designed groups concentrate, for the most part, on day dresses of the new afternoon type, but they shun velvets and lamés (which I can't see for daytime at all) in favor of simple crêpes cut on formal lines. Hemlines are usually irregular, but they never, never trail on the ground or swish around the ankles. There is one of black crêpe with a tiny close collar and decorative tabs of white galliac that is simply elegant.

On the first floor, there is a Christmas event in French stockings, which, say what you will, have a silky, cooing kind of sheen that American manufacturers never seem to capture. There are very sheer ones, with openwork clocks, proved by personal experiment to wear exceptionally well, at five dollars; very, very sheer evening stockings at seven-fifty. Both exceedingly good value. You will also find those excellent Harry gloves in all the new brown shades, and you are invited to remember that tweed or jersey bags, made up from your own materials or theirs, take one week to deliver. My favorite model, among many good ones, is a double envelope, kid on one side, tweed on the other—verra, verra smart.

BEST'S Sub-Deb Department might well be labelled Small Women's Department, for copies of Chanel and Goupy and London Trades successes of the season are included in a collection that is in excellent taste, being sophisticated enough to please the daughter and youthful enough to please the anxious mother. In the collection are several evening dresses (for very young things only) by Norman Hartnell, designed to give the butterfly-and-flower impression on the dance floor. White lapin coats that are so charming for the first stay-out evening cost exactly seventy-nine fifty.

Work with girdles that give you the new silhouette and at the same time are not confining enough to start a new feminist revolt goes on here as expertly as ever. The new ones include: a reducing girdle, in a sort of rubberized fabric that is supposed to have magic properties, at five ninety-five; a new Vionnet girdle, high at the normal waistline in front and low in back, with deep V's set into the elastic in an expert way front and back; all-in-one garments that include a brassière and are tight across the diaphragm—oh, everything. I implore you not to buy one until you have tried it on; these new lines are tricky. And, jumping from subject to subject as usual, Best has a new evening pump with a bow of silver or gold shot moire, to be dyed any color. Also an

"My Lord, Mrs. Kelley,
you don't honestly think
I prefer Mrs. Mutz's eyebrows to yours, do you?"

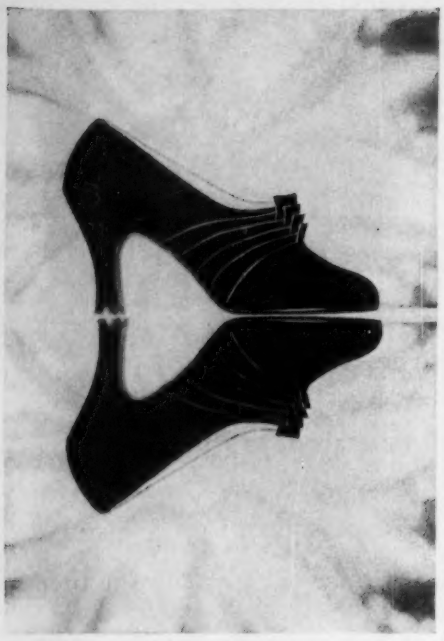
MR. and Mrs. Neanderthal were about to have a party . . . . the problem was the neighbors . . . . "We must hide our party from them", decided Mrs. Neanderthal. And forthwith she sat down to weave a curtain for the cavern door. What began as protection from prying eyes has evolved into decoration for appreciative eyes. Today rich fabrics grace our windows, doors, and furniture . . . . weaves and colors far removed from the crude inception, turn houses into homes and combine beauty with utility.

W. & J. Sloane has a wide selection of fine fabrics. Surprising in their loveliness, they are even more astonishing by virtue of their modest prices.

W. & J. SLOANE

575 Fifth Avenue at 47th Street

NEW YORK CITY



A NEW SILHOUETTE IN SHOES

We feel that perhaps the immediate success of Jay-Thorpe's new Shoe Salon is due to its recognition of a new silhouette in shoes—just as surely as in dresses. Simple of line—but elaborate in workmanship, bench-made of course, the new shoe is the perfect complement to the new lengthened skirts.

Illustrated—the "pyramid pump" in suede, or leather, and in ten colors, has a narrow contrasting piping, and is ideal for afternoon wear. 21.50

A matching bag in the same colors and materials 35.00

JAY-THORPE
FIFTY-SEVENTH STREET WEST

evening slipper of black suede with a silver heel, and silver-and-gold kid lacings starting almost at the toe and continuing over your stockinged instep to oxford height. Very *fin de siècle*, if I may show off my French.

THOSE of you who are interested in finding a small but perfect collection of light woollen dresses and suits should visit Vera Sanville at 746 Madison Avenue. Included in her collection are the following: (1) a dress of beige suede-finish wool, simple except for shirring up toward the neck and downward on one side from the belt, with a jacket to match trimmed with black Persian lamb—perfect for Colony lunchers; (2) a suit of an imported English tweed in green mixture, the very short windbreaker jacket lined with natural chamois, the tweed skirt beautifully circular—for country life and for skaters; (3) a cardigan suit of a hand-knitted fabric that resembles a rough black-and-tan tweed; (4) Lanvin's sailor dress, in blue wool with the skirt (including the lacing down the back) buttoned at the top with red buttons, the sailor collar, piped in red, going to a point in back—for daytime wear by people with bright alert smiles; (5) a princesse dress of a red and white knit fabric, with brown galliac making the collar and bow—for town or country; (6) a dress of mackinaw light wool, the skirt shirred low in front, in screaming black, white, and red pattern—for the country; and (7) several dresses of wool crêpe for town wear.

—L. L.

YULETIDE WARNING

ALL sorts of gifts will be included in our lists appearing in THE NEW YORKER from now until Christmas, and a wise patron will keep every issue for reference; for we make no promises to give back-information over the telephone, and to act as personal representative is not one of our present ambitions. Nor do we make any pretensions to completeness.

This week we have our say about:

Christmas cards, page 82
Luggage; fitted cases to order, for men and women, page 84
Monograms; all kinds of monogramming, to order, page 90
Boxes, page 94

CHRISTMAS CARDS

THOUGH November breezes blow softly, and you are mainly occupied with football games, some day you will thank me for reminding you

All Aboard For Pinehurst

PINEHURST, N. C. is only a few hours* away. A night's ride brings you for breakfast to America's Center of Outdoor Sports.

In a climate that is health's best friend you'll find unending good times at golf on 5 famous D. J. Ross courses (with new grass tees), riding and other sports.

For illustrated booklet or reservations at the Carolina Hotel (now open) address General Office, Pinehurst, N. C.

*15½ hr. trip on through Pullmans direct to Pinehurst. Leave N. Y. 6:40 P. M.

Pinehurst
NORTH CAROLINA
America's Premier Winter Resort

Internationally Famous For Cuisine
Modern, with Old World Charm

HOTEL LAFAYETTE
University Place
and
HOTEL BREVOORT
Lower Fifth Ave.

Can You Solve These Mysteries

20 unique detective problems to be solved from given data. More fascinating than cross-word puzzles or Ask Me Another.

THE 2ND BAFFLE BOOK
Get it at your bookstore. $2.00
THE CRIME CLUB, INC., GARDEN CITY, NEW YORK

TAKE BREAKFAST, for instance

. . . or, to be more direct, take it here in the Colonial Room . . . Thru chintz-hung, lattice-like casement windows drifts the melting glow of another sapphire day . . . As you pull up your cane-seated early American chair, there is a sense of privacy and personal well-being.

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

Golden grape-fruit, nestling in its ice-pack is before you . . . steaming porridge . . . juicy little sausages and hot cakes with maple syrup . . . coffee, perked to the correct second . . . Such coffee!

GUY LOMBARDO and his ROYAL CANADIAN ORCHESTRA play nightly during dinner and supper in the Grill.

THE ROOSEVELT

MADISON AVENUE at 45th STREET

UNITED HOTELS

at this early date of that annual bugaboo—Christmas cards. Getting them off your mind now means just so much more time when you will really need it.

The only way really to attain a card that is yours alone is to inveigle some artist crony into dashing off something of which you can get a plate made; in which case you can have the cards printed on handsome paper from the Japan Paper Company, 109 East Thirty-first Street.

If you know no artist well enough to impose on his good nature, and still want something very much your own, call at the Art Alliance of America, 65 East Fifty-sixth Street, which is a sort of clearing-house for the commercial work of many prominent artists.

The Decorative Art Service, 229 West Twenty-eighth Street, offers much the same kind of thing and is a good place to know about. You will also find cards extremely individualistic, and always modernist, at Frankl, 4 East Forty-eighth Street, and at Réna Rosenthal, 520 Madison Avenue.

WHEN it comes to more conservative cards, you will find the conventional double-folded ones, with scenes from Dickens' "Christmas Carol," or like classics, at all the big jewellers. They also have every type of plain card on which engraving is the important element, and they make the sort of intimate but expensive missives on which photographic scenes from your home fireside or family life are lovingly reproduced. None of them subscribes to the attractive and cheaper substitutes for real copperplate hand-engraving, and the die from your visiting card, therefore, is the logical thing for them to use. You should select cards whose messages are graven in script identical with that of your die, partly for appearance's sake, and partly to gratify the jeweller. The new

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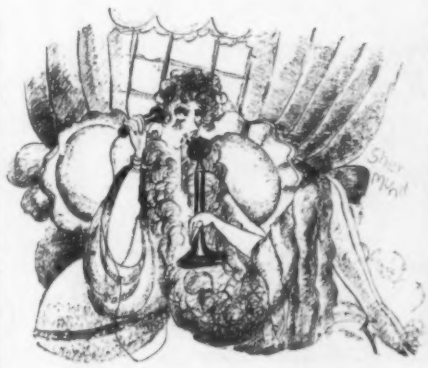
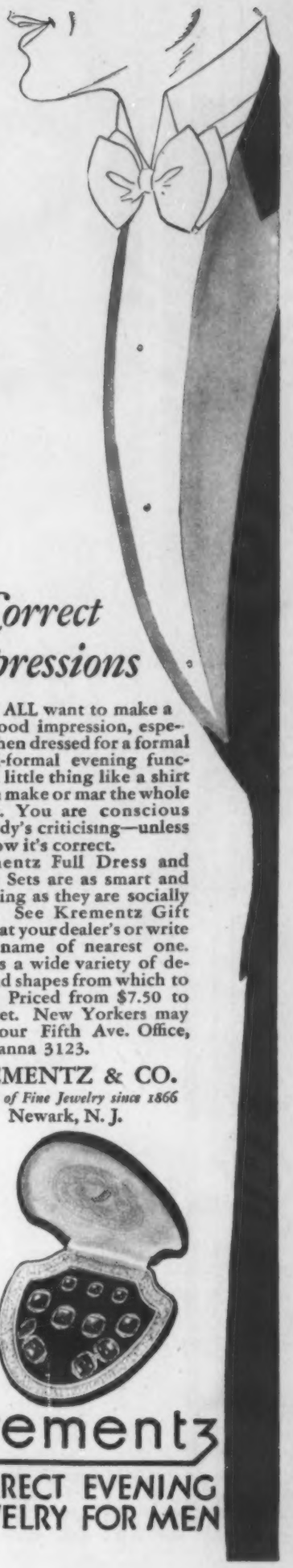




Correct Impressions

WE ALL want to make a good impression, especially when dressed for a formal or semi-formal evening function. A little thing like a shirt stud can make or mar the whole evening. You are conscious everybody's criticising—unless you know it's correct.

Krementz Full Dress and Tuxedo Sets are as smart and as pleasing as they are socially correct. See Krementz Gift Jewelry at your dealer's or write us for name of nearest one. There is a wide variety of designs and shapes from which to choose. Priced from $7.50 to $50 a set. New Yorkers may phone our Fifth Ave. Office, Lackawanna 3123.

KREMENTZ & CO.

Makers of Fine Jewelry since 1866

Newark, N. J.

Krementz

CORRECT EVENING JEWELRY FOR MEN

Milgrim Evening Fashions are keyed to brilliant social atmospheres, retaining their individuality under the most exacting fashionable comparison . . .

EVENING GOWNS
of Satin, Velvet, Lace and Net in
original conceptions of the mode

EVENING WRAPS
of Fur, Velvet, Brocade, Lamé in
extremely long and short types

Ready to wear
Made to order

MILGRIM
6 West 57th Street
Just off Fifth Avenue

600 Michigan Boulevard, South
CHICAGO

1607 Euclid Avenue
CLEVELAND

At the Beginning of the Winter Resort Season we will open our New Shop, 738 Lincoln Road, Miami Beach

amalgamation of Black, Starr & Frost-Gorham, Fifth Avenue and Forty-eighth Street, as before, is forging ahead with ideas in etched Christmas cards, and Cartier, Fifth Avenue and Fifty-second Street, is good at adapting the most delicate French type of cut-out gilt, colored monograms, and designs to Yule greetings. Other houses whose cards are of the best design and pedigree are Tiffany, Fifth Avenue and Thirty-seventh Street, and Marcus, Fifth Avenue and Forty-fifth Street.

The greatest variety at your disposal will appear in the stocks of the big stationers and booksellers. They will show you everything from simple printed or paragraved designs to cards that are particularly funny, smart, modern, juvenile, or pretentious, as you wish. Among the best of these shops, all of which can be found in the telephone book, are Brentano, Dutton, Himebaugh & Browne, the Liveright Bookshop, the Literary Lobby, Putnam, Scribner, Dempsey & Carroll, and M. J. Whaley. Edwin S. Gorham specializes in religious cards, notably those from Mowbray of London, which many older people prefer.

MOST Christmas cards (including envelopes) can be delivered in about two weeks; if you order now there is time to give them more grace than that, and if, in spite of all these timely warnings, you *will* procrastinate, don't expect anyone to deliver cards to you in better than ten days. —M. C.

LUGGAGE

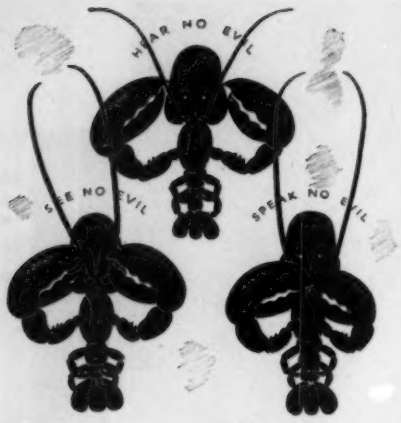
THOSE who really want to display exquisite personal thought in a substantial gift cannot do better, to my mind, than to give luggage, which is the weakness of practically everybody. Also, be it known, there is no gift that is so full of pitfalls. There is nothing a woman would rather have than a perfectly fitted case—for week end necessities and the immediate requirements of travelling—and no gift is more irritating if it only half fulfills its promise. In general, it is much, much better to give a plain suitcase, hatbox, or shoe case with no fittings whatsoever than to give one in which the fittings are inadequate.

For this reason, the donor should either be intimate with the recipient or should be able to call upon an intimate who would know the exact requirements. In the first place, the perfectly fitted case should have spaces and fittings for all the toilet necessities, and also include room for a dressing-gown,

Drawn by . . .
DYNEVOR RHYS in Paris,
for the November Issue
of Harper's Bazaar

THIS LADY has glamour, in which the new mode aids and abets her. The hat by Agnès permits her to look picturesque without looking picture-booky. Typical—of the new clothes, discerningly selected, as shown in the New York Fashions Number of Harper's Bazaar. You'll find them admirably adapted to the needs of sophisticated women in this country. Photographs in color by Baron de Meyer—a new process! Drawings in color by Léon Bénigni! And sprightly fiction to amuse you between engagements. Now — on your news-stand!

Harper's Bazaar for November



Sooth! . . . Lobsters do have a Conscience

The lordly lobster—to serve it without Cooking Sherry—that *is* an affront. And, for that matter, no cuisine can be truly sophisticated when cooking wines are not the mood and motif thereof. Cooking wines!—the vigor of the vine to transport said lordly lobster, or humble viand, to the pinnacle of epicurean delight!

And what of Guasti Sherry? Know, it is the same fine old sherry that has kept the name Guasti famed these years among master-chefs from Agua Caliente to Bar Harbor. Indeed? True! And now Guasti Sherry is legally available at all far-seeing grocers—simply salted enough to take it out of the beverage class. Other *Guasti Cooking Aids* to know about, include Sauce a la Bercy, Sauce a la Newburg, Sauce a la Bordelaise, Sweet Port Flavoring, Sweet Sherry Flavoring, Sweet Sauterne Flavoring. And, to extend the good things of life, now there are *seven* Guasti Wine Jellies.

Nor is it left to chance that such divine flavors be rightly employed. There's a certain volume, "Treasured Flavors," a directions-for-use book, to unfold many an adventure for those who see romance in menu making. Just address our nearest office for your *free* copy.

(Permit No. L.A.Cal. H10033)

GUASTI

(PRONOUNCED GWAH-STEE)

COOKING SHERRY (SALTED)

ITALIAN VINEYARD CO. *at Guasti, Cal.*

Operating the largest vineyard under one ownership in the world. Established 1883

Home Office . . . 1248 Palmetto Street, LOS ANGELES
Branches . . . NEW YORK, CHICAGO, NEW ORLEANS

ITALIAN VINEYARD CO., DEPT. A-111
11 HUBERT STREET · NEW YORK CITY

Please send me, *free* of charge, "Treasured Flavors"—a new kind of recipe book containing favorite recipes of famous chefs.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

nightgown, mules, and a book. For fittings, the bottles should not leak and should have necks wide enough so that toilet waters and other liquids can be transferred without too much difficulty; jars should be large enough to accommodate the really extraordinary amount of cleansing cream and powder that a smart woman uses in a short time. A large, detachable mirror in the lid of a case is better than a small hand one, however decorative. A soft and ornamental hairbrush is not desirable—good bristles are important, if a woman uses a brush at all except for her clothes. Get a good nailfile, and a toothbrush case large enough for the two or three that are carried in these sanitary days. An atomizer that does not leak is a thoughtful inclusion. Soap boxes should be of good size. Three or four boxes, at least one of them rubber-lined, should be included—for manicure gadgets, small boxes of lip rouge and eye shadow, hairpins, tubes of tooth paste, and so on. A nailbrush, essential in train-travelling and unknown in the bathrooms of even the most perfect hostesses, should be thought of. It is better not to include manicure tools—every woman has a pet German cuticle-cutter or a special orange stick she isn't happy without.

Fittings should not be too heavy; metal weighs tremendously, tortoise-shell is destructible. The smartest luggage is as simple as the smartest sports clothes, and pale pink and blue German enamels are frowned upon, and rightly. Pale beige moire lining looks charming in its tissue paper, but soils quickly. Dark morocco leathers are smartest and most practical for linings, though I suppose no man will

3 EAST 77th STREET

RENTAL SECTION
960 Fifth Avenue

The opportunity to "keep house" with hotel conveniences added.

Three and four room suites with hotel conveniences and complete housekeeping facilities.

Management of
Douglas L. Elliman & Co.
INC.
15 East 49th Street Plaza 9200

If You Have Leisure . . .

One of the finest photographic studios in New York is looking for ten young women and five young men to pose for illustrations. If you are good-looking and have an extensive wardrobe you may be interested in applying for this dignified and profitable work. Engagements will be made on an exclusive contract basis. No professional models will be considered. When you answer this advertisement please enclose a picture of yourself. Then we will write you for a personal appointment.

Address replies to Box 15U
The New Yorker

merry and bright Christmas Cards

LIVERIGHT BOOKSHOP
21 West 51 St.—Vol. 2125

The Black Warrior

a great shoe for the great outdoors

Black Warrior is a new moccasin effect suggested by our changing habits of suburban life. Its price, $9, makes it an outstanding achievement.

NOT exactly a sport shoe, *Black Warrior* is rather a *spare* shoe. A glance tells you it is comfortable; a moment's thought suggests that it is uncommonly useful.

Black Warrior is a good looking moccasin . . . damp-proof and rugged. Just the shoe for those men who enjoy the invigorating days of autumn and winter out-of-doors. A great all-weather shoe for walking, motoring, sports and a dozen other uses. Should be in every man's wardrobe.

Black Warrior is $9.00.

John Ward Men's Shoes

555 Fifth Ave., New York City (North of 45th Street)

Other convenient shops in New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia and Newark

ever believe that. In large suitcases, with a tray for lingerie and trifles needed immediately on arrival, the tray may be lined with silk, but the body of the suitcase should have something less soilable.

MEN, so I am told, hate cases in which the fittings are not detachable in one lump. A separate, loose roll, equipped to hold his treasured necessities of the toilet, a box that will include these, or some sort of arrangement to be put inside the bag with his clothes are most desirable. The same warnings that go for women should be remembered. Don't have a case for a Gillette if he uses a Schick; find out whether he uses shaving cream in tubes, jars, or wooden bowls; include a box for cuff links or other trinkets. A corkscrew is a thoughtful note.

IN the reliable luggage shops around town, you will find an imposing array of luggage ready to be taken away with you, but most of them are not so equipped as to welcome the fuss and extra labor of special orders. All custom luggage, we need hardly remind you, should be ordered before Thanksgiving, and sooner if possible.

The better jewellers are good people to turn to for small overnight bags for women, of the exquisite jewelled kind, and do excellent work with jewel cases and little bags. For special orders, Black, Starr & Frost-Gorham and Cartier offer a grand selection of fittings and are particularly deft about carrying out the most complicated requests.

ARTHUR GILMORE, 16 East Fifty-second Street, is, as far as we know, the only retail luggage place in town that has its own workroom on the premises, and is therefore equipped to fill orders on custom luggage with real delight and with ease. All the work here is beautifully hand-done; the foundations are light wooden frames, with corners reinforced with metal and edges with linen tape; the handles are solid leather instead of being stuffed; the lids fit firmly and perfectly, owing to a shoulder arrangement; they last absolutely forever and ever. This year, Mr. Gilmore is doing a great deal with a pigskin that has a rather rough finish

Extremely smart

"Bricken"—a strikingly new shade of red, is used in this afternoon frock after Lanvin. It is simplicity itself, and charmingly feminine—with the high waistline, the long skirt, and the medieval sleeves of Alencon lace, embroidered in bugles.

JJJ Jonas 12 East 56th Street

PALM BEACH MAGNOLI

In antiquity, there were no Cheney Cravats . . . which is to say that the attire of ancient gentlemen was just a little incomplete. The toga, for all its virility, lacked a touch.

However, there are Cheney Cravats for every hour. They run the whole gamut of occasions—a right one for day wear . . . a right one for dinner . . . a right one for a Westchester week end.

Your haberdasher will put his heart and his whole stock of Cheneys into aiding you.

CHENEY CRAVATS

Made by

CHENEY BROTHERS

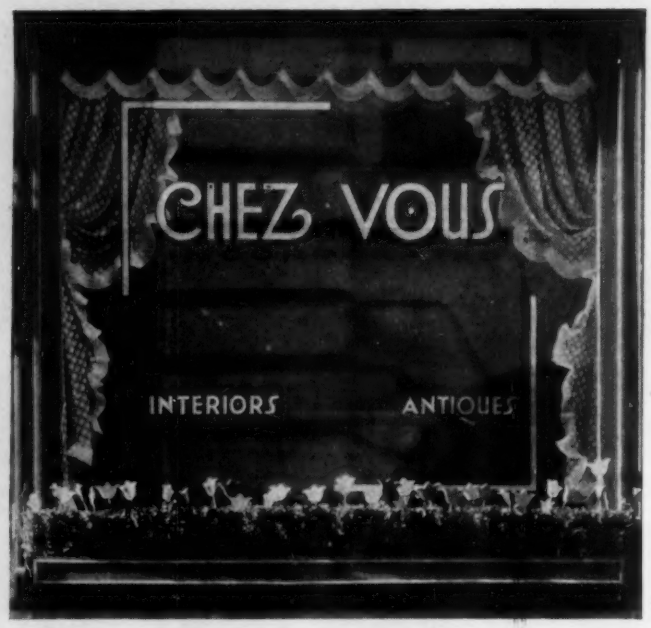
and the natural golden tan color; the outsides are as simple as it is possible to make them. For linings, he still favors dark, real moroccos for small bags, and is also using a finely striped beige chintz. Cowhide, in a rough, Persian grain, hard finish that wears indomitably, is another favorite here. He has worked out suitcases and hatboxes of all sizes that may be apportioned off inside as you like—a hatbox in a new small size (16″ x 16″, very handy) that may have a tray for three pairs of shoes, combination hat-and-shoe cases in all sizes, and so on. He is making trunks to order, too. He will either include your fittings or supply his own. If you want to carry your own bottles and jars in original coverings, he will provide space for them; and arrange to have them completely concealed.

MARTIN & MARTIN, at 45 West Fifty-seventh Street, also welcome trick orders, and particularly adore to do things about big-game hunts to Africa with cases that include everything from a Sterno stove to Flit. Briefcases for men—sometimes to disguise drinking tendencies and sometimes to hold actual business papers—are done here. Golf bags with extra compartments for whatever you need are also handled with an expert touch.

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE have such an imposing array of cases and trunks of all types, all ready to wrap up and take home with you, that it seems impossible that anyone but the very finicky couldn't find something satisfactory there. They do special orders, however, if you insist; and have a dandy collection of suggested fittings to be placed in any bag you desire. The newest stunt, however, is making up hat and shoe boxes covered with tweeds to match your travelling ensemble—just

IL y a grand nombre de restaurants où l'on peut manger, mais combien y en a-t-il où l'on peut dîner?

Maillard's
MADISON AVENUE AT FORTY SEVENTH
MIDI ET SOIR



"That's a Very Superior Window—"

said a man we know when we took him to look at Chez Vous.

"You must get a lot of fun out of pinning curtains back like that and putting the right colors together. Quite a knack to it, I suppose."

We were about to get very indignant when it occurred to us that a great many people have this same idea about the subtle business of putting life and personality into an interior. We didn't want anyone to have any such misconception about Chez Vous, so we told our vague friend that pinning back curtains and matching colors formed only a very tiny part of our mission in life. We told him that we did many more important things—everything, in fact, from the rearrangement of an uninspired floor plan to the final placement of lighting fixtures, from the initial purchasing to the final combining of woods, materials, and periods into a harmonious whole.

"And in addition to all that," we concluded, with a great deal of emphasis, "Chez Vous collects arts and antiques from every out-of-the-way corner in Europe and New England and sells them at very reasonable prices.

"And in addition to all that," we were determined to have the last word, "Chez Vous offers a very unusual shopping service for people who aren't quite sure of what they want, or who are very sure, but don't know where to find it."

Maybe it sounds smug, but we can't help saying that our friend went away very much impressed.

Why don't you stop at Chez Vous sometime soon? We can promise that you will be interested—and you *might* even be impressed.

CHEZ VOUS

Incorporated

20 East 58th Street

Arts & Interiors **New York City** ***Wickersham 1520***

one of those amusing ideas for the woman who Has Everything.

MARK CROSS, 404 Fifth Avenue, should be remembered, though customwork is not stressed to any extent. And no one who knows the town can ever, ever forget Abercrombie & Fitch, Madison Avenue and Forty-fifth Street. But these will loom with real prominence later, when luggage that is all prepared and ready for you attracts our eye. —L. L.

MONOGRAMS

ANOTHER way of creating the impression of exquisite personal thought in a gift, and probably the least expensive method known at this time, is the gift that is monogrammed.

Bewildered souls who are not experts in the fine points of handkerchiefs and intimate apparel for women should heed the following instructions about monograms. Don't ever give handkerchiefs with one initial unless they are extraordinarily exquisite imported ones—everyone knows they are picked off the counter at the last minute with no special thought. Don't go in for fancy initials adorned with curlicues—very simple ones are most chic. Don't go in for openwork initials, unless they are marvellously done, and, even at that, they are pretty démodé. It is still smart to have the first name or nickname of the recipient written in script, usually without the first letter capitalized, on lingerie, on blouses, on the corner or the middle or along the edge of handkerchiefs. A flowing script three-letter monogram, not capitals, is also attractive—Saks-Fifth Avenue particularly love this. On chiffon handkerchiefs for evening, or daytime, Paris is fond of two or three-letter monograms in the simplest possible design, with no box around them or anything, in a shade to harmonize with the body of the handkerchief. The letters can be perfectly enormous if you like.

The simple type of monogram favored now has, naturally enough, gone mildly modernist in all the up-to-date places, so ask to see these, too. Bergdorf-Goodman, Fifth Avenue and Fifty-eighth Street, are amusing themselves putting rhinestone initials in the corners of large chiffon handkerchiefs—one-line letters in sparkling tiny stones. These take a week to do. Other ideas of this sort include hand-painted initials or first names on chiffon for young things at, say, Lord & Taylor. The

change to OLD GOLD and protect your THROAT

THE SMOKE SCREEN THAT KEEPS OUT THROAT DANGERS

© P. Lorillard Co., Est. 1760

WHY RISK THE DANGER OF IRRITATION ?

Flu in the air. Sniffles at the next desk. Change to OLD GOLD. Its naturally good tobaccos are smooth and kind to your throat . . . Just clean, ripe tobacco, blended to honey-smoothness. And a flavor that has won more than 100,000 taste-tests. No artificial treatment . . . just better tobacco, that's all. And it has put OLD GOLD among the leaders in THREE years! . . . Take a carton home. Do it today. For this is the weather you NEED OLD GOLD.

Better tobaccos make them smoother and better . . . with "not a cough in a carload"

On *your radio* . . . OLD GOLD—PAUL WHITEMAN HOUR. Paul Whiteman and his orchestra, every Tuesday, 9 to 10 P. M. Eastern Standard Time.

Renewal

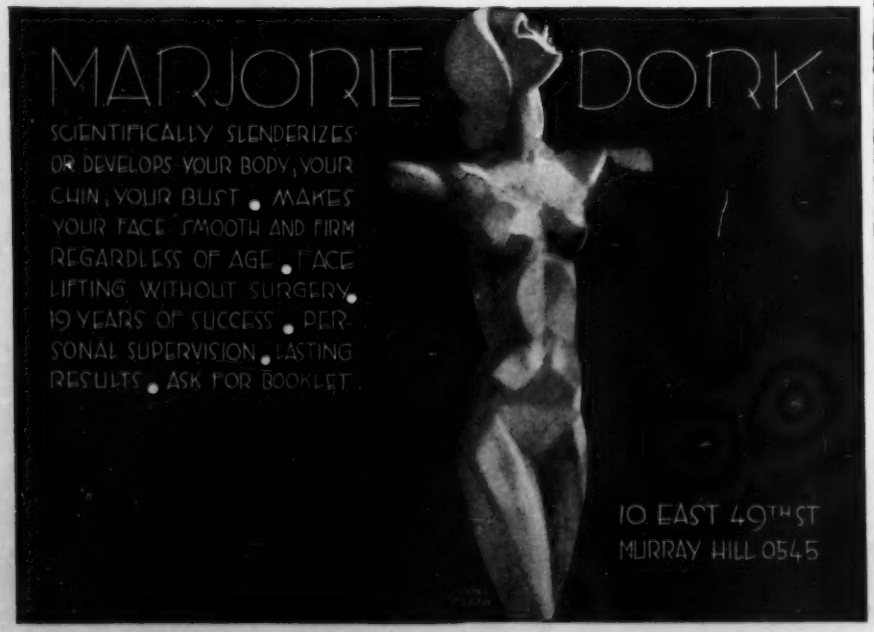
Sophisticated skins will welcome the arrival of Margaret Brainard's COSRE' TREATMENT. They will discover new youth in the vitalizing rays of her Cosre' Lamp and the silken consistency of her fragrant Cosre' Creams.

For this COSRE' TREATMENT makes it possible to enjoy a brief home facial that makes one as fresh and sparkling as when one steps from a beauty booth in one's favorite salon. It is a home facial that actually renews.... The Cosre' Treatment is priced at $25.00. However, the Cosre' Lamp may be purchased separately, and so may each one of the four Cosre' Creams. Margaret Brainard, Salon: 654 Madison Avenue, New York.

SAKS-FIFTH-AVENUE
NEW YORK

THE BLUM STORE
PHILADELPHIA

CHAS. A. STEVENS & BROS.
CHICAGO


MARJORIE DORK
SCIENTIFICALLY SLENDERIZES OR DEVELOPS YOUR BODY, YOUR CHIN, YOUR BUST • MAKES YOUR FACE SMOOTH AND FIRM REGARDLESS OF AGE • FACE LIFTING WITHOUT SURGERY • 19 YEARS OF SUCCESS • PERSONAL SUPERVISION • LASTING RESULTS • ASK FOR BOOKLET
10 EAST 49TH ST
MURRAY HILL 0545

color harmony is so well worked out here that there is no glaring, Russian-art look.

CONSULTATION with one of those immaculately groomed men-about-town who simply infest this office reveals some definite opinions on monogramming which, like all good advice on male attire, fall very much on the conservative side and are safest unless you know definitely that the recipient loves checked waistcoats, diamond scarfpins, white spats with evening clothes, and other mild eccentricities of dress. The thing to remember, says he, is that initials for men are for identification and not for decoration. This rules out cut-out initials for scarves or handkerchiefs; monograms in contrasting or shaded color, even to black on white for evening, unless the initials are of a color to match a colored border; all monograms that stray in the least from the simplest possible design. He is also mildly opposed to an indulgence in boxes or circles around the identification. He does, surprisingly, allow script monogram, in lower case if you like, of the last name, provided it is short and sweet, like "Ross," but scowls horribly on "Teddy" and such except for the inside of sentimental cigarette cases. On handkerchiefs, a chic note is a small and simple monogram in the exact centre, but the corner is still allowed, and a script name may be written on the tape near the corner of the handkerchief or across the corner as you like.

For men, the simplest possible letters should prevail in gold or silver monograms on cigarette cases, wallets, leather goods, military brushes, and so on. A facsimile of the name in metal is also correct. The same simplicity applies to gold or silver or marcasite letters for women's handbags, though, for women, they can be taller and more distorted. A script monogram or name in gold (Saks) is very effective on women's handbags, be it known.

ALL of the department stores do good monogramming, with Altman, Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street (conservative), Lord & Taylor, Fifth Avenue and Thirty-eighth Street (not quite so conservative), and Saks-

Fifth Avenue (not conservative at all) prominent. The first two are also excellent for household linens. None of them, however, is anxious to take orders much after November 15. The best men's specialty shops may be relied on to do their duty by your men folk, and lingerie houses like Vera Sanville and Daisy Garson and Mme. Collart and the Colony Lingerie will be discussed at some length next week. Keep them in mind until then for fripperies.

WHEN you come to the subject of household linens as Christmas gifts, everyone must tread a bit more carefully than they do with the gay frivolities of life, for there is a certain feeling of permanence about them. Except for bathroom equipment, which has gone dandy and wild lately, and those bright informal luncheon sets of a country trend, your housewife may have ideas so set that she will not bless you for having linen monogrammed and, therefore, impossible to exchange. Some like elaborate linen and some like simple—there are a thousand variations and it would be considerate to find out exactly what she likes before doing anything irrevocable. Don't give colored sheets unless you are sure she likes them. Machine monograms are charming on bath mats and towels, but are usually unsafe on anything but towelling. With which few words, I suggest a short list, necessarily incomplete, that will give you an idea of what goes on about town:

ASCHER-LE VIN, 500 Madison Avenue: Monogramming in two tones, with shadow effect, done a lot here. The latest in modernist monograms; particularly good in black and white for those black-and-white bathrooms that have been cropping up everywhere. No orders after November 15.

THE BATH SHOP, 390 Park Avenue: Devoted to the bathroom, and very gay about it. They love to monogram hampers and bath-scales as well as towels and washcloths.

GRANDE MAISON DE BLANC, 540 Fifth Avenue: Every type of linen, with elegant bath sets having tailored monograms as a special Christmas touch. Orders to November 15.

MAISON DE LINGE, 844 Madison Avenue: Will take orders as late as De-

...GOT COLD FEET?

THERE'S no excuse when smart style says "Spats" and STANDARD SPATS mean ankle comfort in any weather.

Wearing low shoes the year 'round has made STANDARD SPATS—the standard of three generations of well-dressed men—a winter comfort necessity—more popular, more sensible and smarter than ever.

STANDARD SPATS are perfectly tailored for snug fit, smartness and comfort. Made in all popular spat materials; in Pearl Grey, Medium Dark Grey, Light Fawn and Dark Fawn.

STANDARD SPATS are sold by good shoe stores and haberdashers everywhere.

Be sure they're "STANDARD"

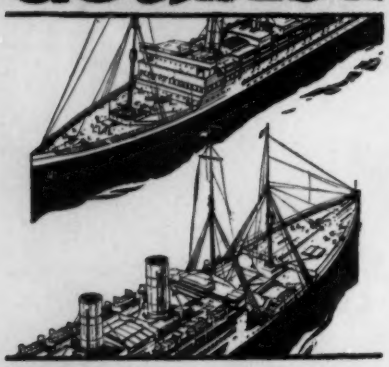
Look for the label in every pair

Standard SPATS

THE STANDARD OF OVER HALF A CENTURY

Tailored by S. RAUH & COMPANY 650 Sixth Avenue, New York

doubled



Mediterranean cruises

CANADIAN PACIFIC doubles its Mediterranean program next winter... two identical 73-day cruises by the world's greatest travel system ...result of double demand for the Canadian Pacific kind of cruise guidance and mentorship!

Which will you take? S. S. Empress of Scotland, Feb. 3, ... S. S. Empress of France, Feb. 13. Both from New York. The usual enchanting ports and many other out-of-the-way spots... Majorca, isle of Chopin's romance with Georges Sand ... carnival Venice ... Dubrovnik and Korto ... Greece, from peasant Corfu to classic Athens... 18 full days in Biblical lands.

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—L. L.

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FOR boxes of all sorts done in cardboard, try The Box Mart, 510 Madison Avenue. This is a good place to order closet sets—hat and suit storage cases and the like.

Those big, complicated closet units that store hats, shoes, stockings, and practically anything, can be ordered from Mrs. George Herzog's studio at 780 Madison Avenue. Philip Hall, 38 East Forty-ninth Street, does the same sort of thing for men.

The Old Arts Shop, 753 Madison Avenue, covers anything for the house—boxes, picture frames, trays, cushions—with antique fabrics from your own trunks or theirs. . . . The Herter Looms, 19 East Fifty-fifth Street or 444 Madison Avenue, will make up new furniture to look like family heirlooms through a special antiquing paint process; their things are beautifully done, but it takes time, even if your choice is no more than a hanging shelf. . . . Olivette Falls, 563 Madison Avenue, The Three New Yorkers, 8 West Forty-seventh Street, and The Mayhew Shop, 603 Madison Avenue, have unusually good small upholstered pieces and wide selections of fabrics. . . . The Chintz Shop, 431 Madison Avenue, is the place to order that new poudreuse covered all over in shellacked chintz, with comb, brush, and other accessories to match. . . . Unfinished-furniture houses, like Hearthstone, at 224 East Fifty-seventh Street, and Robert Campbell, 216 East Forty-first Street, need as much time as you can give them on Christmas orders.

WELL, maybe I haven't thought of everything. But you can't go wrong on ordering whatever I may have left out before the next two weeks are past. It's the only way to keep Christmas merry. I never do it myself, so I know.

—B. B.

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PENROD-JASHBER

MUSICAL EVENTS

The Prodigious Ricci and a New Orchestra—Concerts and Another Herbert Revival—Hisses

ANOTHER child prodigy in a velvet suit, a Buster Brown collar, white socks, and bare knees appeared in Mecca Temple when Henry Hadley's new Manhattan Symphony Orchestra made its début. I don't like little shavers with fiddles. Unless they are downright ugly, the audience makes an inexcusable fuss over them, and most of them are tricked out to look reasonably winsome. I discover a certain pleasure in almost all musicians except sopranos who sing Mozart with a rapturous grin, and Little Lord Fauntleroysterers.

Having delivered myself of this indirect litany, I must confess that Ruggiero Ricci, aged nine and made up to look at least three years younger, made one of the greatest sensations that I ever have encountered in a concert hall. The audience was a deliberately friendly gathering, but probably it would have been the same with any assembly. Master Ricci played the Mendelssohn Concerto and stole the show. As another product from the same studio, Yehudi Menuhin, obliterated successfully a new symphony at his début, so did Il Ruggiero manage to wipe out almost all impressions of a new symphony orchestra.

REMEMBER that I have a prejudice against these newborn Heifetzes, an ancient prejudice that has not yet been removed. Nevertheless, the Italian Boy Violinist, as the program described him (lest anyone should mistake him for Leopold Auer), seems to be one of the most remarkable fiddlers of recent times. If this sounds unduly cautious, it is only because I doubt whether a child prodigy can be measured accurately on the basis of an introduction with an orchestra. Full-grown violinists usually reveal themselves to better advantage in recital than in a symphonic background, but the velvet-suited musicians have a terrific head start when they tote out their tiny fiddles and play to the accompaniment of a hundred adults. The whole business involves a ready-made showmanship that never misses.

A catalogue of Ricci's assets would include sure and nimble fingers, a striking feeling for proportion, a sturdy bow arm, self-possession, and something that may or may not be musicianship. That he is another triumph for the brilliant Louis Persinger, who taught him, is undisputed. Of course he played in tune. For some reason, few young fiddlers suffer from bad intonation. Perhaps the use of miniature violins has something to do with it, but let's not get technical.

In a little while, Ricci will be heard in recital. Strong men probably will be reduced to tears at the spectacle of the little fellow going through a taxing program, and weaker men will go home and annoy their own children with the traditional "Now, will you practice!" Fortunately, Ricci is in the hands of Mr. Persinger, and I suspect that after a string of profitable appearances he will be permitted to develop normally. His gifts are too great to be subjected to random exploitation.

ALL of this has been a bit neglectful of Mr. Hadley and his new band. The Manhattan Symphony, I learn from official sources, was not formed to compete with the Philharmonic-Symphony or with any hope of driving the Philadelphia and Boston orchestras out of town. It is trying to give concerts in popular vein, which accounts for the presence on the program of a group beginning with the "Liebestraum," and it hopes to provide enjoyable music for those who like a symphony orchestra but cannot afford to pay a great deal for that pleasure. There is good material in the orchestra, and if it can attract the audience which it is seeking, it should fare well. If this audience does not exist (I am not implying that it is nonexistent), it will be farewell. Mr. Hadley is a thorough musician and an able conductor, and he broke all re-

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"The Long, Long Trail" of a trusting Tessie who rode and rode, and stopped and talked, and walked and walked. Hear this and save shoe leather, girls. From "Spring Is Here".

With a Song in my Heart

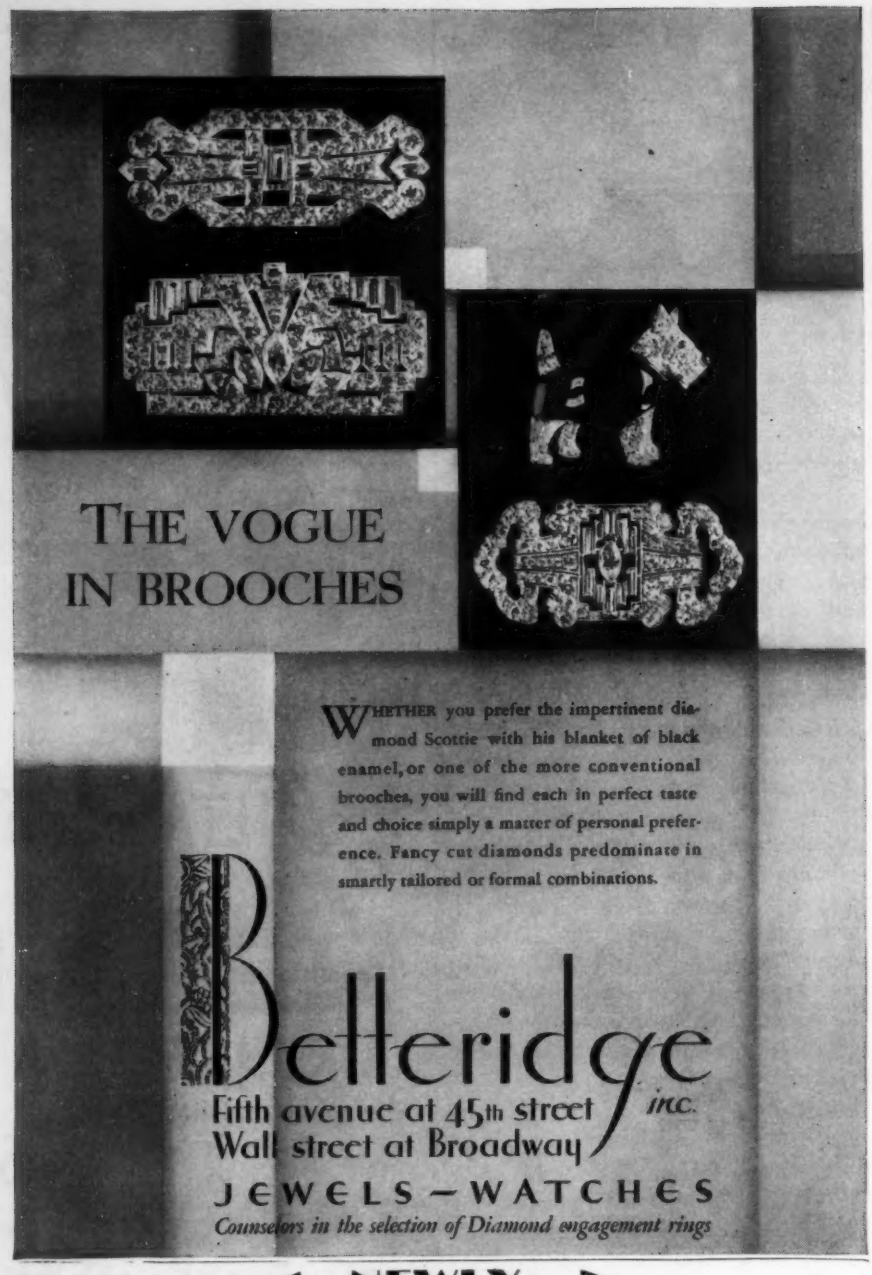
Stethoscopic revelations of a love lunatic, heartfully murmured by a trio of specialists with an ear for that sort of thing. Get in on the consultation. It listens swell. From "Spring Is Here". *No.* 4522

The Web of Love

Song of a web spun by a son-of-a-gun named "Cupid". Just a nasty nursery rhyme harmoniously hummed by Los Angeles' pets—the Biltmore Trio. From "The Great Gabbo".

I'm in Love With You

Vocal preamble to a perambulator, harmonized in the best tonsorial traditions by a trio of tender tonsils (the Baritone had his removed and the Tenor lost one practicing sword swallowing). From "The Great Gabbo". *No.* 4511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cords for modesty by not placing one of his own compositions on the opening program.

Incidentally, the Manhattan Symphony has program notes by none other than John Erskine, but they did nothing to explain his reputation.

SOME of our major recitalists are with us playing, for the time being, conventional programs in a manner that, as they say, defies criticism. What can one set down about Harold Bauer or Max Rosen that would not be a reiteration of previous commendation? The Beethoven Association also has resumed its labors, and you wouldn't drop dead, would you, if you heard that Mr. Bauer and Felix Salmond participated in the first festivities? Of the newcomers, the best impression so far was registered by Lawrence Strauss, an accomplished *lieder* singer from California.

Up at the Jolson Theatre, there is a revival of "Naughty Marietta," the third in the Herbert cycle, and musically the most ambitious so far presented. Under the energetic direction of Louis Kroll, the orchestra and ensemble have developed an unwonted cohesion, and there is a corking performance of the principal rôle by Ilse Marvenga, who not only looks enticing and acts charmingly but also establishes a precedent by omitting to reach after top notes that are not in her voice.

ABOUT the hissing of the Schönberg "Variations" at the Philadelphia Orchestra concert: hissing at these events has occurred before and it has no musical significance. It does not mean that we have a staid body of music lovers who resent such indescribable curiosities as the Schönberg work and other contemporary experiments. It is an outlet for those who have had to wait in line for standing room, and an opportunity for stuffy old gents to seem fearfully brave without the re-

• •

an open letter to queenie smith

"This seems to be the open season for open letters, and we like to be the last word.

"Not so many years ago when you were just a child—one of us saw you at the Metropolitan in *Hansel and Gretel.* That was the year he stopped believing in Santa Claus and began to believe in fairy tales . . .

"All three of us saw you in *Helen of Troy, New York,* and six times in *Tip Toes.* Now that we have seen you again, we feel that we have achieved life's highest moments—unless you will smile at Row B tomorrow night, which marks the occasion of our fifteenth appearance at *Street Singer.*

"Don't we *rate* the smile, Queenie—the price of seats being what it is today?

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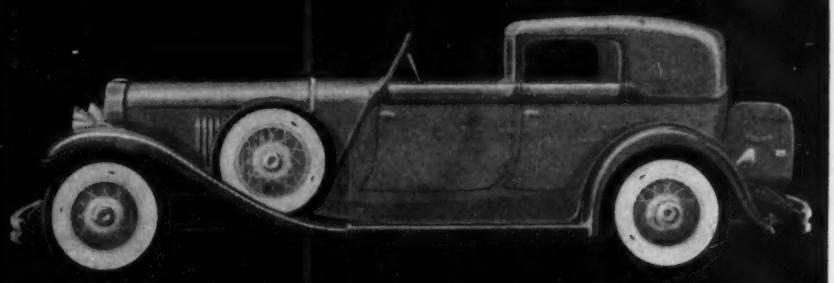

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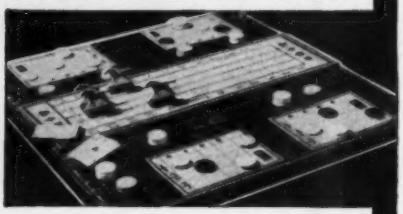

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motest danger of retaliation. Mr. Stokowski scolded his audience, and rightfully, but I don't think it will do any good. Philadelphia Orchestra audiences here used to come to be seen. Now they have discovered that they can come to be heard and get away with it.

—R. A. S.

POPULAR SHEET MUSIC

A Survey of Theme Songs —Waltz with Triplets

THE young men who confect verses and remember melodies for a living tell me that the theme-song racket is threatening to put out of business all writers who have not the good fortune to be involved in it. Even so, there are a few non-talkie airs that seem to be getting along. I understand that some of the best-sellers include: "A Photograph of the Sweeter Half of My Love Affair" (possible successor: "A Disc of the Risk That I Took"); "Congratulations," very sad ones; "It's Unanimous Now," which means that everybody loves somebody; "Lonely Troubadour;" "When You're Counting the Stars Alone" (although why anyone should want to indulge in that pastime in groups is something else); and a dozen others.

Anyhow, the menacing theme songs seem to have outgrown the "Woman Disputed, I Love You" phase. "Sunny Side Up," for instance, has a score on a par with that of most musical comedies, it being a product of the eternal De Sylva, Brown, and Henderson. "Aren't We All?" is an effective contribution, and "If I Had a Talking Picture of You" arrives with more speed and grace than one might suspect from its title. The name-ditty, "Sunny Side Up," also is good hoofing.

"Gold Diggers of Broadway" specializes in natural phenomena with two pleasant ariosos, "Tip-Toe Through the Tulips" and "Painting the Clouds with Sunshine." There should have been something like "Calling a Spade a Finger Bowl," but it's too late now. "The Hollywood Revue" has a nest of hits, the greatest of which is "Singin' in the Rain," which I don't like as well as "Low Down Rhythm" or "Gotta Feelin' for You," from the same score. Look out also for a sob march called "Your Mother and Mine."

"Marianne" has a good collection

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To give you a preliminary idea of this service, we have just published a book entitled *"A Service of Estate Analysis."* In the column at the right we list some of the subjects this book covers. Read this column, then send for a free copy of this book.

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1. An outline of the preliminary survey which we make of estate problems brought to us for our study and suggestions. *This survey contains:*

... some valuable suggestions for the man who feels that his estate is inadequate for his family's needs.

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Jan. 16, "	s. s. Caledonia	26 days	275
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Apr. 12, "	s. s. Samaria	12 days	175

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of tunes, with particular honors for "Just You—Just Me." "Why Bring That Up?" has an attractive blues variation in "Shoo-Shoo Boogie-Boo," which is not as childish as you might think. "The Great Gabbo" offers a viable fox trot, "The Web of Love," and "Dynamite" presents "How Am I to Know?," which seems to me one of the best of all theme songs. "Revolutionary Rhythm," from "Footlights and Fools," has excellent rhythm, if nothing revolutionary about it, and "When the Real Thing Comes Your Way," from "Illusion," is worth a few efforts at the piano. "Applause" brings out "What Wouldn't I Do for That Man," another "sacrifice hit," with neatly turned harmonies.

COMEDY songs from talkies are not yet up to the level of dance productions, but the Gertrude Lawrence film has "They All Fall in Love," by Cole Porter, derived somewhat from his "Let's Do It." A swell job, however, derivative or not. And "Glorifying the American Girl" has a waltz, "There Must Be Somebody Waiting for Me," which gains a bit of distinction by the use of triplets.

There are more—but can't they wait? —POP

•

INSIGNIFICANCE

In solitude
I hear the rude
  And ribald speech of spheres;
When I'm alone,
I hear the moan
  Of swift, careering years.

"You'll be quite dead,"
The planets said,
  "A pinch of bone and rust;
While we whirl on,
Your lexicon
  Will whisper into dust!"

A Wedgwood plate
Of ancient date,
  A battered pewter spoon,
Leer down at me
And mutter, *"She*
  Is marked to leave us soon."

—PATIENCE EDEN

•

We must have men and women who, at this moment, will not allow themselves to be led up side alleys that lead nowhere but end in cool decents.—*Ramsay MacDonald, quoted in the Herald Tribune.*

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Each year hundreds of men and women who have mastered the art of fine living come to Grove Park Inn for the late Fall Season. No matter where they have summered nor where they may go later in the Winter, November finds them back at the Inn. Indian Summer in the "Land of the Sky"—a sapphire interlude of sun-flooded days—soft and exhilarating, with just a nip of Fall to add zest to outdoor sports, is the most resplendent season of the year. Come now when the mountains are a flaming riot of red and gold forests. When every bridle trail is an adventure never to be forgotten. The velvety green golf course, front lawn of the Inn, awaits you. Join the clan in the evening in front of the great fireplaces where ten-foot hickory logs crackle with good cheer. The Fall Season reaches its gayest tempo in November. Reservations are desired in advance.

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HORSE SHOWS AND HUNTS

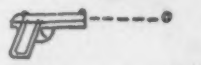
Pastoral Essex — Raps and Scratches—The Shyness of the Great West

FAR HILLS has one man who should be contented — Mr. E. B. Schley; for every day he may look over the rolling, classically pastoral scene, framed with blue hills, that the average race-goer sees but once a year, when the Essex hounds hold their meeting there. His estate forms about the only perfect setting for hunt-racing that the East provides; from the top of a hill, one sees every fence plainly, and yet the course is over two miles around, and every yard on well-browsed turf, over indestructible post-and-rail fences such as characterize the whole region. No wonder the Essex people boast of their country—the portion visible from Froh-Heim looked an American Leicestershire.

WEDNESDAY was more or less a dress-rehearsal for the important races of the meet on Saturday; but, as such, more casual, friendly, and serene than the big show. Particularly refreshing was the sight of several dozen tweedy men, with shooting-sticks and field glasses, who had no official or business connection with the races at all, but were there, on a Wednesday, office be hanged, to see horses run over fences.

Festivities started with a farmers' race, which produced five starters, including a roan horse with a Navajo bridle, a quite good-looking bay that was made a prohibitive favorite because his tail was pulled, and a white steed with flowing main, of such action and temperament that he could be sure of a job at any pageant ever given. The bay horse won by himself, the rest came galumphing down the stretch closely bunched, amid wholesale yelling and flailing; they didn't care about beating each other, but they wanted the halters which are given to those running the half-mile in one minute, and, believe it or not, they all got halters.

THE Ajax Bowl, for hunters to carry one hundred ninety pounds

THE OTHER DAY two gents from the West Side set up in business on 47th street One mixed it in a bathtub upstairs, while the other was selling it for 75c a throw downstairs. Shortly afterward, two other gents whose trade next door began to fall off, fixed them for the hospital  where they were served **Breyers** Ice Cream by pretty nurses —and more Ice Cream by very pretty nurses This tickled them—they were tired of synthetic, imitation stuff.

There's nothing "synthetic" about Breyers Ice Cream. It's just *real* cream, *real* sugar, a *real* fruit or *natural* flavoring . . . *and nothing else!*

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FOLMER GRAFLEX CORP. ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

over four miles of timber, proved conclusively that a hefty man has an awfully hard job getting a horse to carry him in the first flight. Richard Whitney's Grampian, a fine-appearing gray, looked like carrying three hundred pounds in the paddock; and Mr. Durant's Jumbo was a big horse too. After once around, however, the two blood horses, Mrs. William Phillips' Nimrod II and Gerald Balding's Ballycarola, were the only ones standing up, and the former won cantering. Grampian was the tiredest horse we ever saw, coming up the hill to the double the second time. He managed the "in" by the grace of heaven, but when the "out" loomed up so quickly, he simply collapsed over it and lay flat for several minutes while people fanned him, threw water on him, and otherwise treated him like a Victorian heroine. Thus are the doubting Thomases shown again: "blood to carry weight."

THE non-winners' race produced the interesting proof that showring jumping ruins a post-and-rail horse's technique: Mendoza, whom Vincent Grace has just bought from Harvey Ladew, and Sea Plant of the Garvan stable (better known to horse-show followers as Blank Check) both jumped too faultlessly. Fast enough and beautifully bred, the former by Troutbeck and the latter by Wrack, they wasted so much time jumping up and down over their fences that Speed Limit, rapping every fence fore and aft, but landing galloping, was able to beat them quite easily. Of course, theories were all upset by the easy win of our favorite, Lieutenant Seas, in the next race, for as usual with him, he scarcely rubbed a fence and yet won all alone. His clean jumping, however, is the result of natural inclination and a faultless stride, and not of frequent bangs from a tack-pole or lead pipe, as with the show horses. He was an added starter in a race which on the card seemed as impressive as the Essex Cup itself, but which was cut down to three by scratches.

The brush race was cut to twelve by scratches, but a dozen looked like the Grand National when they came bunched to the first narrow fence. The flower of the gentleman-rider crop was up, but even such an artist as Brother Bostwick could not stem the unbroken string of victories which the westerners have on brush races hereabouts. Walter Briggs, of Detroit, won with Fore Lark, a winner on the flat at Rye, and a smart jumper as well, like

a Vital Message

to women who refuse to surrender to the years!

INSTEAD of spending hours before the mirror or lying awake nights worrying about your looks, please spend five minutes reading the message on this page. It is written not to entertain or amuse you. Its purpose is to help you retain or regain the charm and loveliness of youth.

If you have been experimenting with numberless creams and "panaceas"—resulting in discouragement and disappointment, turn now to the preparations of Madame Rubinstein and let the creations of an acknowledged authority charge your skin with new life—mould the contours of your face and throat to their former delicacy. . . . Or if you are standing at the threshold of life, with the priceless heritage of youth still in your possession, safeguard it as your greatest treasure. Let nothing touch your skin but the creams and lotions which Madame Rubinstein says are scientifically correct *for your particular needs.* . . . The following is a

BASIC BEAUTY TREATMENT

For the Mature Skin

CLEANSE with Water Lily Cleansing Cream, the luxurious, rejuvenating cream. (2.50). STIMULATE with Eau Verte, a liquid "exerciser." Rouses the circulation—gives the skin a rosy glow. (3.00). TIGHTEN the contour with Georgine Lactee—a muscle tightening balsam, to be patted in briskly. Firms the contour. (3.00). NOURISH with Grecian Anti-Wrinkle Cream (Anthosoros) to correct lines, ward off incipient wrinkles and replenish the natural oils of the skin. (1.75). FINISH with Skin Toning Lotion Special—a refreshing, mildly astringent tonic. Closes the pores. Prepares the skin for make-up. (1.25).

For the Younger Skin

CLEANSE with Water Lily Cleansing Cream—loveliest of cleansers. (2.50). MASSAGE with the cooling and nourishing Novena Cerate. (2.50). Before powdering, PROTECT the skin with Water Lily Foundation; causes make-up to delicately adhere. (2.00).

"I have developed a scientifically correct preparation for every possible beauty need," says Madame Rubinstein. "A complete list is available in my booklet 'The Secrets of Beauty' (which I shall be glad to send on request)."

For Dry Skin and Lines about the Eyes

If your skin is dry, wrinkled or lined about the eyes—nourish the tissues with VALAZE EXTRAIT, the Anti-Wrinkle Lotion. (2.50).

For Oily Skin, Blackheads and Large Pores

Use VALAZE BEAUTY GRAINS (1.00) a delightful, cleansing wash; or VALAZE BLACKHEAD AND OPEN PORE PASTE (1.00). VALAZE LIQUIDINE (1.50), a special lotion, removes all "shine."

• • •

Personal Consultation

If you live near one of Madame Rubinstein's Beauty Salons, drop in for a confidential conference. Or you may receive careful and complete instructions by mail if you will write to her personally.

• • •

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Helena Rubinstein's
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National Broadcasting Chain and Associated Stations

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at 11.30 A. M.
Eastern Standard Time

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For your powder, choose VALAZE NOVENA POWDER if your skin is dry, or VALAZE COMPLEXION POWDER if normal, or oily. Both are fragrant, clinging, and come in all the new tints. (1.50 to 5.50) . . . Or POUDRE ENCHANTÉ, the most exquisite powder in the world. (3.00). For the glow of color that enlivens and glorifies, you should adopt VALAZE ROUGES: Red Raspberry for daytime or vivid Red Geranium for evening — in compact, (1.00) or *en crême* (1.00 to 5.00).

To add the dash of provocative allure, use WATER LILY LIPSTICK, exquisitely soft, perfectly indelible; will not change color. Ruby for day—Cardinal for evening; smartly enameled green, black or chinese red cases. (1.25).

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What marvelous gifts they make—these Helena Rubinstein powders, rouges, lipsticks, compacts, beauty boxes . . . Room here to show only one—the BEAUTY BOX, a luxuriously built traveling case, containing wondrous creams and lotions to make the most arduous journey a tour of pleasure and delight. (27.50).

Send for illustrated booklet showing other Beauty Boxes (5.50, 16.50 and 45.00) or ask to see them at the nearest Salon or dealer.

Helena Rubinstein

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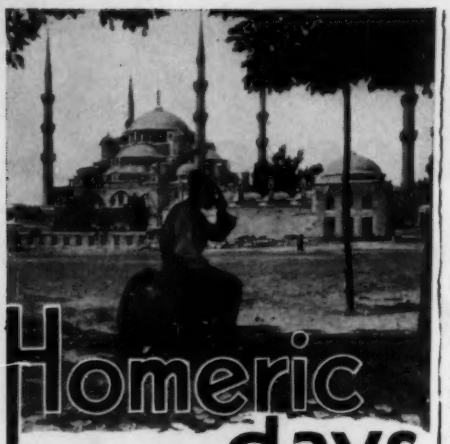

Homeric days

In Constantinople. The real, the unreal. Hero and Leander, St. Sofia; Jason and the Argo; Pan and Aphrodite, Pera, Stamboul and Scutari. The East, the West—a racial panorama—living, seething, throbbing on Galata Bridge. Mosques and minarets, coffee houses, bazaars. Bewilderingly beautiful—Constantinople, visited on the

Mediterranean Cruise Supreme

from New York January 25th next

The Homeric—one of the world's foremost ships—with 115 rooms connected with private baths—the largest steamer to the Mediterranean—takes you to all the right places at the right time—14,000 miles—67 days.

Casablanca, Palma-Majorca, Barcelona, Valetta, Larnaka and Ajaccio are new ports added to an already wondrous itinerary. Two weeks in Egypt—the Holy Land, generous stay-over privileges. Return voyage by steamers Majestic, Olympic or Homeric.

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his stablemate, the Lieutenant; and James Simpson of Chicago was nosed out for second by Mrs. Phillips' new horse, Known Hero, so the West and the fair sex won the lion's share at the dress-rehearsal.

Perhaps the infrequent appearances of Lieutenant Seas are necessitated by those front legs of his, for when he attempted to come back on Saturday in the arduous four miles of the Jersey Cup, the incredible happened and he fell, but Regan McKinney on Sea Soldier, the Man o' War horse, was right behind to keep up the western record.

WE wonder if the westerners will do as well in the horse shows at Boston and Madison Square. Apparently they're pretty chary of trying them, although everyone knows they buy the best in the world. Chief of Longview, the incomparable five-gaited champion, never comes east of Kentucky, and most of the great imported harness horses and ponies don't even leave California, the state of their adoption. Mrs. Vanderbilt Church made a very sporting gesture recently by bringing her harness horses out to the shows in Washington and Oregon, where, on the face of it, they could not win. Now it is up to the West to send its champions on for the National, because a really good horse should win nationally and not sectionally, as so many do. Mr. and Mrs. Palmer, of Detroit, are exceptions, as they have campaigned Likely Lady all over the country since May. She deserves to win at the National if only for consistency, as no judge has turned her down, and no issue has been declined by her.

The comeback of Lucky Lindy, who turned out to be an outlaw after Percy Strassburger bought him from Bob Moreland this spring, will also be watched with interest. It is reported that someone has "found the key" to him formerly possessed only by Quinn Davis; and his recent championship in Montclair seems to verify this.

Perhaps Boston will produce the new sensation we have needed so long to jog us out of dull, monotonous, foregone conclusions.—TOUCH AND GO

•

STATISTICS FOR THE VERY YOUNG

[*From the Times*]

MARGIN CALLS

If all the margin calls sent out of Wall Street Saturday morning were placed end to end, the line would stretch a great distance.

A sleep. A pleasant ride. Look! The ocean on one side, the hospitable "Cavalier" on the other! Luncheon. (What a luncheon!) Then, golf on the Princess Anne Course, beloved of golfers. You'll revel in Virginia Beach. Bluest of skies! Bright sun. The "Cavalier," a Broadway Hotel that's come to enjoy itself by the sea. 12-hour through Pullman, New York to hotel grounds. Complete information and descriptive literature upon request.

C. V. DELAHUNT
Managing Director

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VIRGINIA BEACH
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Dine . . . . . .

amid the soft, bewitching beauty of Old Spain

at SEVILLIA

the famous

ALICE FOOTE MacDOUGALL COFFEE HOUSE

50 West 57th St., N.Y.

Open 8 A.M. to 9 P.M. for
BREAKFAST
LUNCHEON
DINNER

The Spanish Singers entertain every evening from 6:30 to 8:30 ...on Sundays from 6 to 8:30.

Private rooms... The Attic, The Wine Cellar, Alhambra, and The Peacock Room...may be reserved for large or small parties.

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28 West 51st Street

luncheon, tea, and dinner served by the former chef of the Presidential yacht, U. S. S. Mayflower

(Quan's specialty—Rice and Curry)

World Premiere Sunday Eve. Nov. 3rd 8:30
Thereafter twice daily 2:30 - 8:30

Samuel Goldwyn *presents*

RONALD COLMAN

in

his second All Talking Romance

"Condemned"

Supported by great Stage Stars including

Ann Harding
Louis Wolheim
Dudley Digges

Adapted by Sidney Howard
From Blair Niles' Novel "Condemned to Devil's Island"

SELWYN Theatre
42nd St. W. of B'way

Greater than "Bulldog Drummond"

JACK EGAN
Co-starred with
SALLY O'NEIL
in "BROADWAY SCANDALS"
a Columbia all-talk, song and dance hit. Now at
GEO. M. COHAN THEATRE
43rd St. & Broadway
Proclaimed the outstanding juvenile of the talking screen!

ARTS AND INTERIORS

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

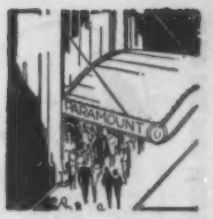
Lenore, She Make Talkie
—Well Below Par

WITH such interesting characters as Moosehide Kate and Yukon Lucy, Miss Lenore Ulric appears in her first talking picture, "Frozen Justice," which opened this last week at the Roxy. Miss Ulric's own name on the program is Talu, which isn't as informative as those of the other ladies involved—"Talu, married to a man named Lanak"— yet it is effective enough in the movietone.

Talu is a little Esquimau matron; half Esquimau, for it appears that her father was one of those white men who find more going on in the Arctic Circle than they report to the Geographical Society. This Caucasian strain makes Talu a bit restless with conditions in the igloo, and though she is married to the most important citizen of the settlement, or tribe, or whatever it is, she does not in the end resist the endearments of a passing sea captain, but flies with him to the noble city of Nome.

THE scenic possibilities of the ice-bound North have never seemed duly exploited in the movies, doubtless because it is too chill up there for the Hollywood group. In this picture something is done, to be sure, with the reaches of snow and ice, and it ends with an amazing display, which, for a moment, I thought was some symbolic manifestation in connection with the happy ending of the story, referring to the "Dawn of a New Day," or "The Birth of Love," but which, at last it did occur to me, was a camera study of the northern lights. However, the best and most graphic reels in the picture present us with Nome, Nome in the days of the gold rush of 'ninety-nine, a very stimulated and Mae West Nome, with the aforesaid Moosehide Kate and Yukon Lucy, as well as poor little Talu, doing their numbers as hard as they can, singing and weeping over "The Picture That Was Turned to the Wall." These interludes are amusing, and though I didn't think the camera especially flattering to Miss Ulric's

"there's something in it,"



said the clever cinema customer, "always a good show, so why seek farther for entertainment than

the paramount

with its "sweetie", not a little love a little kiss for this big theatre, but antics by nancy carroll, helen kane and jack oakie that really warms the cockles of its box-office heart! music by jesse crawford and charlie davis.

rivoli—united artists

where harold lloyd excites bigger and better laughs not at, but with him, as he talks from the screen for the first time . . . "welcome danger" the picture.

the criterion

which resounds with paramount's "applause", a picture ensconcing helen morgan—but not on a piano, she stands on her own feet, and how!

the rialto

where perch those two black crows, moran and mack—these birds are anything but ill-omened but "why bring that up?" that's the picture.

luxurious and comfortable, these are

publix theatres

SOPHISTICATED TOMFOOLERY

the kind that New Yorkers are fond of—the kind that makes New York New York—that's the kind you'll find at the

NATIONAL WINTER GARDEN
BURLESQUE

A music hall exciting and interesting in its gay parade of sophisticated tomfoolery.

2ND AVENUE AT HOUSTON ST.
Orchard 2772
Mats. Daily 2:30—Evenings 8:30
There is No Parking Problem Here
Make Reservations Now for Special Midnite New Years Eve Show

JOHN GOLDEN Thea., 58th St., E. of B'way. Evs. 8:50. Mats. Thurs. & Sat., 2:40

BELA BLAU, INC.
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WEEK END!

a new play by
AUSTIN PARKER

PLAYHOUSE West 48th St. Evs. 8:40 Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:30

STREET SCENE

JOHN GOLDEN presents FRANCINE

Larrimore

in *Let Us Be Gay* By RACHEL CROTHERS

LITTLE Theatre Evenings 8:50 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

BELASCO Theatre W. 44 St. Evs. 8:40 Matinees Thurs. & Sat. 2:40

DAVID BELASCO presents

"It's a Wise Child"

"A Flawless Cast"—ROBERT GARLAND *Eve. Telegram*

A Comedy by Laurence E. Johnson

WILLIAM HARRIS, JR. Presents

FRANK McGLYNN
in John Drinkwater's

Abraham Lincoln

FORREST Theatre 49th St. W. of B'way Evs. 8:30 MATS. WED. & SAT.

THE

CRIMINAL CODE

By MARTIN FLAVIN with ARTHUR BYRON

"You are quite swept off your feet by the forces it sets in motion." *J. Brooks Atkinson, Times.*

NATIONAL THEA., 41 St., W. of 7th Av. Evs. 8:50. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

"Biggest Laugh Hit in Town" —Darnton Eve. World

Sam H. Harris presents

JUNE MOON

A New Play by RING LARDNER and GEORGE S. KAUFMAN

BROADHURST 44 St. W. of B'y. Evs. 8:40 Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:30

LITTLE CIRCLE 7551 CARNEGIE PLAYHOUSE 146 W. 57th St.
Continuous 2 to Midnight

AMERICAN PREMIERE

Carl Laemmle presents

"THE LAST PERFORMANCE"

a Universal Picture with
MARY PHILBIN and CONRAD VEIDT

48th ST. Thea. E. of B'way. Evgs. 8:50. Matinees. WED. and SAT., 2:40.

"Remote Control"!

NOVEL RADIO MYSTERY PLAY

NEW AMSTERDAM "The House Beautiful."

MATS. WED. & SAT.

West 42 St. Erlanger, Dillingham, Ziegfeld, Mg. Dir.

ZIEGFELD Laughing Sensation

EDDIE CANTOR
in "WHOOPEE"

458 SEATS AT $1.00

HUDSON Theatre, West 44th Street. Evs. 8:30. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:30

Only Colored Musical Smash!

CONNIE'S—"AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'"

HOT CHOCOLATES

MIDNIGHT SHOW EVERY THURSDAY

AVON THEATRE W. 45 St. Dir. *A. L. Erlanger* Evs. 8:50, Mats. THURS. & SAT. 2:30

Brock Pemberton Presents

Strictly Dishonorable

New Comedy Hit by Preston Sturges

Staged by Antoinette Perry and Mr. Pemberton

"A Well-nigh Perfect Comedy"
—*J. Brooks Atkinson, N. Y. Times*

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presents

Gertrude Lawrence
IN
Candle-Light

EMPIRE THEATRE
B'WAY & 40 ST.—Evs. 8:50
Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2:30

Otis Skinner
IN
A Hundred Years Old

LYCEUM THEATRE
45 St. E. of B'way—Evs. 8:40
Matinees Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

Journey's End

(By arrangement with Maurice Brown)

HENRY MILLER'S
THEATRE, 124 W. 43 St.
Evs. 8:30, Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

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CARMEL MYERS
Famous Motion Picture Star

MISS HETTY KING
"World's Greatest Male Impersonator"

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KARL
AND
ANNA
By LEONHARD FRANK

GUILD Thea., W. 52nd. Evs. 8:50 Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40

GEORGE WHITE'S APOLLO WEST 42d ST. Evs. 8:30 Mats. 2:30
Pop. Mats. Wed. & Sat. $1 to $3

GEORGE WHITE'S

ALL NEW SCANDALS ALL NEW

LOEW'S LEXINGTON
51 ST. & LEXINGTON AVE.

Nov. 2, 3, 4: MARION DAVIES in "Marianne" (all talking). Nov. 5, 6: Clara Bow in "Dangerous Curves" (all talking). Nov. 7, 8: RETURN OF SHERLOCK HOLMES (all talking) with Clive Brook.

THE NEWEST MUSICAL COMEDY SMASH
FOLLOW THRU
"The most cheerful of season's musicshows."—Her.-Trib.
CHANIN 46th ST. THEATRE
Evgs. 8:30 sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

SCHWAB & MANDEL'S 2 GENUINE SUCCESSES

SEASON'S UNDISPUTED MASTERPIECE
NEW MOON The Musical Play Supreme
EVELYN HERBERT ROBERT HALLIDAY GUS SHY
Last 3 Weeks
IMPERIAL Theatre, W. 45 St. Evgs. 8:30 sharp Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:30

CASINO 39TH ST. & B'way. Evs. 8:30 Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:30
FRITZI SCHEFF
in VICTOR HERBERT'S "MLLE. MODISTE"
POPULAR PRICES $1 to $3 200 Seats at $1; 100 at $1.50; 200 at $2

MAJESTIC THEA. 44TH W. of B'way. Evs. 8:50; Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30
The MESSRS. SHUBERT Present an Elaborate Production of the ever popular Operetta
A JOHANN STRAUSS' "DIE FLEDERMAUS"
Wonderful Night
Star Cast of 150. Revolving Stage

THEATRE MASQUE 45th Street, West of B'way. Evgs. 8:50 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30
The Aristocrat of Thrillers!
ROPE'S END
(Produced in London as "Rope")
ENGLISH CAST Includes ERNEST MILTON
"Provides real thrills . . . The tastiest of the season"
—Robert Garland, Telegram

ETHEL BARRYMORE Thea. 47th W. of B'way
Chick. 9944. Evs. 8:50. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:30.
JOHN DRINKWATER'S Comedy
BIRD IN HAND
Original English Cast Over a Year in London
7th Month in New York
MATINEE ELECTION DAY, NOV. 5

SHUBERT Thea., 44th, W. of B'way. Evs. 8:30 Mats. Wed. (Pop.) & Sat. 2:30
QUEENIE SMITH
in the Musical Comedy Sensation
"The Street Singer"
ANDREW TOMBES

ARCH. SELWYN and CHAS. B. COCHRAN
(By arrangement with Leon M. Lion)
present
Many Waters
Comedy of life by MONCKTON HOFFE
with ERNEST TRUEX and MARDA VANNE
MAXINE ELLIOTT'S Thea. W. 39 St.
Evgs. at 8:50. MATS. WED. & SAT. 2:30

charms, she did well enough in a part which, after all, is not a very ingratiating one.

"SWEETIE," at the Paramount, is a musical show, with much too much talk and story in it, about a lady of the chorus who inherits a boys' Charm School, the very school, it happens, where her beloved is captain of the football team. Nancy Carroll and Helen Kane are both in it, but the honors go to Jack Oakie, whose song, "Alma Mammy," is the bright spot of the whole affair.

"The Mississippi Gambler," with Joseph Schildkraut, is another "period" picture, like "Frozen Justice," only in this case laid a good many years earlier; in fact, our old friend "Show Boat" is suggested again. There are a gambler and a pretty girl and her aged father, all assembled on one of those river boats, a boat with a ballroom as big as the Crystal Room at the Ritz, and after some complications of a conventional character, all ends happily and we understand that the gambler will reform and marry the nice girl.

"The Isle of Lost Ships" is equally trivial, though much longer, alas, and much more pretentious. The ships are lost in the Sargasso Sea, or some such sinister spot, and escape is finally gained by the hero, heroine, and their escorts only by the use of a submarine.

THERE is a rather curious little picture at that minute fane, the Fifty-fifth Street Playhouse, called "Sea Fever." It is a French film produced by Albert Cavalcanti, with scenes laid on the much-maligned waterfront of Marseille. These pictures are unusual—"distinguished" is, I believe, the current cliché for such things. A vague little story permeates the camerawork, and left me somewhat troubled as to its intentions; but I presume it is meant to be a study in frustration, or conflict of the human soul, or something of the sort. It is intended, I guess, for those persons especially sensitive to the inner meaning of things.

OF all the pictures of the week, nothing impressed me so much on the score of artistic detachment as that feature shown at the Little Carnegie Playhouse. They run a special department up there, throwing on the screen a title: "Oddities in the Day's News." The chief "oddity" this week was described simply: "Car Jumps Track and Injures Eight."

—J. C. M.

William Fox Presents
Broadway's famous singing comedian
GEORGE JESSEL
in his first all talking Fox Movietone Picture
"LOVE, LIVE AND LAUGH"
with
Lila Lee, Kenneth MacKenna, David Rollins, Henry Kolker
directed by William K. Howard
And another distinctive ROXY STAGE PROGRAM
ROXY 50th St. & 7th Ave. Direction S. L. Rothafel (Roxy)

AFTER DARK
Or Neither Maid, Wife Nor Widow
47th Big Week
OLD RIALTO, HOBOKEN
Every Eve. Incl. Sun. Mat. Sat. only.
Seats by phone—Hob. 8088

A Warner Bros. & Vitaphone Talking Picture
GEORGE ARLISS
IN
"DISRAELI"
WARNER BROS. THEATRE B'way & 52d St.
Daily 2:45—8:45 Sun. 3-6-8:45

"You can't help riding along."
—Gilbert Gabriel, American.
SUBWAY EXPRESS
LIBERTY West 42d St. Dir. A. L. Erlanger. Evs. 8:50. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

44th ST. THEATRE W. of B'WAY
MATS THURS. & SAT.
300 GOOD BALCONY SEATS $1.00
EARL CARROLL'S New Revue of Laughs and Beauties by EDDIE CANTOR
"SKETCH BOOK"
featuring WILL MAHONEY, WILLIAM DEMAREST, THREE SAILORS, 56 PRIZE BEAUTIES

DOES YELLING MULTIPLY YOUR CIGARETTES?

ANOTHER TIME WHEN SPUD'S COOLER SMOKE WINS FRIENDS!

When your enthusiasm turns to red-blooded delirium . . . do you keep lighting cigarettes? That's when you should be lighting Spud . . . the cooler cigarette that soothes throat and vocal chords instead of taxing them further . . . the cigarette that gives unlimited and hearty tobacco enjoyment and yet sustains mouth-comfort in the bargain! This is because Spud's smoke (proven 16% cooler) heightens your enjoyment of Spud's full tobacco flavor . . . making Spud the new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment. At better stands, 20 for 20c. The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky.

"SMOKE 16% COOLER BY TEST" . . . a little book telling how Spud's greater coolness was proved scientifically and what it means to you . . . sent gladly on request.

JUDGE SPUD . . . Not by first puff . . . but by first pack. Surprise of first puff soon forgotten . . . continued coolness heightens enjoyment of the full tobacco flavor.

MENTHOL-COOLED **SPUD** CIGARETTES

A VOYAGE TO PURILIA

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33] to which even the humblest humans are accustomed. But this lack of conveniences (as I discovered only too often to my embarrassment and discomfort) is universal in Purilia—a curious fact which I can attribute only to the physiological differences between the Purilians and ourselves, to which I have already made reference.

JOHNSON and I now debated ways and means of conducting our search for Pansy and Mollie. Where among all these teeming millions could one hope to find two obscure young girls from the country? At length we determined to enlist the aid of the police and set out, forthwith, for the nearest police station.

Our egress from the hotel was delayed by a little man with enormous shoes and baggy trousers several sizes too large for him, who had become entrapped in the revolving door, the nature of which he did not seem to understand. Around and around he went like a squirrel in a cage, the door revolving with ever-increasing rapidity. The poor fellow seemed quite unable to extricate himself until, at length, the whirling door catapulted him into the street. An involuntary somersault ended in his becoming tightly wedged in a perambulator which happened to be passing just at that moment. The occupant of the perambulator, a lusty and well-developed child, fixed its teeth firmly in the little man's leg and, to make matters worse, the mother of the child, a rather stout woman, belabored the unhappy intruder with her umbrella.

I learned, subsequently, that this little man was a member of a numerous and rather important Purilian sub-caste. These little fellows—for they are all undersized and all recognizable by their sartorial oddities—are frequently encountered in all parts of Purilia. Despite their essential ingenuousness, it must be confessed that they make rather a nuisance of themselves, because of the fact that they are utterly incapable of adapting themselves to the mechanical contrivances of an industrial civilization.

The incident of the revolving door is typical of the difficulties in which these little men constantly find themselves. Elevators, escalators, electric fans, high-pressure fire hoses, and derricks are but a few of the devices which involve them in the most distressing misadventures. It is a miracle that any of them manage to survive, but somehow or other they always seem able to escape the consequences of their ineptitude, as well as to get the better of the police, whose relentless hostility they invariably incur. Their lives, however, as will be readily understood, are far from pleasant; and when one considers, too, that their unprepossessing appearance makes them unworthy objects of spiritual love, it is not surprising that sad hearts lurk beneath their grotesque exteriors. Their hard lot, naturally enough, makes them rather anti-social and they often express their animosity by bombarding the objects of their displeasure with succulent pastry and other curious missiles, which they always seem to have at hand. On the whole, they could scarcely be regarded as assets to any civilization.

WE made our way to the police station through streets in which crime was rampant. Assaults, gunfire, and hand-to-hand struggles were commonplace incidents, and innumerable pursuits, on foot and in vehicles, wound their way diligently through the mazes of metropolitan traffic.

Our recourse to the police was worse than useless. When we succeeded in arousing the desk sergeant, whom we found sound asleep, with his feet upon the desk, he listened to our story with complete indifference. We learned that Pansy and Mollie were only two of the thousands of rural girls

LONGCHAMPS

When a young man with a rakish tilt to his hat comes in, we are thrilled, for then we can show the Longchamps. It is a car for romance and adventure—this Stutz with the new Longchamps Body by Weymann—the car D'Artagnan would unquestionably choose were he alive today to ride again for a queen's honor. A car of cars for autumn with its English "sunshine" roof that may be slid back to flood you with riotous autumn sunlight, or pulled forward, snug as snug can be, to laugh at chill November winds.

A car for two that will cause feminine hearts to flutter for there is gallantry in its every rakish line. And as befits such a corsair car, there is power in its mighty engine to overhaul anything on wheels. What a car it would be for you!

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STUTZ NEW YORK COMPANY INC.

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IRVIN S. COBB:

Yours Well-Fed
Irvin S. Cobb

Breast of Chicken, Virginia Style, à la Reubens, will delight your Dixie taste Mr. Cobb. Our chef serves it with fresh mushrooms, Sliced Virginia Ham, Parisienne Potatoes and new green peas en casserole.

CHARLES KING:

"You were meant for me."
Charles King

And then there's Salisbury Steak à la Stanley, Mr. King, in a piquant horse-radish sauce, with Lyonnaise potatoes, fried bananas and Broccoli in Hollandaise.

RUDY VALLEE:

Reubens "That's All - That's Enough!"
Megaphonically Rudy Vallée

The Reuben Mixed Grill of lamb chop, bacon, mushrooms, sausage, baked potato, string beans and grilled tomato, is something to broadcast, Mr. Vallée.

REUBEN'S

Always Open: **Breakfast; Luncheon; Dinner; After Theatre**

Madison Ave. at 59th—Broadway at 81st

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from a sandwich to a National Institution

who were lost in the great city, and that the chances of finding them through so conventional an agency as police investigation were practically negligible.

As we made our way dejectedly back to the hotel we came to the intersection of the city's two most important thoroughfares, and as we waited for an opportunity to make our way across, the Presence remarked: "The crossroads of Purilia, where every man, woman, and child goes by at least once in his life."

At once, Johnson and I were struck by the same thought. If we took up our station at this intersection, we should be certain eventually of seeing Pansy and Mollie go by. Here, at last, was a tangible hope! There were, of course, two possible objections: one, that we might have to maintain our vigil for months, or even years, before the girls went by; and the other, that perhaps they had gone by already. We determined to try the plan, however, and agreed to alternate in maintaining a lookout for the girls. Johnson insisted upon having the first watch and so I left him at the corner and returned to the hotel, considerably heartened.

WHEN I returned to the street corner, after some time, to relieve Johnson, I was astonished and disconcerted to find that he was not there. I made a slow and careful tour of the adjoining corners, scanning every face and even peering into doorways and shops, but there was no sign of my friend. As I turned my steps toward the hotel again, a rough-looking fellow, heavily bearded and with a cap pulled down over his eyes, brushed against me with what appeared to be such unpardonable rudeness that I was about to rebuke him sharply when, to my amazement, he whispered in my ear: "Johnson is on Mollie's trail. Her life is in peril."

For a moment I was literally paralyzed with astonishment, and when I turned to question my informant he had already disappeared in the crowd. However, the message, even without elucidation, conveyed clearly that Mollie was in some sort of danger from which Johnson was trying to extricate her. While I stood wondering where I could procure information on these points, an incident occurred which for the moment drove all thoughts of Mollie and of Johnson from my mind.

A pedestrian hurrying by happened to drop at my feet the illustrated supplement of a newspaper. As I stooped mechanically to pick it up and return it to him, my eye was caught by a photograph of a group of girls in ballet dress which appeared in a prominent place upon the front page of the supplement. Judge my astonishment when, in the very centre of the group, I recognized the lovely features of Pansy. Under the photograph was an explanatory legend which read: "The bevy of fast-stepping cuties who are packing 'em in every night at the Palais Royal Night Club." I deduced from this that Pansy had obtained employment as a dancer in a cabaret, and the reader can imagine my elation at this timely discovery. I determined to follow the valuable clue without a moment's delay—especially since no way of rendering immediate assistance to Johnson seemed to present itself.

THE driver of a passing taxicab knew the address of the Palais Royal Night Club and I directed him to convey me there at once. It took but a few minutes to reach the night club and, save for a rather brutal murder in a neighboring taxicab, the journey was without incident. As my taxicab came to a halt in front of the brightly lighted resort, the Presence remarked: "The Palais Royal, where wine, woman, and song reign supreme, and thoughtless gaiety takes a heavy toll of youth and beauty." And, as I entered the ornate portals, it vouchsafed this further information: "In the jazz symphony of life, there are many blue notes."

The introduction was not a promising one, and I was not without misgivings for Pansy's welfare. At the entrance to the dining-room I was met

"My usual brand—and oh, yes—BŌST!"

NOT surprising, is it, that you should see Bost Tooth Paste, the smoker's friend, at so many cigar counters in the drug stores? Nor that so many ladies and gentlemen who smoke are thus reminded of this latest dental achievement?

Look for the interesting little sign-posts announcing its presence on the counters. It's a day of progress and Bost is not following hackneyed precedent.

There is more to be said about this modernist creation of Dr. Bost than any sign-post or single advertisement can tell. Takes tobacco stain off—any dentist can tell you how often ladies come to him for that. Mild and harmless, prevents fermentation of food particles in the mouth, sweetens the breath and leaves a welcome sensation of free respiration.

White teeth, freedom of breathing, and a bouquet flavor as mellow as old Tokay. At chemists and department stores. Make the handkerchief test.

BOST, Inc., 10 East 40th Street, New York

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. . . has been arrived at between this sophisticated oxford and envelope purse. They are identical in design . . . materials . . . and shades. Velvety suede with matching kid in nautical blue . . . bottle green . . . burgundy . . . royal purple . . . brown . . . black. Exclusive!

Cammeyer
FIFTH AVENUE
AT 46TH and AT 38TH

by a faultlessly tailored man with waxed mustache who, it developed, was the headwaiter (Henri by name). Although the place was crowded almost to suffocation, there happened to be a vacant table just beside the cleared space reserved for the entertainment, and to this Henri courteously conducted me.

The night club, although by far the largest place of the kind I had ever seen, was, as I have said, uncomfortably crowded. The guests were all in a state of most demonstrative hilarity. There was much shouting and violent gesticulating and uproarious laughter, although there seemed to be very little reason for any of it. Many of the diners wore caps of colored tissue paper, and innumerable gas balloons of enormous size were tossed about gaily from table to table. All this made it difficult to eat and drink with any degree of comfort; but this no one seemed to mind, and, in fact, except for an occasional fist-fight between two men over the affections of a woman, and the unpleasant attempts of a man, here and there, to force his attentions upon an unwilling girl, everyone behaved with extreme good humor. Music was supplied by a negro orchestra, whose antics threw the guests into convulsions of mirth.

THE American reader will, perhaps, be interested in a brief account of the status of the negro race in Purilia. Upon the happy absence of those devastating racial antagonisms with which we on earth are only too familiar, I have already commented. There is, therefore, no negro problem in Purilia. Miscegenation is unknown,

and the question of political and social equality has never even been raised. It is not so much that the Purilian negro knows his place as that his place is immutably fixed by the natural laws of the country.

The Purilian negroes are a happy childlike race given to song and laughter. Spiritual love, or, in fact, any kind of love, is totally foreign to their nature and their lives are happily free from any form of tragedy or suffering. In fact, their only personal problem of any consequence concerns itself with the evasion of disembodied spirits, of which they are in constant terror. This unwarranted and often rather ludicrous phobia is readily aroused by any object which even remotely suggests the supernatural. For example, a cat emerging unexpectedly from a flour bin will cause a member of the negro race —all of whom are exceedingly fleet-footed—to run innumerable miles without a backward glance under the false impression that he is being pursued by a ghostly apparition.

Occupationally, the male negroes are, almost without exception, either musicians or Pullman porters. The females, nearly all of whom are well past middle age, are for the most part superannuated nursemaids whose sole interest in life is the welfare of the white men and women whom they cared for in infancy, and for the sake of whose happiness they would willingly lay down their own lives. The Purilian negro has no thought of entering the arts or the professions, and in consequence there are in Purilia no negro poets, lawyers, doctors, or teachers. The diet of the Purilian negro is a simple one, consisting almost entirely of chicken and watermelon. For some inexplicable reason these delicacies are enjoyed most when obtained by stealth, and, in fact, an otherwise law-abiding negro will stop at nothing to obtain the coveted viands. I am convinced that if the Purilian negro could be persuaded to adopt a more varied diet, another element in the country's all-pervading lawlessness would be eliminated.

WHILE I was making my observations of the night club, the Presence remarked: "Emily, one of the reasons for the popularity of the Palais Royal," thereby calling my attention to a young and beautiful girl who was preparing to sing to the accompaniment of a middle-aged, hard-visaged female.

I watched Emily with great interest until the swelling faces of two men at the next table diverted my attention to

them. One of the men was stout and the other thin, but they both wore mustaches and smoked cigars, so that I suspected that they were there for no good purpose. They were watching Emily attentively, and the thin man was rolling his cigar between his lips in a way that I afterwards learned is always indicative of lust.

Upon the conclusion of Emily's song, there was vociferous applause led by the lean man, who winked at his neighbor in a highly significant manner. "You're wasting your time," said his stout companion, shaking his head. "Emily is different." At this moment Emily passed close to my neighbors' table. The lean man bent forward and, taking her hand, drew her toward him. The girl's face wore a look of repulsion such as I have never seen before, and I thought it remarkable that her admirer did not appear to notice it. The next moment I was surprised to see him produce from his pocket a flat box which, when opened, revealed the largest diamond bracelet that had ever come under my notice. Still smiling significantly, he snapped the bracelet on to the girl's wrist and held it up for her admiration.

"For me?" said Emily, although it seemed evident that the man clearly intended it for her.

The man nodded. "Yes, for you," he said, removing her doubts.

At this moment I became aware of a woman, no longer young, who was seated at a nearby table watching the scene with unconcealed interest. Indeed, she was glaring malevolently at Emily's admirer, her hands clenched and her bosom profoundly agitated. Her identity was soon revealed to me by the Presence, who announced: "Meg Davis had lived and loved—and lost."

EMILY now unfastened the bracelet from her wrist and, handing it back to the man, said: "Thank you;

• •

Put on a **TOPPER** . . .

and the last in the pack will be as firm as the first

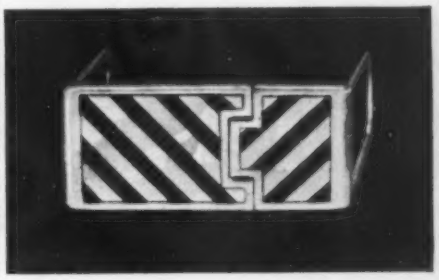
Gently squeeze the sides of the Topper and insert between the foil and wrapper.

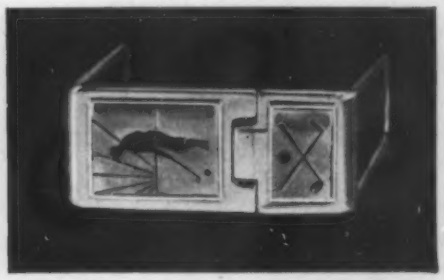
A slight pressure here will open and the cigarettes may be taken out conveniently

Push gently on the bottom to start the first cigarette through opening at the top.

WEAR a Topper . . . it's the thing to do. Give even the last cigarette in every pack a chance to be enjoyed. The Topper is as simple as can be. It adds nothing to the bulk of the package. Slide the sides down between wrapper and foil. A gentle little squeeze is all that is needed to spring up the top. Now tear the pack only within this opening. Here is a package that will keep your cigarettes uncrumpled, let the last one be as smokable as the first, and keep tobacco out of your pockets.

Toppers are made in many finishes . . . plain at $1, initialed, gold and silver, in various enamel designs of sports and diagonal stripes, to $5. All are beautiful, a convenience that smokers of cigarettes will appreciate.





The **TOPPER** . . . a product of Demley, Inc., subsidiary of Wm. Demuth & Co., 230 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Pat. applied for.

Burby
FELT HATS
$6.75
We mustn't mention names, but famous authoresses, famous actresses, and famous society women all come a-buying Burbys.
Mr. A. W. Simon has a way of finding hats to flatter faces.
Lanson
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THEODORE TITZÉ MANAGING DIRECTOR

but I couldn't dream of accepting it." The man raised his eyebrows in evident surprise, while his stout companion laughed audibly and poked him in the ribs. The other guests, who had waited patiently during this interlude, now clamored for a repetition of Emily's song. She excused herself hastily and went back to the piano. Meg continued to glare at the man, and I was alarmed to see her open her purse and extract what appeared to be a small revolver. Her conduct filled me with foreboding.

Amid riotous enthusiasm such as I have seldom seen equalled, Emily, for the second time, started to make her exit. Again, as she passed my neighbor's table, the lean man drew her toward him. "How about a little supper after the show?" he said. "My limousine is waiting." As the harassed girl drew back in disgust, I saw Meg's enlarged forefinger reach toward the electric-light switch, which happened to be just behind her.

Instantly, the place was plunged into darkness. Then a shot was fired; and when, amid shrieks and shouts, the lights were flashed on again, Emily's persecutor lay dead upon the floor. I had scarcely time to note that Meg had disappeared, for the scene of confusion which ensued engaged all my attention. Tables were upset and crockery broken, and as someone raised the cry of "The police!," the panic became a stampede. Unable to resist the tide, I was swept along out of the night club and into the street, fully aware, even in my frantic struggle to maintain my footing, that I was perhaps losing my chance of a meeting with Pansy.

—ELMER RICE

(Continued next week)

•

LARES

Four little cacti
Prickly as can be,
One died of steam-heat
And then there were three.
Three little cacti
Looking almost new,
One was played a joke with
And then there were two.
Two little cacti
Yearning for the sun,
One got sat upon
And then there was one.
One little cactus
No longer fat,
Soon it will be gone too—
Thank God for that.

—MYRA M. WATERMAN

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One Cream—*a perfect Cleansing Cream—is all that is necessary for the young girl* ***in her teens.***

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Two Creams—*a perfect Cleansing Cream and a new Finishing Cream—for the young woman who is* ***in her twenties.***

In your Thirties—

Three Creams—*Cleansing, Finishing, and Tissue for the woman of* ***thirty*** *who assists Nature with Science.*

EACH AGE has its own beauty problem—and its own special cream. One cream cannot serve all women and all needs.

Barbara Gould, working on this modern scientific principle, has created four basic creams, a cream for each age.

In your teens?—In that spontaneous first youth bestowed by Nature—you need, perhaps, only one cream—a *Cleansing Cream*, one whose only purpose in life is to melt into each tiny pore, and float to the surface every particle of dirt and grime. Such a cleansing cream is Barbara Gould's.

In your twenties?—When powders are used, a *Finishing Cream* should be added as a base—to protect the skin, to cause the powder to adhere, and to give a smooth, soft finish to the skin. In Barbara Gould's new *Finishing Cream*, you have at last the perfect powder base. Soap, which is the base in most finishing creams, is eliminated, and a lotion substituted, insuring you against that shiny, sticky glaze which usually appears a few hours after one of the old-type finishing creams has been applied.

In your thirties?—Science begins where Nature leaves off. Barbara Gould has created a marvelous *Tissue Cream* to nourish the tissues and muscles that Nature begins to neglect—to restore, during the night, the loss of each day's vitality. Flabbiness and fine lines are prevented, and youth indefinitely prolonged.

In your forties?—Youth is still yours if you will use the means that modern science has put into your hands. An *Astringent Cream* of wonderful restorative qualities, closes the too relaxed pores, helps to tighten sagging muscles, erase fine lines, and restore youthful contours.

This modern miracle of prolonged youth cannot be worked by *one* cream. Nor is an appalling array of preparations necessary to conserve youth and beauty. Each of Barbara Gould's four basic creams has one definite, positive goal, and it goes single-mindedly about the business of achieving that goal. Thus are your beauty problems simplified.

In your Forties—

Four Creams—*an Astringent added to the other three—for the woman of* ***forty*** *whose prolonged youth is due to this new miracle of Science.*

Each age has its own special needs. Select the cream most needed at your age, use it for a week, and you will certainly become a convert to the Barbara Gould system.

Each cream, $1.00.

Presentation Set Free—

In order that you may thoroughly test the merits of the Barbara Gould products, a Presentation Set of Barbara Gould Creams will be given to anyone sending in the accompanying coupon. Simply fill in name and address and mail to Barbara Gould, Ltd., 392 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

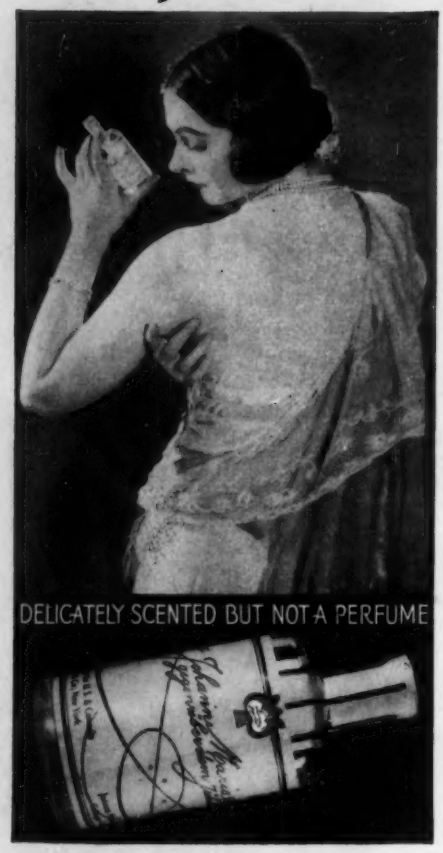
BARBARA GOULD, Ltd. 1107 NY
392 Fifth Avenue, New York City
Please send me, *free*, a Presentation Set of Barbara Gould's Creams.

Name _____

Address _____

Barbara Gould

To make you SURE of yourself



PERSPIRATION odors cannot be conquered by the bath alone. As a necessary ally to the tub, fastidious Europe has used Farina's Red Crest Cologne ever since 1709.

And now the alert men and women of New York are learning that this 220-year old cologne has never been duplicated either in blend or in its unfailing sureness.

As a quick freshener, as a thrilling climax to the bath, as a gentle astringent, Farina's Red Crest Cologne will rarely be idle in your cabinet.

At all good toilette goods counters. But be sure to ask by full name for "Farina's Red Crest Cologne," because any product so old and so good is bound to be copied. Glass bottles, $1.00 and $2.00 sizes. Wicker bottles, $1.75, $3.00 and $6.00 sizes. Sole Distributor for U.S.A., Geo. Borgfeldt & Co. 111 E. 16th St., N. Y. C.

Now! A really luxurious Shaving Lotion
Soothes—smooths—heals the nicks. As fine as the cologne which forms its base. Ask at the better shops for *Farina's Red Crest Shaving Lotion*. Price $1.

FARINA'S
RED CREST
COLOGNE
BATH SALTS BATH POWDER
Look for the Red Crest

ABOUT THIS TIME OF YEAR~

THE new clothes. The comforting thought that although you have to throw away everything you possess and acquire, God knows how, a waistline, you can more or less let yourself go because you don't have to buy a new fur coat as you had a new one only last Christmas and hardly wore it. The addition to your wardrobe of several unnecessary but charming dresses because you don't have to buy a new fur coat, the acquisition of the expensive evening coat and several other articles for the same reason. The explanation of all this to your husband.

THE first cold day. The arrival of the coat from storage. The trying-on. The ensuing horror. The agony of mind, the wondering if you really need a fur coat, the mental arithmetic, the dark despair. The happy thought. The long and earnest exposition to your husband, the heart-rending description of how the coat looks with this year's clothes, coupled with the suggestion that he count it as a Christmas present, his weary and desperate injunction to for God's sake *have* it remodelled.

The carefree setting out, the entry to the elegant fur shop, the soft-voiced salesman, the sympathetic murmurings, the trying-on of newer models, the finding of the perfect darling, the confirmation of the salesman as to its becomingness, suitability, and durability: "You can wear that model for at least three seasons, madame." Of course, they said that about your present coat, but never mind. Your serious instructions that the remodelling must not cost much, the salesman's wholehearted reassurance and promise to send the estimate at the earliest possible moment.

THE estimate. The indignation succeeding the shock, your condemnation of the elegant fur shop, and your high-handed retrieving of your coat. The cheaper fur store and the model that is almost exactly like the other, your rising spirits, and self-approval—after all it pays to be sensible. The estimate from the cheaper shop, which is only slightly higher. The even cheaper shops. The complete discouragement.

The dawning of an idea. The inquiries among your friends, who suggest all the places you have already tried. The meeting with the woman who has a friend who knows a woman who knows a man who has an interest in a fur store downtown. "Nothing dressy about it, but exactly the same things you see uptown, for a *quarter* the price." The procuring of the address, and the memorizing of the name of the man who presumably sends you there, which seems to contain an inordinate number of "i"s. The long ride downtown. The feeling of superiority as you pass the elegant fur shop, the joyful anticipation of how pleased your husband will be.

THE shop. The murky depths, the slight feeling of depression, the man who doesn't speak English, the forgetting of the name of the man who sent you. The long wait. The greasy salesman, the pawing of your coat, the bringing forth from strange recesses of even stranger garments. The un-furriness of the furs. The unavoidable trying-on, the growing desire to get out, the temporizing conversation, the insistent argument, the feeling of hypnosis.

The sudden flight. The hailing the taxi and the long ride uptown. The elegant furrier's, the stopping of the taxi, the plunging in, the soft-voiced salesman, the glad surrendering of your coat. The inexpressible relief. The walking home to save taxi fare and the forming of the irrefutable argument that well anyway, you *tried*.

—PATRICIA COLLINGE

•

ODE TO PETER STUYVESANT

Who shall sing
To Bing & Bing
Or lift his claret
For Thompson Starrett
Or *prosits* say
To Joseph Day
Realtors, builders,
If you please—
Peter's guilders
Transcend these.
For their dealing
I've a scant
Feeling,
But for Stuyvesant,
Founder of our mighty city
(By negotiations pretty),
Up! I say, a formal toast
To the bargain-hunter's ghost—
Make a monument, I beg,
Of trinkets—and a wooden leg.

—P. G. W.

TURKEY— AND NO TROUBLE

COME DOWN for a Chalfonte-Haddon Hall Thanksgiving, where everything is done for you. Turkey—and no trouble. Festivity—and no confusion. Dining-rooms luxuriously appointed, and sun-rooms, squash courts, Sandy Cove—a playroom for children . . . while over all is the homelike spirit that makes people come and bring their families to Chalfonte-Haddon Hall.

Bring your family. Stay the week-end. Golf a little, ride a little, or bask in a deck-chair in the sun. Write for rates and literature. A Motoramp garage adjoins the hotel.

CHALFONTE-HADDON HALL

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Booklite saves your eyes. Clips on book-cover. Lights both pages. Weighs 3 oz. Costs $3 (with Mazda bulb). At department stores, gift, book and specialty shops. Melodelite Corp., 130 W. 42 St., New York City.
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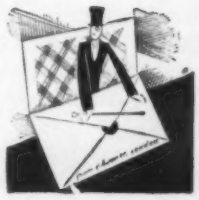
LONDON LETTER

LONDON, OCTOBER 23



THE old gentlemen are gathering the harvest of the leaves in London squares, and the whiff of bonfires adds a zest to the keen morning air. We broke the record of a hundred and twenty years with that heat wave, and now autumn has come and the plane trees are shedding their sooty bark and the dowagers step more briskly from their front doors to their cars. How old-fashioned London is. And how pleasant. The coal carts are lazily blocking the residential thoroughfares while men with blackened faces empty their sacks down holes in the pavement, and the Sarah Janes are on their knees before cold grates, busy with blacklead and brushes. The million million chimneys are beginning to belch once more, and London is herself again.

We have been a Continental city so long that it is exciting to get back to the old atmosphere and the good old indoor life. The barrel organs are jangling with jolly dismalness and the taxi-drivers are beginning to assume their proper inflated appearance, for not one of them wears fewer overcoats than three, and the change is always in the inside pocket of the first. This is the "little season" of the society penny-a-liner, but in some ways it is the real London season, the one time of the year when Londoners have London to themselves. There are no more of the big green buses outside Cook's office by Trafalgar Square, and the salmon-colored corridors of the Savoy Hotel are oddly silent. Even the country cousins are killing things in the country. The bright young people are losing a little of their brightness in the non-alcoholic atmosphere of damp golf courses and peaty moors. There will be no great balls, no all-night sittings arranged for the benefit of those hearty, healthy animals, and we can settle down to the quiet of pleasant dinner parties in L-shaped drawing-rooms and shaded lights.

NOT that we propose to be too dull. The cabarets are rehearsing original variations of the same old theme, the young persons of the institutions are powdering their backs

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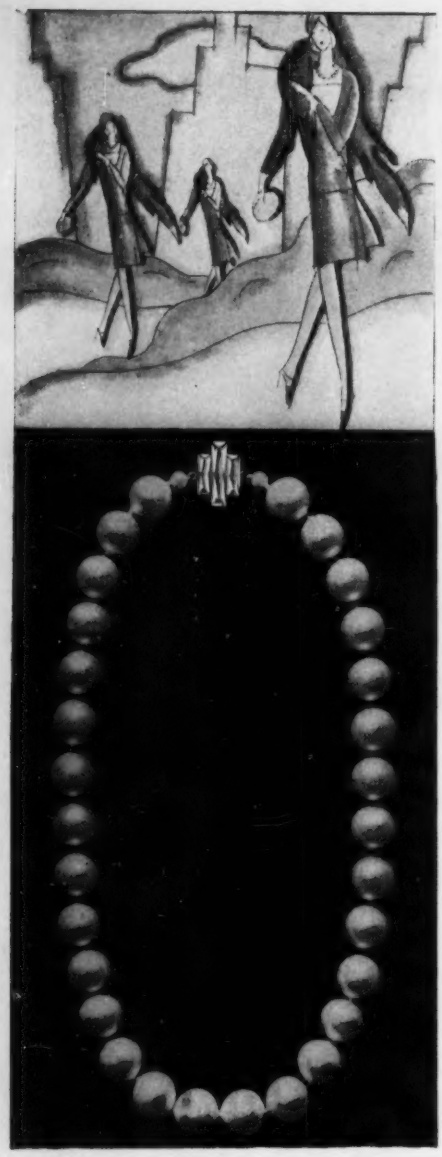

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RICHELIEU PEARLS

and walking about on their hands and passing the time in other ways which make a chorus girl's life so "different." If you stroll into Prince's, the Ambassadors', or the Kit-Cat, or any of these places at eleven o'clock in the morning, the awful chuckle of the saxophone will be blending with the crash of tables and chairs, and Maurice (or whoever it is) will be waving his baton furiously and shouting "No! No! No!," while twelve dispirited young females start right back at the beginning.

Best of all, though, we are to have a full Gilbert and Sullivan season, and back at the Savoy. Gilbert and Sullivan are a peculiarly English institution. They go with Indian colonels, monocles, *Punch*, boiled mutton, and those padded wooden stools which are still provided in the United Services Club for the gout-infested limbs of the more portentous and portly members. Their operettas date hopelessly, and Gilbert's words have long been widow to Sullivan's music, but we go to them because our fathers did, happy in the knowledge that foreigners will never understand.

BUSINESSMEN who want to get really tired have a splendid opportunity in the new service which Imperial Airways have just put into being. This enables the harassed executive to change into a boiled shirt at the office at four o'clock, motor to Croydon, catch the air liner at five-thirty, be in Paris two hours later, pick up a friend on the way, dine, see the Folies-Bergères, and go on to supper and cabaret till four—after which his time is his own till six-thirty, when the plane will land him back at Croydon. Doubtless the quality of his work and the snap of his decisions are all the better for this little change from routine.

For less nervously energetic folk, the teatime flights over London are proving very popular. Every afternoon the big three-engined machine comes wallowing slowly above the roofs of the West End with that unpleasantly intermittent roar that takes one straight back to wartime, when the Gothas used to come out of the East with just that very noise. Only the rattle of the teacups reassures us.

Down below, in Kensington Gardens, children of all ages stop and stare up as it passes over. Its shadow darkens the Round Pond, but a thousand airplanes would not interfere with the activities of the Kensington Yacht Club. I stumbled unawares on the Yacht Club's races last Saturday afternoon. Twenty vessels were taking part, most of them standing six feet high to the tops of their sails—wonderful models of an astonishing complexity of rigging that made a handsome four knots in a stiffish breeze. A pretty sight, and one that filled more than one small boy with something like religious awe. Most of them were managed by elderly youngsters with the kind faces and stooping shoulders of men who are happy in their hobby.

WHEN the estate agents of Grosvenor House—that enormous, brutal apartment house plunk in the middle of Park Lane—began the uphill task of coaxing Londoners out of their comfortable homes into the honeycomb life of the flat-dweller, one of their chief talking points was the existence of an ice rink, a swimming pool, and squash courts. The powers that be have withdrawn these advantages and have formed a separate nucleus which rejoices in the title of International Sportsmen's Club. The thing is beginning to be discovered, for the ice rink is a dream, and if the swimming pool is three floors beneath the street, it is decorated in an amusing manner. It is, moreover, the only place in town where a maiden can enjoy the undoubted privilege of drinking a cocktail in a bathing suit in the presence of a young man. This is a great advance. The only disadvantages, so far as I can see, are that the pool is far too small, and that the place is full of International Sportsmen. —A. G.

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I shall not be idle just because I'm not singing. There is other work. There is, for instance, the tractor.—*Marion Talley in McCall's Magazine.*

There is, for another instance, *McCall's Magazine.*

THE ART GALLERIES

Three Shows for Three Tastes

THE three exhibits that we saw this week are important in their various categories. The best of the Americans make their first bow of the season at Daniel Galleries, a famous Italian-French painter is at de Hauke, and the struggling beginners come in through the portals opened for them by the Opportunity Gallery.

Very often the spirit behind the drama is more manifest than the action before our eyes, and we find this the case in the opening show of the Daniel group. We are prone to expect too high an average from this firm which has discovered, or at least sponsored, about seven of the twelve best Americans. The present show is not the most thrilling Daniel has offered, but it has one or two high notes that will make it memorable. It has been interesting to us to watch the changing phases of these men, for the most part a growth toward enrichment. It is also significant that here is a group that has become so spiritually knit that each subtly begins to take on the virtues of the other. This is by no means a borrowing, or a dependence, but a sort of rhythmic overtone that we can find no words for except "good painting."

In this show we found the most satisfaction in Yasuo Kuniyoshi, whose "Still Life" is a marvellous theme of color. In the limited range that he allows himself, the artist has run up and down the notes with never a discord. As for arrangement and subject matter (the latter always so insignificant in the case of Kuniyoshi) the picture goes back to the phase of several years ago. The color and painting, though, mark the highest peak of this brilliant individualist.

The second in interest was the Niles Spencer, "Entrance to the Fort." Spencer has been in France for a year and comes back with a loosened technique that is probably the turning point in his career. We have always liked Spencer with a reservation, being somewhat estranged by a sort of Puritan reserve and chastity we found in his meticulous landscapes. He seems well on the way toward gusto, a quality we think necessary for any full-blooded art.

Katherine Schmidt has come along with her paint, although we did not like her composition as well as some that we have seen from her. Henry Billings contributes a large canvas showing an increasing adeptness at the thing he likes so well—the division of the area into the most interesting spaces. A newcomer to the gallery, Nicolai Cikovsky, fits admirably into the group. His "Landscape, Woodstock" contains some fine poetic painting and a delicate knowledge of color. When he learns a little more about simplification he will be well along toward the head of the class.

The new Preston Dickinson is another of the "Quebec" series. In this the artist goes back to one of his mid-phases, going in for the nuances and proportions that he has mastered. Personally we do not like this phase as much as we did the one of several seasons past when the artist worked with a bolder statement. Dickinsons are so rare, and all so perfect, however, that we suppose we should not cavil at anything he chooses to put forth. Howard Rothchild, another newcomer, shows some promise. Raphael Soyer and Karl Knaths contribute a canvas each. In the case of Charles Goeller, who has the good fortune to find himself among this group, we feel sure the deliveryman made a mistake and dropped a picture here intended for the Grand Central Galleries. Maybe we are wrong.

AN important show for those who go in for the exhausting record of influences, trends, and so on, is that of Amedeo Modigliani at the de Hauke Galleries. It will be on view until November 9 and should be seen; such comprehensive groups seldom come more than once in a generation.

We have never been able to discover why this painter does not lift us more. Perhaps our lassitude is due to the narrow expression the artist permits himself. That gusto we spoke of is always missing, and in none of the paintings do you find any evidence that the artist was experiencing joy. Here and there, as in "The Girl in White," "The Portrait of a Lady," and "Mademoiselle Marthe," we feel the divine spark, and with so much that is shoddy in the world we should be grateful for even this measure of beauty. In any case, Modigliani goes his way without our

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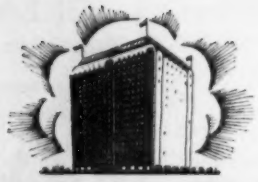

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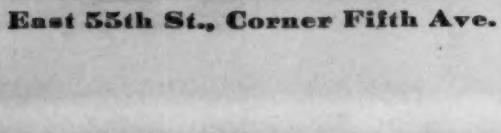

East 55th St., Corner Fifth Ave.

help, although we often wonder how much is true genius and how much is a vogue fostered by dealers and a sentimental attitude toward a painter who died before his work was finished.

There are thirty-seven pictures in the exhibit, many of them from the collection of Chester Dale and other famous patrons. Appropriately enough, Maud Dale brings out at this time her book on Modigliani, a fine piece of work for the wise collector of books on art.

FOR the third year of the Opportunity Gallery, those in charge have adopted a plan whereby the entrants do not know the name of the selecting juror. This avoids a whole show of paintings just like the kind believed to be favored by the judge. The first, on until November 12, was chosen by Lewis Mumford. Some of our old friends are there and some new ones. It is a bright show and characteristic of the trend of the younger generation. The women lead off with the honors. Agnes Tait, with her "Jungle" and "Bal Musette," shows some good handling. Not as experienced, but possessing considerable promise, is Ada Gabriel. There is some lovely painting in her "Cut Flowers," but the organization is a bit strained. This trying after a unique placing is a phase beginners must pass through and no doubt she will be more at ease as she goes along. "Cut Flowers" comes so near achieving it, however, that the failure jars on one a little.

We thought the landscape of A. Louis worthy of mention, and the "Hoboken" of H. St. John Dix, the still life of Joseph De Martini, the "Woodstock Bus" of I. Klein, and the "Sunken Gardens, Baltimore" of Arthur C. Sudler. We would like to see more of Sudler's work.

AMOST unusual show opens Saturday, November 2, at the Brummer Gallery—portraits of Maria Lani by fifty-one well-known painters and sculptors. The roster includes most of the great of two generations and some lesser fry. . . . Our favorite woodcutter, J. J. Lankes, has an exhibit of his poetic things at the Literary Lobby, 67 West Forty-fourth Street. . . . Closing November 2 is the show of paintings by the Irish poet, "Æ," at the Hackett Galleries. . . . Beginning November 2, Marie Sterner will display the work of Cranmer Greenman. . . . The Atlantic City Gallery has undertaken an ambitious retrospective exhibition of American prints. —M. P.

RECENT BOOKS

Mr. Cabell's Farewell—American Borgia—Wars, Nuns, and Barrymores

AT the end of the fifth part of "The Way of Ecben," Mr. James Branch Cabell closes the tale of Alfgare and Ettare, steps before the curtain, and speaks a graceful epilogue. The epilogue is Mr. Cabell's farewell to his mythology. The Virginia gentleman is fifty years old; "memories alone remain" and the memory of the witch-woman grows dim.

I advise those who love books as objects of sentimental interest to include "The Way of Ecben" in their libraries; not because of its handsome gold-flecked binding, not because it is another "Jurgen," nor yet because of the tale itself. It is Mr. Cabell's charming literary essay that you will want to treasure. These chapters are Mr. Cabell in a rare mood of autumnal melancholy—wise, witty, beautifully frank, and a little sad. Mr. Cabell points to the grievous fact that, after forty-five, all the exuberance of creative power is on the wane and that the "technique [of literary artists] does but play futilely with the picked bones of defunct talent." At fifty, the artist has become a museum piece and a target for autograph hunters.

Instead of hiding behind colored symbols and figures, Mr. Cabell strikes out in revealing prose. If he gracefully bows himself out of the picture, he also quite bluntly writes an exit for others. For instance: "Every considerate person must respect the genius of Mr. Kipling and of Mr. Shaw, of Mr. Wells and of Mr. Bennett; yet the publication of a new book by one of them is not, nowadays, an event in which it is possible to take real interest. It is an event which at bottom we deplore." In Poictesme such things were only hinted at in this way and that.

As for "The Way of Ecben" itself—the tale that leads up to Mr. Cabell's renunciation and explanation—it is a legend which says, obliquely and obscurely, many of the things that Mr. Cabell writes of directly in his epilogue. The book as a whole is like the relating of a dream, followed by the waking interpretation.

MISS ZONA GALE breaks away from her study of the more commonplace inhibitions of Middle Western ladies and attempts a more elaborate psychological study. Her "Borgia" is a picture of a woman who, like "Typhoid Annie" of medical infamy, is a carrier of misfortune for others while she herself remains immune. Marfa is a woman haunted by the idea that her slightest acts and her most casual decisions invariably bring disaster to those innocents concerned. She is, of course, one of those wraith-like girls cursed with an incoherent soul.

Miss Gale presents Marfa as a pathological case; nevertheless, the misfortunes that follow her are very real. And in the end, romance gives the plagued Marfa a solid core of individual life and cures her of her strange contagion. To me it seemed that Miss Gale has constructed a fine problem and then dissolved it with the nearest convenient solution. Love cannot undo the mischief of a twenty-year-old psychological disarrangement. This premise is the only weak point in a very good novel.

You will find Miss Gale writing most effectively in an advanced manner. She tells much of her story in fragmentary and casual scraps of conversation, thrown together like shorthand notes. And she abandons her sharp photographic observations and gives play to her gift for second sight.

"You'd be surprised to know what goes on in that little head."

TWO new biographies are written—and even printed—from the point of view of the persons involved. "Lorenzo the Magnificent," by David Loth, is told in the terms of romantic action and printed in a type that suggests a Renaissance manuscript. It is, as it should be, a story of glamour and wonder about a fascinating man. These stories of Florence have a curious modern appeal. The Medicis, the Bonapartes, and the Tudors invariably awaken a response in the modern mind. If it isn't too early to speak of such things, you will flatter some man immensely by giving him "Lorenzo the Magnificent." It is like sending a woman a book about Ninon de Lenclos.

"Emerson, the Wisest American" is nearer in time but more remote in feeling. It, too, is a beautiful book, printed in thin, cerebral type. Mr. Phillips Russell has done an admirable job in presenting Emerson's character. He gives you a clear outline of the man's mental development and, at the same time, shows you the causes of the physical disabilities

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that forced Emerson to substitute intense mental activity for action. Mr. Russell, incidentally, makes much of Emerson's nervous giggle—surely a fine starting point for a psychologist. Somehow, from his book you get the idea that if young Emerson had had more spinach and sunshine, the course of American thinking would have been changed

I RECOMMEND "Stretchers," by Frederick A. Pottle, to those who are terribly tired of war books. Here is the record of an enlisted man in the medical corps, and it is a brave and noble accounting of brave and noble acts Mr. Pottle was attached to Evacuation Hospital No. 8; and, by means of diaries, medical reports, and personal notes, he gives you the surgical side of the war. Mr. Pottle does not write sensationally nor sentimentally, but his descriptions of what actually went on in the operating-rooms after the battles of Château-Thierry and the Argonne are really stirring. His book is not primarily one for doctors, although its clear recording of the hospital system at the front is of great medical interest; but here, after a welter of low comedy and high sentiment, is a sound volume of facts for the average reader—whoever he may be.

THE least savory side of southern life forms the dark drama of a new first novel, "The No-Nation Girl," by Evans Wall. Mr. Wall is a southerner by birth and tradition, who has devoted much time to social research in those little-known reaches of the South still mired in savagery. "The No-Nation Girl" is more than a study in miscegenation. The heroine herself is the child of a white father and a black mother but her story embraces the whole drama of the swamp dwellers, black and white.

Mr. Wall's novel is almost cinematic in its treatment; it moves boldly and daringly and sometimes brutally. There is no conventional sentimentalizing and moralizing over the plight of Precieuse, in whose veins are the conflicting bloods of two races. Mr. Wall places Precieuse firmly in her environment. Her "beauty years" and her early fading are presented as a part of the lush, quick growth and the sudden decay of swamp vegetation. The pictures of the swamp negroes are startlingly vivid, and the white men are seen by Mr. Wall as sorry figures who are inevitably conquered by a tropical and African environment. This drama among the primitive blacks and the degenerate whites is most adroitly and effectively handled by Mr. Wall. As a first novel, "The No-Nation Girl" is well above the average.

MR. PAUL DOTTIN is a Frenchman who has made a thorough and painstaking study of the life of Daniel DeFoe. In the writings of DeFoe, Mr. Dottin finds many of the seeds of the French novel; in the life of the adventuring tradesman, he discovers the beginnings of the modern journalist. "The Life and Strange and Surprising Adventures of Daniel DeFoe" is more than just another good biography; it is an amazingly accurate recreation of a whole period. Mr. Dottin writes of eighteenth-century London like an Englishman and as one with deep roots in the soil.

But while Mr. Dottin gives you a full, living portrait of a man who was a Londoner of Londoners, his critical estimate of DeFoe is entirely French. His essay on the writings of DeFoe at the end of the book will remind you that DeFoe was considerably more than the author of "Robinson Crusoe." He points out that the boy who started life as a Puritan also wrote one of the first of the realistic novels, "The Fortunate Mistress." If Mr. Dottin's biography leads you to explore the novels of DeFoe that aren't recommended in the schoolroom, it will have accomplished its mission in the world.

AS for some other books, hither and yon: "Convent Girl," by Helene Mullins, will not precisely please the good sisters. It is a study of the bleak and meagre life of a child who is en-

trusted to the nuns. The nuns, for a change, are presented neither as angels nor as sinister figures, but as women of varying grades of intelligence and spirituality. The story is either accurate reporting or acutely vivid recollection.

In "A Variety of People" you find a collection of some of Don Marquis' richest stories. The one about Queen Elizabeth and Mary Queen of Scots is particularly funny. And "The Glass Eater's Story" is as swell a burlesque as you will find.

Unfortunately "The Revolt of the Actors" ends on a depressing note. Mr. Alfred Harding has compiled a glorious record of Equity's triumph in the theatre and brings back memories of those great days when Barrymores were Barrymores and actors were actors, and not owners of California real estate. His last chapter deals with the late retreat from Hollywood, about which still another book might be written. As a reference book on the theatre, Mr. Harding's history of Equity is indispensable. —A. W. S.

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CHARON

He stops the ferry
For a load
Of jaded pilgrims
Of the road.
The Rolls-Royce with
Its shining wheels
A chaste unwilling
Kinship feels
For battered flivvers
Where may lurk
Unshaven men who go
To work.
Smart tailor-mades
And velvet cloth
With dirty linens
Plight their troth.
Such queer anomalies
To bide
The short damnation
Of this ride!

—Persis Greely Anderson

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We heard a rather unusual story about a hubbard squash the other day. The squash, which was a fine one, was put aside for some future time, but was forgotten and left too long. When it was finally cut, in the month of June, it was found that the seeds had both sprouted and formed roots inside the squash, and there was a very strange mass inside the shell. Evidently that squash was bent on reproducing itself, whether given a chance or not.—*McGraw news in Cortland (N.Y.) Standard.*

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